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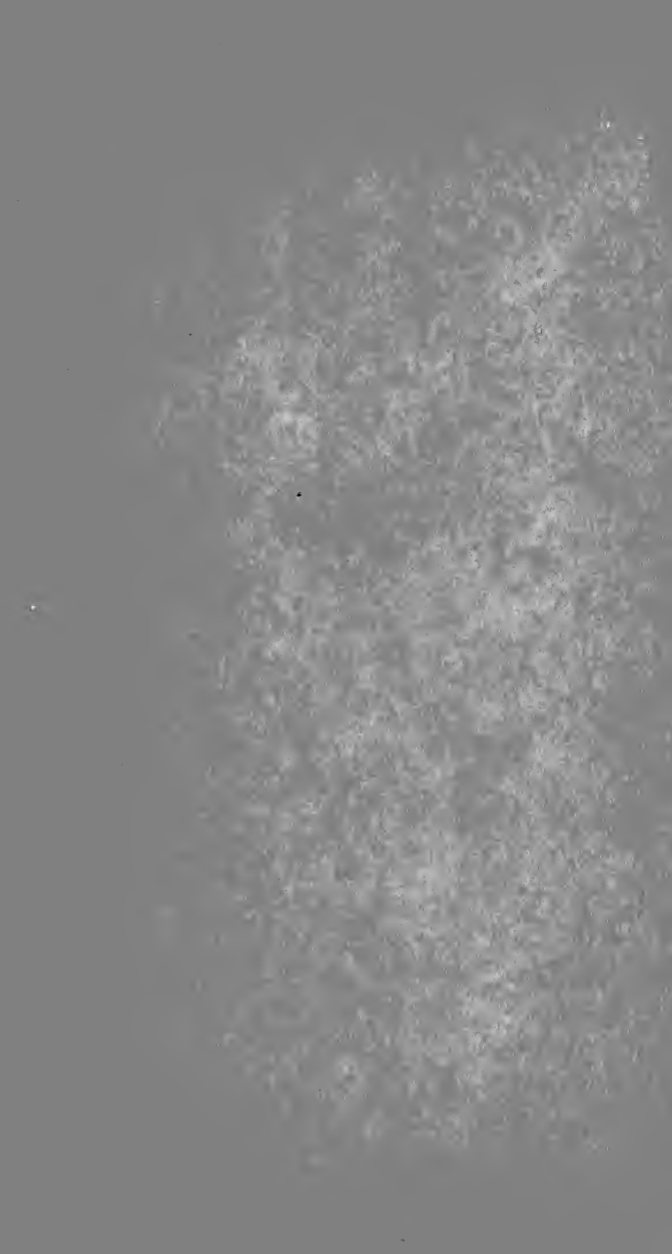
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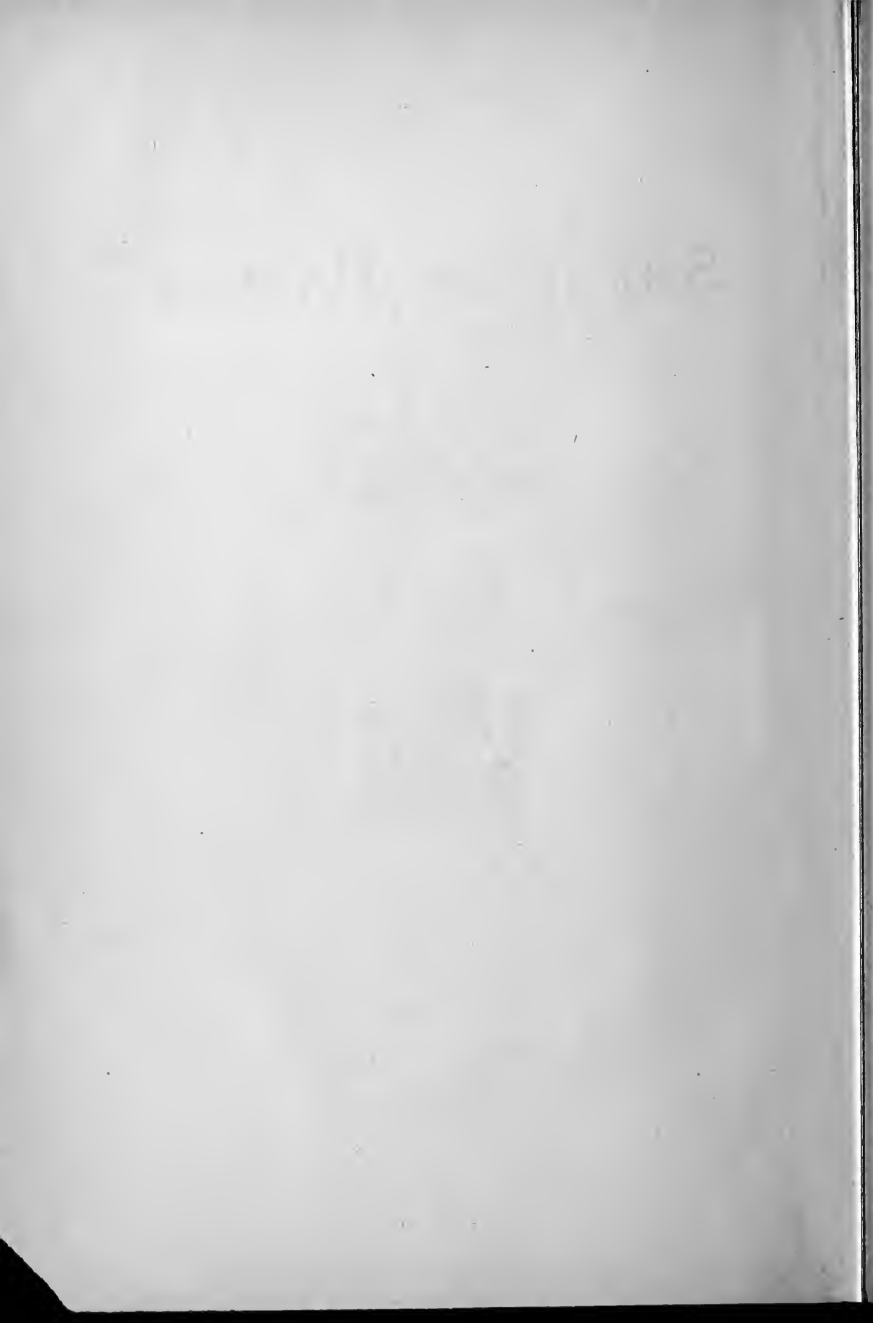
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A

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By T. G. A.

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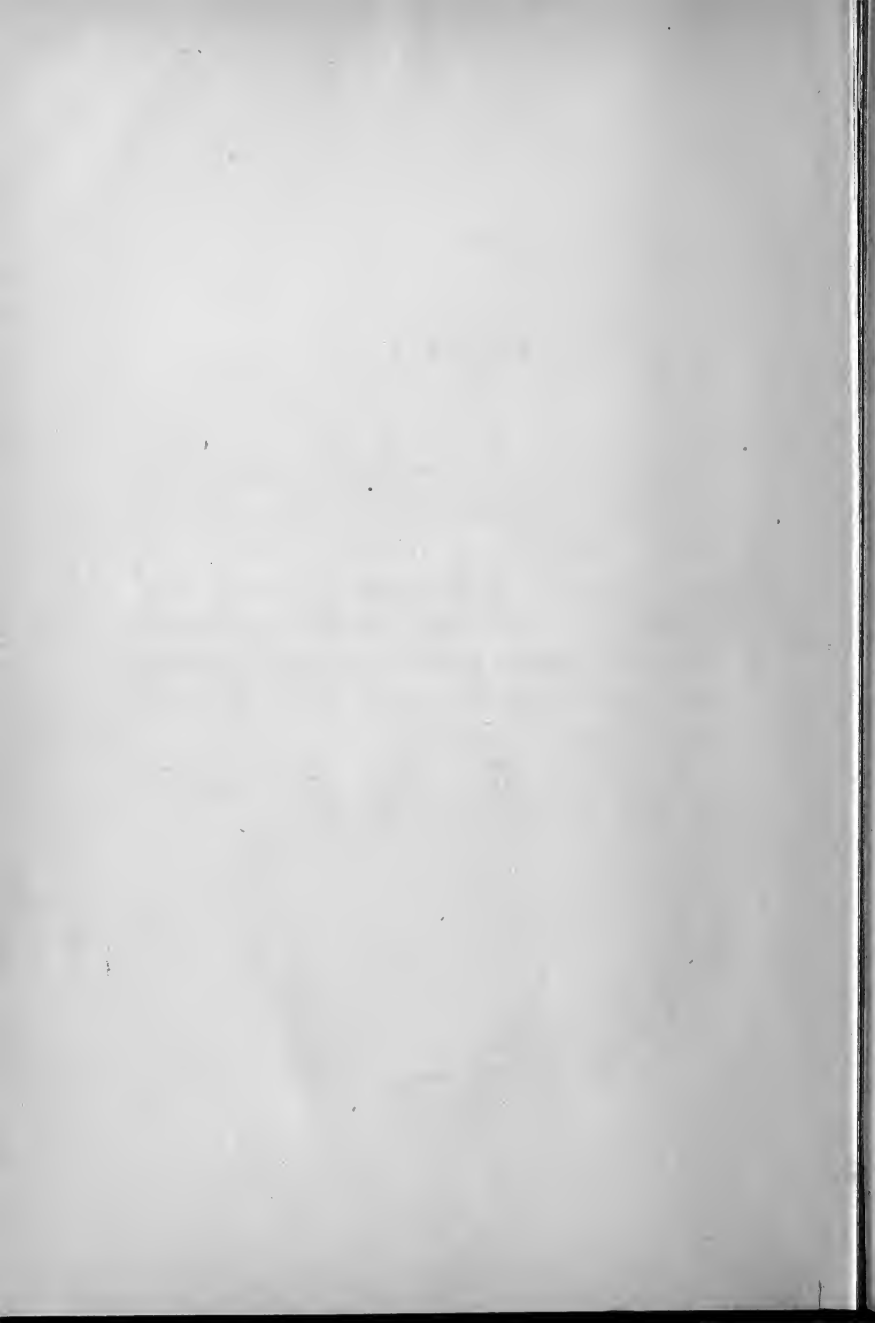
TO

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,

WHO HAS PUT THE ELECTRICITY OF OUR CLIMATE INTO WORDS,

AND BEEN TO SO MANY

A PHYSICIAN TO THE MIND AS WELL AS THE BODY.



PREFACE.

IN the fact that these slight and desultory papers have been written by dictation, a friendly hand holding the pen, the reader will be good-natured enough to find some excuse for their verbiage, and the activity of the irrepressible personal pronoun; while it is hoped that they have gained thereby something of freshness, and a look of reality.

Some of the papers have already appeared in the "Old and New" magazine.

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A SHEAF OF PAPERS.

SOME SOUVENIRS OF ROUND-HILL SCHOOL.

TWO gentlemen, Mr. Joseph Green Cogswell and Mr. George Bancroft, both scholars, both travellers through Europe, familiar with the complete training of Germany, struck with the merits of a school near Berne, kept by Mr. Fellenberg, determined to try together a repetition of it in this country. Combining thorough culture with the advantages of physical education, Mr. Fellenberg's school was situated within easy reach of Alpine summits, whose white crests indented in a line the horizon, and held a perpetual promise of vacation delights after diligent study. Not merely the fascinations of Alpine ascent, but the severer home discipline of the gymnasium, secured development to the physical man, while, no doubt, an adequate attention to the routine of scholarship maintained thorough training in books.

Such double advantages to a boy, of mental and physical growth, inside the school-house and in the open air, these American gentlemen were determined to obtain. By every law of association and resemblance, they pitched upon a beautiful eminence near Northampton, then, as now, called Round Hill, for the site of their experiment. Their prospectus drew, like a magnet, boys from Maine to Georgia, sons of parents the most cultivated and wealthy the country could then boast.

The school was opened in the autumn of 1823, and lasted about ten years. It is not too much to say, that, from that time to this, there has been no school in America which has combined so many advantages and attractions.

It was a new thing, and full of fresh life, elasticity, and vigor. While it owed much to the proved scholarship and genius of Mr. Bancroft, the historian, and to the large staff of officers under him, all "Round-Hillers," as they love to call themselves, agree in attributing to the singular combination of admirable qualities in the character of Mr. Cogswell its prosperity and success. He was a man who united, as is rarely met, the qualities of the man of study and of action. His head, filled as it was with the learn-

ing of America and Europe, could not over-balance his generous large-heartedness, — so completely, without attempting it in any manner but by the direct display of his own character, did he win the respect and confidence of all his many scholars. At one time the boys must have numbered as many as a hundred and fifty; and they came from almost every State in the Union. Not war, not distance, not time, could ever break the bond which bound them to each other; and the clasp which held them all was their reverence and affection for Mr. Cogswell.

At a late meeting held in Boston, summoning the surviving scholars for the purpose of erecting a suitable monument to his memory, gray-headed men, who had scarce met since set face to face as boys in games at ball or marbles, all breathed but one feeling. The room where they assembled seemed filled with an aroma from the past. The spirit of eternal youth, which defies rheumatism and silver locks, shone in every eye. Clumsy figures seemed to desire to return to the elasticity and freedom of the playground. Familiar expressions and long-buried nicknames buzzed and flew in the air. One touch of boyhood made the whole room kin; and through every *souvenir*, through every remembrance of

former companionship, breathed, as the master-spell, the memory of the love, surviving death they bore to their early teacher.

The relation of Mr. Cogswell with his scholars was very peculiar. He was not by nature fitted for the austere duties of the schoolmaster. There was very little of Dionysius the Tyrant in him, whose relish of the sufferings of the young people intrusted to him has survived even to the days of Dotheboys' Hall, and many another hidden nest of cruelty. In fact, in no sense was there much of the mere schoolmaster in Mr. Cogswell. His was an educational and training establishment, which rendered the services of book-learning and study but accessories to the larger intention of making the man and the gentleman. He was in his school, as in one of his summer excursion walks where he led off the procession, a boy of a larger growth and maturer experience, but nevertheless one of the party, and by no means a Jupiter Tonans, frowning from his arm-chair on a raised platform, aloof and apart from the rest. Indeed, his relation to the boys was scarcely even that of a teacher. He was the organizer, manager, and father of the community, while his partner, Mr. Bancroft, did a great deal more of the teach-

ing ; and a large staff of German, French, and Italians, as well as eminent young men fresh from our college training, all worked assiduously under his general supervision. His department especially was that of moral and affectionate influence, besides which he was head farmer, builder, gardener, and treasurer of the place. His duties were more than enough, without the fatiguing details of recitation. He loved his school, his boys, his Round Hill, and his plans of expansion and embellishment in every direction, without much thought of profit or personal advantage. All the money he made he put to fresh uses for his scholars.

We do not know what the area of his domain was, — something like three-quarters of a mile square perhaps ; and its borders were known as “The Bounds,” beyond which it was a pleasant wickedness to pass. The scholars were sorely tried, and did not fail frequently to violate these laws ; for on one side nestled under the Hill hospitable roofs, and shops of succulent attraction for growing boyhood ; and on the other were noble woods, peopled by game, squirrels of all colors, woodchucks, rabbits, and very rarely even wild turkeys, to be hunted down leafy alleys, under majestic trees, which opened to

the ardent fancy of the boy like vistas of the "Faerie Queene," where possibly a Una might be hid, but where glamour and enchantment surely reigned.

The indirect influences of education are too often overlooked. Many a scholar, many a noble genius, has contracted the double habit of devotion to letters with deficient love of the outer world. Sterility, where genius should have bloomed, and not unfrequently an early death, have been the penalties paid for the thankless vigils of the desk. But the side-influences of Round Hill were, perhaps, the best part of it, and are certainly what the scholars love and remember longest. Many another school has come up to as good a mark of training in its curriculum; many, no doubt, have been superior, in the severities of classic study, to Round Hill. Though one of the most distinguished Greek scholars of Germany, one of the most distinguished Latin scholars of America, were at the head of the Greek and Latin departments, we can allow this. But let any one visit the lovely site of this school, and he can readily imagine how many converging influences from such scenery acted upon these boys. At the foot of the eminence, shining through orchard

bowers, was the then stately town of Jonathan Edwards; and, through the rich distance, glimpses of the indolent circuits of the Connecticut were seen. Mount Holyoke, one of the few real mountains of Massachusetts, of noble outline and sufficient height, was ever encamped over against Round Hill, to stimulate imagination with desire and mystery.

It was a theory of Pat, an Irish factotum of the establishment, whose Celtic blackboard of a mind was constantly used by the playful wit of the boys for marvellous chalk sketches of "Gorgons and chimeras dire," that Mount Holyoke was still infested with tribes of Indians, who made predatory excursions upon the hostile tribes of Mount Tom. The stupidest boy could take comfort in the benighted condition of this Celtic mind. And yet where, like a candle in a cellar, has not Hibernian imagination served to give the oddest shapes to familiar things! A blunder of his, which has the salty flavor of a practical joke, was long remembered by us all.

We used to study from six in the morning till breakfast time in mid-winter, always by candle-light. The winter's cold had full sway at that hour in the school-house. Also we had come from our warm beds to break ice in the pail for

washing, in our haste often grinding our young cheeks against slabs of ice, as if they were so much soap. At midnight, we once found ourselves clustering round the school door, which refused admission, being locked. While the shivering crowd was speculating as to the reason, the principal descended with a shout upon the group, demanding the author of the prank. Poor Pat was its author. His watch, which had, undoubtedly, Celtic qualities like himself, had seemed to him to say "six o'clock," when the hands were pointing at half-past twelve. With a laugh, we returned to our nests, to be extracted thence by the frozen fingers of early morning and repeat our miseries.

Pat was the *plastron*, the butt, the victim, of incipient humorists. But Michael, another Irishman, was the expression of fate, as administered, through strength, to naughty boys. He was active, laborious, honest; and Mr. Cogswell has related with pleasure how, very recently, a descendant of his came to see him, relying upon old memories. Mr. Cogswell's theory of punishment was the reverse of that of the English schools. We have heard one English mother exclaim pathetically to another, that she feared a diminution or loss in England of the venerable

habit of fagging. She referred much of the manliness of the English to this. It is a substitute for democracy in a brutal fashion; bringing a lord in subjection for a while to the commoner, whom, later in life, he would not notice. "Ah! there is my fag at Eton, Lord —, whom I remember so well," said an English gentleman, on the Piazza di Spagna at Rome.

"Go and speak to him."

"I must not till he first notices me," replied he: "he had to black my boots at Eton, but now I must wait for his nod."

The American may perhaps say that this school habit of theirs has also much to do with the latent bully that lies behind the veneer of an Englishman's courtesy. It makes, with its offset, fawning, that British whole which Thackeray exposed and lamented as the snob.

Mr. Cogswell's theory was one of guidance: such occasional departures from right as become human nature were to be punished by loss of privileges, deprivation of play-time, and sometimes degradation to a lower form in the school, but never by violence. He occasionally threatened, when the sinful element predominated, to bring us into the slavish routine and military

subjection of West Point; but it was only a threat, and the boys knew it. Still, there was one mysterious punishment in use, for Titanic breaches of authority, which impressed the boys with its grandeur. This was "the dungeon," in which the most refractory subjects were sometimes put; and, as no one went of his own accord, the Herculean Michael was there to execute the commands of the lord of all. Through accident and infirmity, sometimes the most beloved and even orderly boys would manage to get in, under some strain of their irrepressible natures, in which, according to the Calvinistic theory, as in bottled ginger-beer, a thousand original sins were always ready to pop forth. The most Miltonic thing which I remember about this "dungeon" used to be whispered through the school with a shudder of pride. One of those exuberant physical natures where reserved strength seems to lie as in the quarry, one of those over-bright torches, which, as Dr. Holmes has already said, flare and burn themselves away to an early grave, — a boy of this sort was imprisoned in the dungeon; but hardly had Michael retired to his lair, after difficult service, when our Samson was seen stalking indignantly abroad with the gates of Gaza in

his muscular hands. In college, behind simplicity, and even sweetness of manner, housed in the muscles of this youth, would lie the lubbar-fiend. Oftentimes in night rows, with a languid action worthy of the Greek ideal, would he strew recumbent, groups of assailing heroes, a kind of lift-cure which seems demanded for the prodigious powers of some youths, and which often left him, we noticed, at breakfast the day after, with a meditative, and, if one may say so, religious expression of countenance, while the Greek serenity of his face wore an air of vague trouble.

Though limited by "the bounds" usually, we were permitted excursions occasionally, both in winter and summer; sometimes with our eccentric German drawing-teacher, Dr. Graeter, to sketch the lovely scenery which abounded near the Hill. It was a delightful afternoon's occupation, and often led us to the banks of the Licking Water. To this small but lovely river we got access by passing by a tanyard, the healthy odor of which became, in the boys' minds, indissolubly mingled with a relish of these forays upon nature. Sometimes "the Doctor," for that was his title, would permit us to sketch by ourselves, coming later himself.

On one occasion a boy, profiting by this liberty, had, with the others, enjoyed a glorious swim in the river; in consequence of which, on being asked by the doctor to exhibit the sketch he had made, he could only find one of a palm-tree, which happened to be in his book. In broken English, and with much solemnity, the doctor desired to be conducted to the tree. After being taken some distance, in the hope of tiring him out, the boy said it was so far south that he feared they would not get back in time for supper. "I should dink so," exclaimed the doctor, without moving a muscle of his face.

When swimming with the boys, the doctor was accustomed to wear a hat in the water; and his long locks flowing about his neck, while his broad shoulders glistened from the wave, won for him the *sobriquet* of "a lion with a hat on." To bathe in the Licking Water, though of course warmer than the sea, was a perfect delight. So lucid was it, that its bottom was everywhere visible. The sprays of over-arching trees touched and made music against its surface; birds flew and sang overhead; scarcely was there a sign of man visible, and all seemed poetry and enchantment. Nor was the charm

diminished in winter, when, beneath the faultless ice, as through glass, were seen the pebbles below. To make one's first impression upon its virgin surface, and to carve one's initials upon the bosom of the Naiad of the woods, was a rapture which led to breathless flights of skimming boys, each seeking to outstrip the other. Wordsworth has so well rendered a scene of this sort, that we place it here as a substitute for our inferior prose : —

“ All shod with steel,
We hissed along the polished ice in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase
And woodland pleasures, — the resounding horn,
The pack, loud chiming, and the hunted hare.
So, through the darkness and the cold, we flew,
And not a voice was idle ; with the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud ;
The leafless trees, and every icy crag,
Tinkled like iron ; while far distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy not unnoticed.”

The indefatigable zeal of Mr. Cogswell to extend the advantages of his school caused him to purchase many horses for horseback exercise ; and, in a cloud of cavalry, we were accustomed to scour the plain as far as the distant banks of the Connecticut. The Spanish teacher, Mr. San Martin, was a most accomplished horseman

in the Spanish manner, and he often accompanied us. He rode with great *aplomb*, with depressed heel, and had all the look of a true *caballero*. He was, like many of his nation, irascible; and he also had an imagination of his own. He delighted to astonish us while "pitching the bar," by recounting a feat of his, of once sending the iron bar over a small chapel with such force that it bent in the air. He was watchful for certain insulting mistranslations at recitation; and when occurred the Spanish word *todos*, which he feared to hear rendered "toads," the expectant passion of his face was a wonder to behold.

"Pitching the bar" was generally done near the school-house; but the regular exercise of gymnastics was upon a plateau just below the hill, where gymnastic appliances, then freshly introduced from Germany, were in abundance. We believe the thorough practice of a gymnasium, as is usual in Germany, under a most distinguished gymnast, was with us first introduced at Round Hill. It thence later made a flight to Boston; where, under the conduct of the eminent Dr. Lieber, — in what was then called the Washington Gardens, — many a pursy *pater-familias* might have been seen

risking apoplexy, in the effort to rival the students of Heidelberg and Jena.

We remember, in connection with the gymnasium, a trait of over-conscientiousness on the part of a boy, which was but the indication of even a deeper-lying morbidness than this showed. Hearing the prayer-bell while ascending the ladder hand over hand, he came down so quickly that he left the ladder upright, but all tremulous. On his way to the school-house, he asked anxiously if the ladder had not fallen. We assured him it had not. Not content with this, he could not rest in his bed, till he had dressed himself and gone the long way to the gymnasium, where, of course, he found the ladder in its place. This boy was a victim to sleep-walking, and would cross in his sleep from his bedroom to another, with moans and supplications for help against some invisible enemy. We were permitted to have tool-chests, which were generally placed under our beds. With alarm, it occurred to the boys, that, in his confusion of mind, the sleep-walker might make use of our hatchets against ourselves, as a part of his dream. So we told him, when awake, that we should remove the chests, and put rods in their place, which we should use if he dis-

turbed us again. The intimation sank deep into the obscure region whence the dreams came, and he was never known to have them recur.

One of the great pleasures of the boys was a garden, — a considerable bit of ground between the gymnasium and the farm-house, where many infant-lessons in farming were gained. But mostly the boys were as awkward with the roots of their vegetables and flowers, treating them in defiance of the laws of patience and development, as they were with those tougher roots which fill the soil of Greek and Latin culture. An impatience of the growth of pease and peppers, of cucumbers and melons, has always characterized the impetuous young farmer. The willingness of a youth to see whether his nasturtium or melon had taken root has been the cause of a metaphor applying the process to the more tender budding of the affections; and people have been accused of pulling up many a half-rooted engagement between lovers, in the hope of discovering whether it was really fixed in the soil of the heart.

A greater pleasure than the garden was the unexpected bliss, through the generosity of Mr. Cogswell, of being co-proprietors of a boy-village,

not to be found on any map, which bore the happy name of "Crony Village." Its site was beyond the gymnasium, on a sloping hill, running downward to a brook. Mr. Cogswell furnished us with bricks and mortar, beams and boards; and, generally dividing into families of two, soon the little colony was constructed; and the evening smoke ascended from many hearths, round which we were seated, reading, or playing friendly games, or devouring, with a relish which no after-meals could know, Carolina potatoes drawn from the ashes, each an ingot of pure gold, with added gold of butter; game, such as squirrels, the spoil of our bows, or rabbits caught in our traps; and pies and doughnuts, brought in mysterious raids from distant taverns and farm-houses.

A misadventure of the sort which Cupid will sometimes find to discomfit his children, brought Crony Village to an untimely end. So serious had a boy's flirtation with the rosy-cheeked vendor of pies and doughnuts in a neighboring farm-house become, that his expulsion was considered necessary; and, between two lines of grieving friends, the unlucky youth, with an invisible but flaming sword above his head,—

"From Eden took his solitary way."

It was then, without surprise, though with

profound anguish, that the boys heard from Mr. Cogswell's lips, after a short speech, the agonizing words, " "*Delenda est Carthago* ;' Crony Village shall be no more." A committee of destroyers, chosen from the boys, was appointed by Mr. Cogswell to do the work. With heavy hearts, before school was dismissed, under the magnificent chestnuts, which seemed to wave in sympathy, they proceeded on their fatal errand. Of course, they began with their own houses. When they had seen their own hearths made desolate, they could find strength to prostrate every fraternal roof; but so deep was the reverence and respect for Mr. Cogswell, that even this great calamity was accepted as a thing not only inevitable, but just; and they soon bore to see, without flinching, the carious hollows along the hill, where so much geniality and romance had found a home.

In the main, the male sex predominated on the Hill. The masters were men, the boys were little men, and woman was a *rara avis in terra*. But one room there held two persons, without whom no boy's life can be complete: the one, the elder, supplied to him a little the place of his absent mother; by her cosey fireside he found

something of the old home-feeling, and could ease that choking home-sickness which at times must rise in his throat. There were no turbulence and competition, but woman's sympathy and tender care. Mrs. Ryder may have well wondered, perhaps, why the boys loved her so much; but at least she half understood it. She felt, in her nature, expanded, till she could embrace, with something of a mother's regard, so large a family. It was luck for her to be *in loco parentis* to so many: the well-spring of feeling, diverted from its natural channel, made green for her the waste places of her life. There was the boy allowed to sit, and say and ask those things which could not be said elsewhere. In her hospitable shovel could he run the lead for the tops of feathered arrows and fairy hatchets, whose edge was not of the finest, and other forms of rare device. She could say nay to no wish of the boys; while behind, hovering like an Aurora, her rosy daughter stood for them all as an ideal of womanhood. She had less to say to them than her mother, but distance and withdrawal did not prevent their devotion.

Once the elderly woman was taken with a fever, to the great grief of us all. Daily messages of love were sent to her, which the daughter re-

turned through her tears. At last, just as we all expected her to die, she had a vision of one of the boys standing with a glass of soda in a certain place by her bed, on taking which, she instantly recovered. The boy was told of it, procured the soda, stood as the vision indicated, and gave her the refreshing draught. After that, she immediately recovered.

Perhaps it may be wrong to mix in so plain a narrative, and in a world so very intelligible and commonplace as this, a hint of any thing so wonderful ; but somehow, with all the efforts of men, the wonderful will not behave as it should. Not the finger of the divine, which bids it remember that the day of miracles is over and begone ; not the last analysis of the last experiment of Huxley or Tyndall, can make the creature behave as it ought. It persists, like Banquo, in taking its place at the feast of Life ; and, if it did not belong to the *table d'hôte* by God's permission, it would not be there so often. It is something sad to find, on reading the book of Sergeant Cox, that clever lawyer, who, poor fellow, like all other believers in this wonderfulness, has been smirched and belabored by his irresponsible critics, — it is sad that even he should rejoice in corking the genius well into the bottle, and,

holding it up, exclaim triumphantly, "Unconscious cerebration!" It won't do; no, it won't do to extend the power of man into these new regions. He must be made to deny his heavenly birthright; he must be clipped of angelic cousinhood; he must say to the towering promises of imagination, "Down! Science will have it so!"

And yet, for all that, Science may be as mistaken as to the fact, as she is discourteous to the longings of the soul. She may yet come to regret her impiety; though we fear that even the discovery of the truth would be attended with little humility, and that she would as good as say to the world then that the wonderful exists only by her permission, and that the fact was no fact, till it bore her label and superscription. These poor, dear words, like "unconscious cerebration," have to do harder work than seems natural for them. Perhaps, among the vulgar, the heaviest-laden word, where the wonderful is concerned, is the word "coincidence." A mysterious power predicts that such a thing shall happen. Does it happen, — "what a strange coincidence!" The mysterious power must disappear, and coincidence get into its boots.

The organ of nourishment, in its demands, is something marvellous. The man looks back

upon his youthful appetite almost with that reverence and envy which make a part of his long regret for the boy's ardor, innocence, and activity. He sometimes sees in young puppies, in after life, and other browsing and feeding animals when young, something of the energy of that youthful mastication. In the boy, as in the puppy, food seems to be instantly turned into fresh life; so that there is always before him a yawning void, which no end of ordinary meals can fill up. In vain does he throw into the abyss peanuts, maple-sugar, and all the foreign fascinations of the grocer's shop: *semper atque recurrit*.

Nothing could be less like Mr. Squeers's table than the generous board of the Round-Hillers. It was one of the habits, by the by, of the school, to prescribe occasionally at meals conversation for groups in various modern languages; but over that trivial barrier the hound-like appetite of the boy could easily leap. No Spanish difficulty, in rendering "doughnuts" or "apple-pie," could long keep him from those dainties. It was a great discovery in the matter of apple-pies, — each of which, with its kindred circles of squash and pumpkin, had to be divided among five, — when the skilful carver found the exact angle at which a piece could be cut. This had

to be bisected; thus leaving, with these two, the remaining three pieces all to a hair of the same size. What greater crime could there have been than to put off upon such appetites a piece unjustly small?

Twice a week, I believe, we had cake at tea. Now marbles, a favorite game with all boys, would cause those of audacious hopes but inferior skill, not only to lose to the clever players their superb blood-alleys, veined and blushing, as it were, with life, and, in fact, all their marbles, but they would pledge in advance, on the issue of the game, their cake of many cake-days ahead. It was a distressing sight to see these victims of bad luck, sometimes in great numbers, surrender to one haughty victor, perhaps, the cake of weeks.

The not morbid, most healthy and animal hunger of the boys found a dangerous gratification in parcels of goodies, placed by naughty carpenters and workmen, who would accept the boys' money, in *caches* agreed upon beforehand. Sometimes the simplicity of a boy would induce him to procure from a town friend a box of fabulous attraction, — guava, heavy and luscious in its filmy boxes; prunes, purple and pretentious, with mystical French titles upon their corks;

gingerbread, with tenderness and aroma ever decreasing, till it became but a chestnut sawdust; preserved peaches, swimming in a liquor fitter for men than boys; huge fans of raisins, looking like those of Eshcol, that fruit whose juice, thinned with water, cooled with snow, is the famous sherbet of the East.

Such boxes were always seized by the authorities on their way to the person whose address they bore, and confiscated. Too often, with heavy heart, he would be allowed to look past the lifted lid, upon the treasures which were denied him. At the end of the term, on the day preceding vacation, with a cynicism to which only virtue can attain, he was permitted to recover his spoil. To divide among friends, the dearest and nearest, was mostly a funereal pleasure; but some things, such as squares of chocolate, would be none the worse for keeping.

How well we remember, on such an occasion, noticing the transparent whiteness of the hand of a boy we little knew, while removing the odorous chocolate-pot from the fire. "A bad life that!" shot through us with a painful flash. Years after we accosted, accidentally, a soldierly figure, wanting a hand and arm as well. It was the boy whose white hand had so given us pain.

On mentioning the anecdote to him, he said his delicacy had determined his profession. He was a soldier. America owned none braver or better. When he, like so many gallant spirits, was shot down in the front of battle, all said that one *preux chevalier* of the past, one Bayard, had perished with General Kearney.

That feeling of death in the world, which the white hand suggested, came to us most rarely. On the breezy hill, with good food, life was only too delightful. One could almost wish for death, at times, to turn such rapture into an euthanasia. One boy only was lost by death while we were at the school; and yet, mixed with this dawn-flash of animal spirits, behind these bounding pulses, unspoken of, terrible, were working outward the religious and immortal germs within. Many a journal, blotted by tears, betrayed the heart-agony, the aspiration, and the longing, which none suspected. The fearful crisis of soul-birth, when each one finds developing for himself, at the roots of his being, that mystical function, rudimentary for another world, and mostly a grieving and alienated witness of the imperfections of this, should not be unnoticed in the boy's story. Anecdotes could be told of tender-

ness of conscience, of flights of honorable unselfishness, of pledges where a word was better than a bond, of friendships which bore the unspotted confidence of youth; but not for such a sketch as this are these sacred treasures of the heart. Out under the moonlit spaces of the hill, with the stars only, and the ineffectual sympathy of the surrounding chestnuts, would the boy breathe his confidences, and wrestle with his agony, longing for that bosom upon which to rest, which he shall miss for evermore.

The boy's privacy is not like that of the man. It is tenderer, more agonizing, more easily wounded, for ever sacred, and yet too often, not only by his schoolmaster, but by the dear members of his own family, unknown or uncared for. A child too often secretly conceives a contempt, a half-abhorrence, of dear and close relations, whose clumsy touch can only manage to wound the fibres of his growing heart,—can treat with disregard, as naught, the young heaven of hopes and fears which is opening before him. He will often say to himself, "Let me remember, when I grow to be a man, not to be as ignorant as these of the proud and wayward recesses of a boy's affections."

"The child is father of the man," no doubt;

but how often does the stupid adult fail of reverence for such a parent!

The element in the school which was the most distinctive perhaps, and borrowed from the Swiss schools, was the annual journey we took. What a buzz of preparation preceded it! How our muscles were brought into training! How our hopes flew before us, making such a foot journey, sometimes across States, a pilgrimage as to some Holy Land! How serious we were in the cutting and preparing of the staff, the cane, which we were to carry! Those who have not used such a staff—not a short cane, held from the hollow of the hand, but long, and pushed to the ground behind—can hardly imagine how like it is to a third limb. While it stimulates speed, it relieves fatigue. It seemed to say “Onward!” at our heels; and, at the same time, its firm grasp suggested a weapon and protection from the imagined bandits and robbers of these unknown regions.

We went with horses and wagons, “ride and tie,” with intention of not running down or fatiguing the weak; but all held sturdily on. Cities were visited, villas of friends admired and examined, rivers crossed, until at last, at

the end of the journey, we would find ourselves encamped, and look from the hill-side, while enjoying the comfortable meal which the neighboring village had furnished, upon a great water, to us as mystically promising, though remote, as that Arthurean sea into which, —

“Making lightnings in the moon,
Fell Excalibur.”

That water was the Atlantic Ocean. Nor can tediousness of living, the familiar round of weariness, the prose of the dusty street, the disappointment of life, ever take away wholly the charm that hangs along the ocean's rim. To the man it is an invitation, as to the boy; and when the friendly giant has won us to his offers, how well, how patiently, will he bear our burdens from shore to shore!

To us, at Saybrook, in Connecticut, the ocean offered merely fishing, but such fishing! A comfortable fishing-smack was got for us, by our ever-thoughtful master; and many were the quaint and new specimens of marine life that flopped and fluttered on our deck. They seemed really a part of the fairy-land we all believed in. One waggish creature made himself into a ball when punched, and emitted ejaculations like grunts, which convinced every

one that if not one of the happiest, he was certainly one of the most humorous of dying fishes. Perhaps it was the Deity's intention that we should think him funny; perhaps it was best that we should think him funny, even in death, rather than, like the boys in model story-books, profit by the occasion, and drop a sympathetic tear. This element of fun, in the works of God, is one which Religion has accepted with reluctance. To this day she will associate solemnity with the thoughts of the Maker. Even yet the serious aspect, the dreary ritual, are supposed to reflect the Father's face better than the cheer and confidence which belong to man.

On conversing once with our great naturalist upon these elements of humor in the works of God, the many animal conditions of our own lives, the many queer and prodigious growths he has made, — the living puns, for such they really seem to be, as, for instance, in the orchid, where a flower imitates a bird in its nest, — with a laugh the great Agassiz said he hoped to write, yet, a work to bear the title, "*Dieu comme Farceur.*" May his valuable life be preserved to do it; may the weariness of illness, the storms and dangers of the Pacific,

find their offset in the cheer and merriment of his manly nature, and the still farther discovery of creatures formed to suggest a smile, and so brighten our pathway to the grave! *

There is nothing that boys enjoy more than pillow-fights. The hurry and the scamper to and fro, the innocent injury which the descending pillows inflicted, the air of battle, with the sense of its bloodlessness, stimulated us to a high delight. The battle-field of these contests was usually the platform at the stair-head between two stories. There, for a short space, raged all the din and eagerness of an Homeric contest. One boy, a great favorite, with a conscience too tender to share in the naughty fray, would stay in his bed; but his exultation and cries of sympathy reached, through the open door, the ears of all the combatants. He was respected in his isolation, for it was known how true and faithful was his sense of duty. In his case, as in so many others, something in his character, that sweet maturity of goodness, that ripening for the sky, proclaimed but too well that he was not long to be a pained participant in the battle of life. Heaven took

* This paper was first published in 1872, before the death of Professor Agassiz.

him to itself at an early age; but his memory still lives with surviving friends, with all that lovely bloom of character upon it, and that high promise of intellectual distinction, which to memory is almost dearer than would be its fulfilment.

On one occasion two stories were fighting from their platforms, the lower attempting by the stairs to carry the upper by storm. In the midst of the noisiest of the contest, a headmaster was discerned ascending the stairs to make an end of this warfare. Seeing him, the fury of the combatants redoubled; and it was not without a certain sinful pleasure that the boys saw him lifted from his footing to the lowest stair, by the Homeric onslaught of one of the most active youths. In a moment the pretended accident of mistaking him for a boy was qualified by apology, and offers of the profusest sympathy. His assailant was too well hidden in the cloud of soldiers to be discovered or punished.

We can hardly believe that school-boys now, anywhere, are fortunate enough to have such an abundance of wild creatures upon which to exercise their skill. The huge chestnut-trees of the wood literally swarmed with squirrels,

chiefly red and gray. The chipmonk, or, as the Southern boys used to call him, "fence-mouse," was scarcely counted as game. In the balmy twilight of our lovely summer evenings, often and often might the flying-squirrel be seen floating from tree to tree, at an inclination of forty-five degrees; his wings allowing him only to cross at an angle as low as this, and ascent being impossible to him. Rabbits and woodchucks were to be trapped; but the squirrels, the partridges, — which are no partridges at all, but a species of grouse, and, with a still wilder nomenclature, called by Southern boys pheasants, — robins, bluejays, woodpeckers, among them the superb yellow-hammer, occasionally king-fishers, all fell before our bows. The bows were mostly made of ash, and the arrows of hickory: their heads were sometimes tipped with steel points, or sharpened cones of tin. These would oftentimes go clear through a squirrel or a robin; and, alas! too often stick in some inaccessible but well-remembered chestnut bough. Then, after a storm, how the boys would, at the end of morning's study, fly to those trees, hoping to find, shaken to their feet by the wind, their darling weapons! On one occasion there was a great tumult among us,

on the discovery of a solitary visitor to the wood, — a coal-black squirrel, such as we had heard of as existing in Ohio, but unknown in our excursions. The poor emigrant was as severely visited for his color as, for so long, were human beings of a similar tint: color in both cases made the excuse for a violence which is now, happily for the latter at least, disappearing from the world. The black squirrel was brought to bay upon a topmost bough, to which he closely clung till he reached its end, where it diminished to a spray. Then he crouched; the whole school looking eagerly up to see the finishing. A leader of one of the bow-clubs, into which the school was divided, intentionally struck with his first shot the bough under him with an arrow whose head was blunt. This caused him to jump forward enough to expose his side. The next arrow pierced him; and, after being carried a little way into the air, as he fell amid the club which had a right to seize him, its youngest member fell upon and secured the squirrel, and, as he handed it to the leader, with a Spartan smile exhibited his streaming hand, which was bitten through.

Clouds of wild pigeons would, in those halcyon days, darken the sky. One must read

Audubon to know in what multitudes, what miles they covered, with what murmurs, as of many waters, they would float along the forest aisles, to know what America has lost, or is losing. They sometimes visited the hill, weighing down the trees, and in the close nestling of their *siestas*, breast by breast, would so cover a bough that they made but one continuous line. But the boys' wild hopes would be short. Upon one being hit, or more often missed, the whole colony would disperse with a silent fish-like plunge through the air, leaving, before disappointed eyes, but a trail of pearly beauty.

Much of this game would do for the repasts of Crony Village. Nothing can be better than a broiled squirrel, unless it be a well-roasted rabbit, which, by the by, naturalists say is no rabbit at all, although from its size and habits this is hard to believe. Frogs, it was suggested, — probably by the French boy, — would be excellent; and so they were found. Their legs, white as the meat of chicken, with a tenderness all their own, are a real dainty. We wonder, that, being so good, they are not oftener found in our markets, where they would have a ready sale.

The garrulity of age might enlarge upon the delights and experiences of the school, till it bestowed, like another Dogberry, "all its tediousness upon the reader;" but I forbear. All men, once schoolboys, can supply from their memories much that might have been said. That early morning prime to them seems to swim in the

"Light that never was on sea or land;"

and the fascination which should accompany such gossip of the past may easily be led too far. But can it be wondered at, now that the surviving scholars are gathering about the gravestone of their beloved teacher, recently dead, that some bubbles from the boys' spring should well up, to give token of the happiness and affection of days long ago? Yes, affection; for the respect and reverence which we bore to our dear master were intertwined with a feeling softer and tenderer than the austerity of a boy's duty. He seemed, in the making of us, so much one of ourselves, the leader of us all. And among the roll of eminent names which can be found upon the catalogue of the school, none can be held as nobler, manlier, more beloved, than his.

Eight years since, while Mr. Cogswell was a

resident of Cambridge, it was thought desirable that "the boys" still surviving should again collect around their old friend and master. Invitations to a dinner given him at the "Parker House" were sent to the remotest parts of the Union. Several of the instructors at Round Hill, and all the boys whose distance from the scene did not preclude them, were at the banquet. Words fail to picture the sympathetic crowd of associations which gathered there. Men who pass each other in the street with a nod of hurry and business, those who never even meet now, were all subdued to boyhood again by the spirit of the hour. Old anecdotes were told, familiar nicknames, bits of memories of boyish pranks, came breaking through the crust of time. Again the old sunshine of the master's countenance beamed upon his children. Their mutual delight at meeting, they sought vainly to express; and in reply to the toast of "Prosperity and continued life," Mr. Cogswell read a beautiful address, which sank deep into all our hearts. As a narrative of the occasion, and copies of the address, circulated only among the participants of that better than festive meeting, we venture to quote a few of Mr. Cogswell's words: —

"I looked upon a meeting with so many pupils of long-bygone days as a patriarch of old must have looked upon the gathering around him of his children at the close of life; and could make but one answer to your filial message: 'It is enough; I will go and see them before I die.' The banner under which you have rallied is that of Round Hill; and for me there is magic in that word. The instant it falls upon my ears, my sluggish blood regains its youthful warmth and quickness, and I am carried back to the time when I stood *in loco parentis* to as fine and quite as numerous a family as ever patriarch of old was blessed with.

"I am confident of an affirmative response from all present, when I say that Round Hill is still a hallowed spot, — hallowed, I mean, in its recollections; although, in its material character, it is profaned to ordinary purposes: but its name remains; and that must bring back so many scenes and incidents of your joyous youth, it must ever be dear to you. Once more, dear boys, I give you all a most cordial and affectionate greeting. We can look back upon our past without reproach or heart-burnings. The rebellions in our little commonwealth have all long been forgotten, and the instances of supposed injustice to the rebellious, I trust, long since forgiven. God bless you, all and every one who bears the name of 'Round-Hiller,' wherever he may be, even if among the rebels to our country."

Soon the surviving scholars of Mr. Cogswell will assemble in the cemetery of old Ipswich, the town of his nativity, already so dignified by

the humble but historic gravestones which can be found there, to look at a simple monument to his memory. It is a polished sarcophagus of Aberdeen granite; on the one side bearing his name, —

“JOSEPH GREEN COGSWELL,

Born at Ipswich, Sept. 27, 1786,
Died at Cambridge, Nov. 26, 1871 :”

on the other side, the lines, —

“Erected by pupils of Round-Hill School,
Northampton, Mass. ;”

and above, —

“In affectionate remembrance.”

As they look across that grave, from the sunset of their lives, they will see, through the interval of years, bright with success or dark with sorrow and bereavement, their old master, their old school-days, themselves, moving through the dilation of the crimson mists of morning. Every thing then will be idealized; and that unfulfilled promise, which earth cannot keep, may be to them dearer than the conquests which years have won for them, or the fugitive successes of life's arena. As they once looked forward, so will they now look back.

FORWARD AND BACKWARD

The eager boy in fancy sees
 Inviting, from his cloistered youth,
 A world of bright realities,
 Gold unalloyed, and crystal truth.

He burns to turn the glittering page,
 To taste that cup which mantles fair;
 Nor learns, till taught by cynic Age,
 How false such bright perfections are.

Then he looks back from clouded years,
 And sees his boyhood's golden dawn;
 To find, through reconciling tears,
 There the missed joy of years forlorn.

There was the world his fancy sought,
 And that the ideal happiness;
 So, bright its sacred glow is brought
 From the boy's sunrise even to this.

THE TWO MONKS.

IN one of the mountainous districts of Spain a monastery was situated. Its towering masses of stone and irregular arches harmonized well with the scene. Fantastic peaks and broken cliffs seemed its brothers. It overlooked what in Spain may be considered a rich and verdant valley. The garden of the monastery, carefully cultivated, with its broad parterres and silent flowers, was but a repetition of the more gracious moods of the ascetic inhabitants, as silent and imprisoned as they, and, when compared with the wild profusion of flowers and bushes beyond, harmonious with their lives. Through it—a thing rare in Spain—danced and fluttered a brook, which, under a low arch in the wall, shot from the precipice outside the garden, and made a murmur which the summer loved. Upon a bench, under flowering shrubs, sat two monks—the one young, the other older—in tranquil conversation. It was June, so profuse in its richness in Southern climes; and twilight solemnized their spirits. The face of the elder monk

showed that not all the severities of his training could extinguish a human and happy expression which it would cheer one to contemplate. And, though encouragement and hope danced in his eyes, there gathered about his scantily-furnished temples lines which only wisdom and piety could have wrought. His whole appearance inspired respect and confidence.

The younger, with his face bent towards the earth, had in his saturnine and concentrated aspect something the reverse of this. Their contrast of temperament as well as years may have had to do with their friendship. They mutually sought each other; while the natural language of their spirits was in absolute opposition.

Their broken conversation, after a pause, was resumed.

“No, indeed!” said the younger. “I can see nothing in life but a desperate, almost hopeless arena, where sin and evil always triumph over good. In vain do we shut ourselves in these solitudes; in vain are temptation and the world excluded: the heart, corrupt and sinful at its source, peoples the mind with images of ill which the convent would vainly exclude. There is a mystery of unhappiness given to us, the torture of the day and night, an answer to which neither

fasting nor prayer can win. The very picture of innocence and sinlessness but deepens the shadows I see. Over the fair and shining landscape beyond our walls, rests for ever what stains the sunshine, — a trail of woe which destroys the brightness of all. We must, through torture and tears, expiate the inevitable past. If, here and there, a soul is saved to its Maker, his purpose will be fulfilled. This thought accompanies my rising in the morning and repose at night. When I look from the window of my cell, through the midnight hours, a thousand points of flame from the multitude of stars burn into me with despair; and, along the morning mist which robes our valley in silver, floats a perpetual remembrance of the imperfection of man, to kill even the freshness and the beauty of the dawn.

“Why is it that man can picture to himself a purity to which he cannot attain? Why is it that the parcel of good that he possesses but serves to make him keener to apprehend the universal wickedness of his kind?”

“Enough of this,” replied the other with a smile; “a truce to your black imaginations! How often have I not told you that you make the world that you see, and that the world that

is, is not the black one that you think it! By indulgence, you drown your soul in shadows; by surrender to despair, you destroy that hope which is the star of man's life. No good can come of such forced contrasts as your picture gives. There the light only insults the shadow in irreconcilable antagonism; but it should not be so. God is good, the kind Father of us all; and his world is a miracle of splendor and happiness. And this law of opposition which agonizes you is the perpetual balance of wholesome parts, whose whole we see so contrasted in every thing. Does not the light of the sunshine make the shadow? But is the shadow criminal for that? Are not day and night, heat and cold, laughter and tears, yes, and life and death, parts of one excellent and God-given reality? Is there any thing which is not set off by its opposition? and is not that opposition the bond of mutual service? Are not these twin forces needed for completeness? Is the furnace-heat of Africa, unmitigated by winter, the best friend of the flower, or the streamlet that feeds the flower? Is the night, which brings blackness and ghostly visions, without its refreshment for the toiling man through the day succeeding? Nay, did the Saviour himself, that white beam

from the throne of the Most High,—did he seek the pure and perfect only? and did he recognize as a friend and helper no abject sinner or self-condemning sufferer? Will you never learn confidence and cheer of the patient and peaceful creatures which people the forest, where even those of rapine and violence seem to bear a commission which prevents the loss of their innocence? Do not the birds in yonder tree, the direct voice of Nature, find a well-spring of joy and gayety in their little bosoms, whose reservoir is afar in the divine instincts, which should find conduits also to your breast? Do the golden and ruby clouds which drape the departing monarch of the day deepen round his setting with hopelessness and gloom; or does their beauty predict the triumphs of the eastern dawn? Does it not make man feel that he has a heavenly Friend, who, if invisible, and lost for a time, is really our Friend, and will not desert us?

“I hardly dare say to you that the sin which conscience and the church condemn may be but a part of a whole, which sinlessness could never make; that in its mystery may be hidden a good for man which after-days may show. The struggle in its coils may give that muscle and

strength to the soul without which it would be but an insipid thing. Its very universality, too, instead of bowing you with anguish and despair, should be a comfort and a ground of confidence; for, after all, God made his creature, and not he himself. We but use what we find. The sin of Adam, which, like a tide, has washed out innocence, must have been a part of the deity's intention, or it is a defeated world. It is not the world of the God of love, but of the serpent, and of evil.

"I believe, with all the confidence of hope, which plants firmly its foot amid a celestial future, that all must work together for good. Not that I fail to deplore the shortcomings that I witness and that I feel; but I will not allow the shadow to invade my light. Take away from me the faith that, behind yon azure, smiles an ever-enduring affection and pardon, and I shall lose all hold upon Christ and his promises.

"Beware, if, from the fumes of the dungeon where you immure your hope, such clouds of blackness shall always envelop the sunshine of the earth, lest you shall see the Father's face distorted by your own passion, and his fair world but a desert and a desolation! Have a care, or, like all untruth, it will loosen your

hold upon the right, and you will be punished, in some way, for adding to the evil already in the world by a faith in it which creates rather than takes it away!"

Turning his eyes upon his companion, he beheld him sunk in dreary silence. In his aspect was the hard, set, unforgiving look which the mournful Spanish Christians may have elsewhere beheld at *autos-da-fe*, or the Moor have witnessed with pathetic sympathy upon the convulsed features of an Ignatius Loyola.

"Dear friend, I love you, and you know it," with his face still bent to the earth; at last answered the younger. "But I cannot see the world as you see it. The splendor of evening has a sorrow in it, as if the clouds were dyed in blood, and that the blood of a Saviour whom man chooses to forget. In the aimless piping of the birds, and the fitful melody of rivulets, I but recognize a meaningless and accidental delight, not meant by themselves, and not intended to diminish our griefs. The hard and lifeless desert, the arid precipice, the bramble, and the thistle, are truer growths from an earth nourished by sin. Even your valued words of confidence and hope seem to me but the gayety of a happy temperament, which, in obedience to

its emotions, is unwilling to face realities, and to give itself the pain of acknowledging the truth. There is something almost sadder than all in those tones of happiness and hope, where all is lost."

As the night deepened, the face of the one seemed to catch from the shadow a more mysterious and appalling depth of expression; while on the other, amid the darkness, serene and peaceful, seemed yet to linger the sunset light which was gone behind the hills.

With the coming night, the flowers tossed to them a richer perfume than belonged to the day. To the one, they but struck upon the sense as a wound and an insult; to the other, the mystery of their appeal found fellowship with the long train of ambrosial hopes, and mingled with the censers swinging in the celestial city. The brook, too, now invisible, had a voice which the day denied. To one its wave bore only the burden of "Sorrow and sorrow for ever,"—a monotone of despair; to the other there was exultation in the shock and hurry of its waters, and it seemed to look forward to the world beyond the convent-walls without fear or regret. And the nightingale added itself to this music, and gave a soul to all things. Its

melancholy, which is so absolute that it might wring the heart of the sufferer, the elder found but to conceal, as behind the grief of his own soul, a faith in brightness and joy which both needed.

They rose to go, and silently paced to the doors of their cells, which were side by side, and overlooked the noble landscape. As they faced each other with a parting salute, the elder said to the younger, "My son, I say to you again, beware of blackening the brightness of God's world. Seeing it as you prefer to see it, you do not deserve its sunshine, its verdure, the glory of its flowers, and the pathless purity of its azure. Try to see more truly, or you, at last, will behold but blackness. Good-night, and God bless you!"

The younger monk entered his cell. There the habit of his thought, which was sent back to him from every bare wall and his narrow bed, but deepened his gloom. His heart was hard and faithless. By the light of his taper, which fell in tremulous touches upon the agonizing Christ of a small crucifix, he prayed; but his prayer had no hope in it. The heart accorded not with the words of his breviary. He

thought not of his Father, but of a Judge and a Tyrant. Before retiring, he moved to his narrow window, which overlooked the glorious valley.

The moon was at its full, and poured upon olive-grove and tamarisk, upon beetling cliffs and the rejoicing brook, in little rivulets of silver, which flooded every thing with peace and mystery; but to him it was an accusing blank, and the moon but a scared witness of the hell which man had made of earth. With a groan, he covered himself with his scanty bedclothes, and for long vainly invited sleep. When it came, it was but a tumult of terrifying forms, a spectral procession of men and monsters; and in every eye the demon glared. But at last he slept.

When he awoke, with a sigh, he found the morning was advanced; and he flew to the window to distinguish the hour. There he fell back with a shudder. After bathing his eyes in water and consulting his pulse, he returned to the window to discover if what he saw were not a hideous dream. But there it was. His punishment had overtaken him. The world from which he had driven joy and brightness, the sunshine he had denied, withheld their

glory. In his despair he cried aloud. The very light of the landscape was without its smile, — rather the absence of darkness than light; for the sun withheld his gold. Every object, according to its distance, was defined with colorless distinctness. The nearer trees held to him their little disks of ebony; and the farther groups, the plunging shadows of the precipices, nay, even the flowers of his garden beneath his eye, were all dark as night. The very brook had but a wan sparkle on its fleeting surface, which looked like a waving hank of gray wool. The reader can best apprehend what he saw by looking at the dusky photographs of scenes he may have beheld, where all is black and white, as if it were the funeral of the world he had known so bright. But he who sees the photograph knows that it only renders the scene in *chiaroscuro*, which really lives flooded with sunshine, and palpitating with beauty. The young monk beheld the abdication of Nature herself, with all which should encourage man to hope and love, and in its place a blackness, as of the tomb, in which all human trust dies.

Even he was repelled by what he saw. It seemed to him that even the greatness of man's

sin scarcely merited so terrible a retribution as this. From his groaning heart there fell, as it were, a load; and a longing for sweetness and life, of which he would not have thought himself capable, brought the tears to his eyes. His agony, like the rod of Moses, had struck his rocky heart, which softened in the beneficent waters. While his tears obscured the landscape, it danced with the movement of life through the lens of his sorrow.

Drawing his hood over his face, he flew to the cell of his friend, the elder monk, who received him with a look *debonnair* and smiling; but his face fell as he witnessed his brother's grief. It was a glorious morning; but vainly did he point to the purple distance, the emerald woodland, the sapphire sky; his brother could see there neither beauty nor color.

"Thou art punished, my son; and it is thy punishment to see the world as thou hast pictured it to thyself, — the scene of God's wrath, and not of his mercy. Thou hast denied its beauty as its loveliness; and now they are both taken away from it. Dost thou not see the great error of thy condemnation of what he had not condemned? Art thou holier than God? By much fasting and many prayers

must thy spirit seek expiation of thy wrong ; and he who forgives the lowest and most abject will pardon thee. Surrender thyself to God and his goodness.”

All day long the young monk, in the silence of his cell, sought pardon for his sin, with shocks of repentant agony. With tears that streamed in penitential fulness, he sought to recover the world and the Father he had lost. The tears eased his pain, and in the dissolution of his former being were borne out, as to the main, the fragments of his strong affections, — the veil of iron which he had placed between his eye and the brightness of heaven.

The whole day was passed by him in his cell. He dared not visit the garden of the monastery, where every tree and flower would have been his accuser ; but he felt through his open window a breath as of comfort and pardon. As a mother hangs with a caress above her dreaming child, and the balm of her breath loosens the unrest about its heart, so that breath, from an earth not all sinful, sighed towards him with a mother’s tenderness.

He avoided the friend who had reproved him, nor appeared at the refectory, where his distress might have drawn to him the indiscreet notice

of the other monks; but in prayer, and with sobs of contrition, the slow hours of the day wore themselves away.

He retired early to rest, where a soothing slumber held him in its arms, and clouds of smiling angels — a white and heavenly train — looked down upon him with love and encouragement.

He awoke; and as he opened his eyes, he seemed to see flooding past his narrow window a sea of glory. The burden had fallen from his spirit. He hurried to gaze upon the landscape which he had for so long unlovingly beheld, and to bow before the nature which its Author had bestowed upon his children, not for their humiliation or chastisement, but to remind them of him, and to beckon them forward to other and even brighter displays of his power. The young monk hung in ecstasy from the bars of his lattice, and almost feared to fall, in his yearning to mingle in the universal matin song of devotion and joy. The sun was there an apparent god, — God's delegate and material representative; and, wherever its smile fell, creation was ennobled. All life was marked by his signet. No lowly bush, no aspiring pinnacle, but wore upon its front an aureole of beauty. The sky

dilated and pulsed as through its sea of ether the kindling messengers went by.

Below, the clustering familiar trees, the humbler shrubs, the flowers, again to him wearing their coats of many colors, all bowed and tossed themselves as in exultation and delight. The little brook sounded its reveille to the blushing firmament, and danced and carolled as a thing which could know no doubt or defeat of hope. Its mist of silver from the cascade beyond rose and wavered past the shadowy garden-wall, and died in blessings among the growing things which loved it.

The young monk stood for an hour, drinking in with gratitude the beauty of a world he had recovered, till his thirst for the visible goodness he now found in every thing was fully slaked ; and then, after a devout thanksgiving for the love which had not hardened itself because of his sin, he rose from his knees, to share with his more fortunate friend, the elder monk, the fullness of the joy which now almost overburdened his heart.

A LEAF FROM A JOURNAL.

FRANCE, 1834.

THE world moves so swiftly now, that traces of the past are day by day obliterated : like the revolving circle of colors, our speed only shows us white, where, in slower days, were seen all the hues of the rainbow. The angel of commonplace and equality was hidden in the vapor of the first locomotive. Before its breath, melted, like frost-work, the old provincial customs, the quaint mediæval habits, the odd corners and angles in human nature. A sketch of a visit to Picardy in 1834, and a little later, paints country life in tints which seem remoter than that date.

Gliding along under a Mediterranean sun, I was making, with the dreamy activity of the traveller, a sketch of a picturesque person in the steamer which was carrying me from Civita Vecchia to Marseilles. My subject was an alert, active Frenchman, with a flat travelling *casquette*,

and a ribbon at his button-hole, which, somehow, seemed to have been won in imperial days, and on the field of battle. Such proved afterwards to be the case. That blood-red token has gone on, dingier and duller, till now it no longer represents France and her glory, but stands for the cheapness of court favor, any form of success, to which even a grocer may aspire.

As I was finishing my sketch, a voice above me said, "You did it at a disadvantage: I will pose in any position you like, so that you may get a better likeness." After a fashion, a tolerable likeness was accomplished. This led to that easy acquaintance and fellowship so natural to unoccupied minds, when congenial. After gushes of confidence from the Baron de Neuilly, for such he was, as to the life left behind in Italy, its horse-races, religious services, and flirtations, pleasantly mingled, the baron exclaimed, as if struck with a sudden idea, "Since we suffer so severely, both of us, from sea-sickness" —

"Speak for yourself, monsieur," said I. "I am always well."

"Do not interrupt me. Suffering as we do, I think it will be a good thing for us to leave our luggage with my servant, in the steamer, and go in my *calèche* by the Cornice to Paris."

We disembarked at Genoa, and went forward by land accordingly. I had never before heard of the Cornice, fortunately for me: its beauty had been felicitously kept a secret. It was April. O, that drive! "Give me youth and a day," says Emerson, "and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous."

This lovely coast, where our post-horses ran on a narrow ledge, smooth as a floor, with precipices and summits towering above us, scalloped into little indenting bays, each with its village as a centre, made every moment a surprise. As the shore runs towards the north, the sunshine is caught within a cup; and thereby the flavor of the south is doubled in intensity. Curving into every bay, spread beyond every headland, was the sea, a great floor of lapis lazuli, unravaged by tempest, and only veined with white when the creamy breaker broke against a rock or headland. Here and there were palms, sealing, as they do for South Carolina, the tropic south.

Our steamer disembarked at Marseilles our trunks, which we had left on board, in charge of the baron's servant, intending to recover them here. Filled—as mine were at least—with the winter's spoils of travel, in cameo, lava, and coral, I entered the custom-house with some

anxiety. The official, towering in meridional wrath, said, in reply to my inquiry, "If that's your trunk, and it isn't removed within an hour, it shall be sent to Paris!" So my keys slept in my pocket.

This ride was the poetry of our journey. We dashed across France, trying in Burgundy, as the accomplished baron insisted, the simple and cheap *crus* of the country, to test his statement, that this native wine has a flavor of the soil, and a homely merit of its own, which, cheap as it is, does not bear transportation to Paris; going twenty miles out of our way to Méhun, to try its famous eels, about which, with the amusing foolishness of some proverbs, it is said, —

"Il crie comme toutes les anguilles de Méhun."

Finally, Paris was reached; then, for the first time, I really heard French. The grace and charm of it as spoken by the family into which I was introduced I had previously no idea of. The accent or the phrasing, I knew not which, seemed to glide and sparkle, suggestive of fun and wit where English words would have been simply insipid. And the pretty, old-fashioned, friendly, family ways! the demonstrativeness, as poor Anglo-Saxons, deprived of flowers of Celtic sen-

timent, call it,—it was delightful. Games in the evening, whose childishness would have repelled a Briton; dances in which old and young shared, their only *raison d'être* being the sunny cheerfulness by which they moved; amusing talk with the duke, for there was a duke in the centre of the circle, who, in the house of peers, led the Carlist chivalry of France,—these were all novelties to me, freshly delightful, and justly seeming the fair spoil of travel.

At that time Lafayette died. With a dignified wave of his hand, my duke permitted me, as an American, to join the funeral *cortége*.

“The most dangerous man in France,” he said, “and he is well laid away in his family vault in the Picpus graveyard. With him lies buried the republic; and in America, even, you will soon be of our opinion, and desire the dignity and comfort of a monarchy.”

With the warm weather came preparations of departure. The old family *berline*, odd in form, and deep in its receptive capacity, with its huge chintz flowers on a white ground for a lining, looked ancient as the Crusades. But before the family retired to the *château* at Joli Pré, the lovely daughter-in-law of the duke said, “Papa,

lend our friend your medal as a peer. He is one of those unfortunate Americans who consider it their duty to contemplate and appreciate all the monuments of Paris, not omitting any one. One of them was seen, the other day, asking admission to the interior of the Obelisk of Luxor. In a week, if you want to know your Paris, our friend will be able to give you details which your long life-here has not yet supplied."

I took the little gold medal, and found it a talisman indeed. Before its spell went down every bar and barrier between me and the choicest wonders of Paris. It admitted me to a day at the Exposition sacred to the royal family. That family must have thought its memory bad, owing to the difficulty of recognizing which of the French dukes I might be. But I gave their gracious majesties a wide berth, knowing that, in the secure quiet of a monarchy, a too near stranger might pass for an assassin, and respected the dreary plight of royalty so circumstanced.

One place in Paris baffled me, — the *conciergerie*. Its jailer protested that no nobleman of France even, without the proper written order, could be admitted. I respected him for the surly solitude of his guardianship. What a dif-

ference that little bit of paper made! Not only with it could I have been admitted where a duke could not be; but its authority, when presented by Marie Antoinette, discharged the recipient of every feeling of goodness and charity, giving her not only an entrance, but, so soon after, a swift and bloody exit.

Not content with slaughtering the lions of Paris, and ravaging its monuments, I extended my excursions to all the palaces and prisons within leagues around. Made careless by my success, at Bicêtre, where there is a double building for prisoners and the insane, I demanded to visit the interior of the insane asylum. "It is impossible," replied the officer at his desk, — for public functionaries here either carry the sword, or should do so, — a military government, a military race, taking the *mot d'ordres* from above, and showing everywhere the spirit of a camp. As insolence to an officer used to be punished by death, so the instant Latin feeling of desperation, when dealing with liberal ideas, comes from the confusion perhaps of rulers with officers. Why, the very trees along the roadsides of France range themselves in military fashion, in orderly lines; and if they are poplars, as is so often the case, seem only the proto-

plasms of grenadiers revived in a vegetable form: the broad, strong *chaussées* seem made for hurling forth to battle masses of cavalry and artillery.

Putting my hand into my waistcoat pocket with the confidence of a conjurer, smiling, I said to him, "I think I have that here which will induce you to change your opinion." Starting up like a Jack-in-a-box, and mechanically twirling his formidable mustachios, "How dare you," said he, "insult an officer of France by the offer of money!"

To which I ingeniously and instantly replied, "And how dare you suggest that I propose such an insult! Deign to cast your eye over that ducal medal." He instantly collapsed, and appointed a couple of soldiers to show me to the mad-house of my wishes.

A fortnight after my new friends had left Paris for Picardy I followed them. My vehicle was the old-fashioned diligence. Any one who has ever seen it may well believe in the sea-serpent, both are of such saurian prehistoric proportions; indeed, their extinction must have occurred at about the same time. A diligence is a travelling town, a slice of society, well marked off into its different compartments. First, there is the *coupé*, with a fine view of the apples on

the haunches of the cumbrous *percherons* who pull the carriage with rope-harness at variable distances from each other. In the *coupé* go the gentry; then comes the *intérieur*; behind all is the *rotonde*, with its Parthian glimpse of the road; but to the enthusiastic young traveller, the *banquette*, a perch near the clouds, where one huddles under a leather arch, among straw and luggage, is the favorite place, there is so much air, and such glorious views.

In the *intérieur* I had the bad luck to find myself. It was filled with Norman nurses, glittering with golden ear-rings and snowy caps, of a robustness which it would do Dr. Clarke good to contemplate. I revenged myself upon the diffusive familiarity of an infant and his nurse by sketching them. At the last stop before reaching the *château*, I was accommodated with a country wagon all to myself, which gave an air of property to my method of arrival.

I was expected, and soon, amid a lovely broken country, driving past a charming lake close to the house, and a *pigeonnier* with its circling pigeons, that indispensable adjunct of a *château*, I arrived, and was received literally with open arms; the gentlemen kissing me as if we were all boarding-school girls. Immediately I was taken to my

bedroom, overlooking the lake and the pretty indentations of a neighboring forest, which ran indeed in a circle almost round the house ; for the baron's forest interlocked with the king's. This great extent of wood allowed it to be the haunt of the wild boar and the *chevreuil*, the chase of which is one of the great advantages the baron has. When my scanty wardrobe was allowed to unstiffen itself in roomy drawers, and when the servant who came with us from Italy had taken my orders for little details of comfort, the baron carried me to his sanctum. There the *hure*, or boar's head, was everywhere conspicuous. It was surrounded by appropriate weapons of the chase, interspersed with aquarelles, family sketches, and souvenirs of the Bourbons. The Duchess of Berri was at that time a load-star to the Carlist youth, on account of her misfortunes, and her bravery at the time of her capture. She had, with an adherent, the pluck to stay behind the fireplace, where she was hidden, till she could bear it no longer, when she surrendered.

There was a fine air of foolish chivalry, the aroma from the dead days of loyalty, still hanging round the *château*. One felt, on hearing the talk, how ill suited to our day were these ideas, and how improbable their return to power.

The company assembled at the *château* was of the most contrasting character. There was the *fattore*, as the Italians call him, the country manager of the estate, a scion of one of the noblest houses of France, whose lovely wife still lives immortalized as Ecclesia, "the Church," in De la Roche's famous *Hémicycle*, and her sister, both daughters of the baron. There was their governess, one of those sweet, pure natures once not infrequent in France, and breathing memories of Fénélon. There was an artist, a sculptor, who, on wet days, would work on a little statuette of the baron's daughter, and who, when not employed, would have a look of wisdom which deceived me, till the baron explained, "Il rêve creux," to imply the emptiness of his thinking. Then there was a volatile, Frenchified Scotchman, much preferring the sun of the boulevard to the mists of any of the heroes of Ossian. To him I frequently confided how superior in attractiveness I found this *château* life to the somewhat damp and heavy cheer of an English country-house. Here the great characteristic was ease, impromptu sallies, and the determination of all to be sunny.

Very soon the baron announced his programme for the hours and days of the ensuing fortnight,

which was often changed as new combinations or the weather interfered. All plans were subject to the wishes of the duchess, who was to arrive in a few days. What delightful excursions we had! Additional visitors came, male and female; superb horses crowded the moderately-sized stables. Whether in the saddle, or on foot, I know not which was the pleasanter exercise. Sometimes we made excursions to the *châteaux* of the neighboring nobles, spending the night with them, and returning the next day; sometimes we would go off to picnic in the ruins of a monastery near by, or to visit Laon, where four stone oxen look down from the top of the bulky tower, itself on a hill, and overlooking a prodigious tract of country. It seemed odd to find that this cathedral was built by John Bull, and these stone oxen of his so honored for the labor of fetching the stone blocks up the acclivity. The snug hotel at Laon had for its sign a *hure*, or boar's head, locally appropriate. At St. Quentin and St. Gobin, we were shown the beautiful manufactures of the famous mirrors which Frenchmen so dearly love. When fresh from the furnace, they look like buckwheat cakes; afterwards polish, water and pumice, and mutual attrition, begin what emery finishes.

But the most charming point of excursion frequently visited was the Château de Couci. France has no nobler ruin. Its extensive walls cover the crest of a bold eminence, which overlooks leagues of distance; and its principal and gigantic tower has been split from top to bottom, most picturesquely, by an earthquake. But it is entire; and inside may be seen the rich colors of the ancient frescos, and mediæval figures. Somewhere, somehow, a Sire de Couci killed a lion. The story goes, it was near the castle. If so, it must have escaped from some mediæval Barnum. But, over the principal archway, he ramps in stone for ever.

All France knows the legend of the Couci race: —

“Ni roi je suis, ni prince aussi,
Mais le sire de Couci;”

and there is a story from the days of the Crusades as widely known. A cousin or nephew of the *châtelaine* loved his mistress; and the haughty husband, discovering it, had him waylaid as he returned from successful war with the infidels, and slain. His heart, served upon the table of the *château*, was partaken of by the *châtelaine*.

“You always liked it,” said the wicked Sire de Couci: “it is your lover’s heart.” “Since

such meat has passed my lips," she replied, "no other earthly food befits me;" and she died of starvation and a broken spirit.

To this *château* we would make sketching-parties, for it was near the house; arriving home late, after jumping and sometimes falling into swollen brooks, draggled and delighted, to the sweet freshness of clean clothes, a late and relished dinner, and then the slipper and the cigar, which make twilight holy. When not too tired, we would dance severe and formal minuets, or spin in the modern friskiness of the waltz. Billiards were never forgotten; and the duchess, who soon arrived, proved to be a cool hand with a cue, and hard to beat. Women should always aim at using the cue, it is so much more graceful and worthy of the game, and never the foolish and inefficient mace.

It was great fun to have one of the small lakes drawn. It reminded one of Watteau; the pretty women, with their scarfs and parasols, looking down upon the picturesque and slimy men who were doing the dragging. Eels were taken in abundance, and carp, a truly mediæval fish, with its great golden scales, its hundred years of life, and sometimes bearing in its nose a courtly ring of other days and other manners.

The baron's *château* was a modern house, and he and his set were moderns in their ways and manners; but scattered about the country were residences which we sometimes visited, where the flavor of the old provincial life was still rich and strong. One quaint old *château* had for its occupants a couple of maiden sisters, who lived in a union closer than that of the Siamese twins, for their bond was spiritual, and not of the flesh: their thoughts, their pleasures, their daily life, so united, it was like a double existence. I had expected with curiosity to see them; but, unfortunately, when we visited them, one for two days had been seriously ill; and now her sister had taken also to her bed, compelled by that sympathy which made them do every thing in common. They were thus both almost helpless. Though a rain was coming on, the kind-hearted baron took a horse from the stable, and galloped furiously fifteen miles to get them a physician, I, in the mean time, was driven home in our *dennet* by a servant of the house.

One landed proprietor whom we visited was loud in his denunciation of the vandalism of republican ways. Showing me a lovely view that he had opened through a wood, which gave glimpses of a lake, and, beyond, of a Roman *tumulus*, he passionately exclaimed, —

“What avail such affectionate labors for one’s property, when the law divides among all one’s descendants the estate, so that nothing can be kept up! Everywhere the old manorial glories of France are fast disappearing. In fifty years what will have become of my *bosquet*, my artificial lake, and even of my Roman *tumulus*!”

One did, indeed, feel, behind the aggressive republicanism in the air, something of the country life of Madame de Sévigné and Louis XIV. The Duchess of Céreste, as well as Madame de Coulanges, her visitor, had indescribable touches, in her manner, of feudal days; and her wit and *bons mots* were reported through all the country.

The interest of the duke in a gold eagle which I had, and presented him, was almost childish; and his “*Diable!*” rang through the room as if he had seen the living bird. Indeed, the ignorance of the French then, as to every thing American, was absolute; and on one occasion, tempted by the easy opportunity for chaff, I ventured to draw the long-bow in a manner which even Cyrus would have approved. I cannot say as much for his other precept, the truth. In fact, this tale was a bouncer.

Happening to have really a distant relative married to an Indian chief, I mentioned it. The

question was asked, "In intermarriages with the Indians, do you take their name, or retain your own?" I said, that, as their lands were falling daily to us by the luck of the stronger, it was thought graceful invariably to accept the Indian nomenclature. "C'est bien!" exclaimed my audience: "c'est gracieux!" "Unfortunately," said I, "though I do not like to mention it, they were Caribs, you know."

"Indeed; what is that?"

"A tribe that has always had the bad habit of eating its prisoners. Though of this stock, I invariably refuse the indulgence of so bad a propensity; but I must confess to a longing to do so." They loudly exclaimed, "C'est bien, c'est bien! il ne faut pas manger son semblable!"

After this, the moon-struck artist attached himself to my steps. One day I was sketching a little artificial island, when I suddenly discovered that I had left my pencil-box where I had last sketched, and started up to recover it; whereupon my watchful sculptor flew to the *château* with extended arms, crying out, —

"Il a eu un accès! Il a eu un accès!"

If some of the grander country people suggested Madame de Sévigné, others reminded one of Eugénie Grandet, and the stuffy, close,

dead existence described by Balzac. A female cousin of the baron came to visit us one day in the most incredibly *rococo* and ancient vehicle I had ever seen. I do not know what to call it. Its name, perhaps, had perished in some vast antiquity. The horses, which might have come out of the ark, were held to it by the queerest straps and ropes. As the baron expected to be, and indeed was, her heir, the most deferential courtesy awaited her; but nothing could smooth the dry, cold lines of her pinched face. There was an odor of old lavender and marjoram about her, as if she had come from a clothes-press. Twice, robbers had invaded her dark and tumble-down mansion, but found nothing. Her money, which never saw bank, pure *louis d'or*, was known to be hidden away in all undiscoverable corners; and, in fact, the baron, later, on hearing of her death, posted down to the country, and there successfully rummaged for it in old flower-pots, garden-beds, hall-tiles, and the obscurest crevices, as if he were guessing a conundrum. As it was, he never knew but what the visitors had anticipated him, and carried off heavy spoils.

The most picturesque thing of my visit was, perhaps, a *chevreuil* hunt; though, if I had staid,

I had been promised that grand glory of the provinces, a wild-boar hunt; when, all being in appropriate costume, — each wearing boots up to the thigh, brilliant hunting-coats (generally green or red, with an enormous horn wound round them like a ring of Saturn), caps, and a short sword by their side, with which to despatch the boar in close combat, — a brilliant scene is presented.

With the *chevreuil* we had no great luck, beyond the beauty of the woods, and the excitement of hope. After waiting at our post, by which the deer was to come, an accidental movement of some one on the line of his flight made him swerve through the depths of a valley beyond shot, where we only got glimpses of his haunches and branching horns. But to wait an hour with something to hope for, in a lovely wood, is never time misspent; and the stillness, with the excitement of the senses, brought to notice a thousand beauties of variable shadow and sunshine, and of the pretty ways of birds, made over-bold and near by our statue-like tranquillity.

Something of this delightful country life in France of course remains; but we live in a swift age; and since there, as everywhere, man-

ners are modified, and antique methods of life are displaced, by the flash, brilliancy, and hurry of modern civilization, I have thought these jottings of French provincial life forty years ago worth making.

THE FLY ON THE WHEEL.

PROVERBS, Earl Russell has cleverly said, are the wisdom of many and the wit of one. There are expressions which are abortive proverbs, truncated members of a complete statement, which have the salt and pungency of proverbs, and serve as such. These pearls are left beneath the seas of life, the result of its tempest and its sunshine, and many a homely oyster secretes them from its experience. They are worn as helps as well as ornaments, — an amulet as well as a jewel.

“The fly on the wheel,” “How we apples swim,” are such expressions, compact with the wisdom of the past, and, by condensation, made serviceable for posterity.

He who first found the expression “The fly on the wheel,” builded better than he knew. He was talking of himself and his race, while he thought he was only laughing at the vanity of an individual.

While this great wheel of a world turns

in space, we all enact our parts as flies, and take a content in our supposed share of the revolution, which in the loftiest instances has lured many a haughty conqueror to his doom. So far has he advanced with success in the direction of the wheel's motion, that, trustful that he and the wheel are one, he moves at length against it, and is soon brushed off into space.

The recognition of force, beyond the valiancy of one's own will, is well illustrated in the Marblehead story of the boy pursued through the garden by an enraged old woman whose clothes-lines he had disturbed. As she was on the point of clutching him, his companion astride the fence cried out, "Billy, try her on a wind."

He got Nature's powerful help behind him, and easily escaped. As long as one rides the wave, sails with the current, all things will be prosperous; and fortunate is he who can thus "hitch his wagon to a star," and so seem to represent in himself the concurrence of the laws of Nature.

The word "will," like the word "personality," then becomes a juggle and a deception. One chooses because one cannot help it: the

choice is pointed out by the imperative instincts of necessity and selection.

And that is mostly the natural relation with things, that the man should be the creature of his time and race. Even when he overtops the rest, and invites to what seem new paths of danger, he is only the exponent of the crowd, their mouth-piece and leader. He prophesies because he knows, and makes his own prophecy true, by using the forces which are friendly and not inimical to his new experiments.

So necessary is this consent of Nature to success, that one is almost led to guess that at the appointed moment she whispers her secret in the ear of the favored discoverer, lo! the steamship, the photograph, the telegraph are born.

The illustrious Morse, when receiving the acclaim of Europe for his invention, modestly propounded this view of things. He thought that at the fit moment the impending blessing hovered in the air, and fell on fortunate shoulders; the air so impregnated with the new birth that two minds, or even more, might germinate at the same time. His pride was not to be the proud inventor, but the favored messenger of one of Heaven's gifts to man.

So at last we begin to suspect that the wit of man is only one of the forces of Nature, — a puppet which the unseen artist directs and manages; happy should he be to accept such a confederacy and such a copartnership.

But how vainly man strives when the drift of the forces of creation are at work in opposition to his desires!

President Grant may give the command to deal with the Indian tribes as direct the laws of Christian kindness, or not; but the inexorable order of One above presidents has gone forth, and neither sword nor Bible can much modify the doom of the Modoc. He is as one of the forest-tree growths, in the place of which, when it is cut down, a new order of vegetation springs. He fades into the mist of the hills; as the pale children of Ossian have long since been swept into the shadowy valley of Death. That valley is the charnel-house of nations. They lie there in their orderly crypts and tombs, with dates and names, to show for what steps in the movement of the races they were used, and for what ideas they stood. Their work, their thought, their life still beat in the life which leaves them behind; and so shall we their successors surrender to the future,

and, like them, be but as stepping-stones in the world's transcendent destiny.

The conflict between the will of man, nay, his religious hopes and aspirations, and the hidden laws of growth for our planet, have always been the source of much confusion and perplexity.

The religious man has always separated himself from the world. It and its wearisome struggles, its invitations and its denials, he puts in antagonism to the laws of the spirit. And yet he all the while is of the world, and lives as heartily in it as another.

He has no morbid dread of his fate suggested by the eye of the needle, and if the trumpet sound to battle, he is not found offering either of his cheeks to any advancing enemy. A pure and spiritual minority has managed to live while these spiritual and earthly wheels caught them in their inexorable teeth. They have lived the life of renunciation, of asceticism, of unselfishness ; but the toilers and the men of action, of all the sects of Christians, have bravely lived their discordant lives of robust hypocrisy. Judged by the souls of these men, Christ's doctrine is the manna of the spirit, the comforter, the guide of life ; judged by their lives,

his commands were poetic exaggerations, meant only for a better world, or a far-distant future.

It would seem simply as an explanation of this that two orders of divine law are here in conflict, incompatible with each other if only one be admitted as of divine authority. But we know that finally the law of love shall supersede the law of violence, the law of being shall supersede the law of having. We look with thirst and longing towards

“that one divine event
To which the whole creation moves ;”

and then in the unity of a Christian civilization we shall behold fused and lost these apparent discords.

There is a toy which we all remember to have loved as boys. A hollow metal fish, with iron in its head, is made to move at will by him who holds before it a magnet.

It obeys like a living thing, and follows the finger of its master. How like this one of iron are the huge swarms of fish which annually move southward in compact mass, — the solid multitudes of herring, for instance ; or, with reversed motion, the shad, migrating from south to north. A hidden magnet seems to guide

them, and they obey as having no will beyond the impulse of such.

And these typify and foreshadow the great migration of nations. What impulse drove from their primal seats in the uplands of Asia the three great waves of men, which, having displaced a weaker and less cultured population, remained in their places, and for fireless cave-dwellers and the nourishment of fruits and roots, brought in the era of the arrow and the spear, which we call the stone age; and the later hordes, which, displacing these implements, brought first bronze and lastly iron, and so founded the civilization of Europe, we can never know. It was most probably some instinct as blind as the impulse which moves the hollow iron fish of the boy. They moved to the lands they knew not, to the place appointed for them by Providence, and under such guidance do the vast movements of mankind seem ever to be led.

The exodus of Israel to the places appointed for the Jewish people claims to have had Jehovah for its leader. Moses was but his representative and mouth-piece.

If we deny the scriptural claim of such leadership, still the emigration must, like all such

important innovations, have found its energy in a will behind that of man, and be the resultant of providential causes.

Nowhere in history is there an emigration on so large a scale, and with such gigantic results, as that which for two hundred years has been going on with ever increasing volume to the shores of America from Europe. It swells and grows with every returning year. It is the Niagara of nations! The accumulated life of the Old World moves as move the rapids, and falls to a new level and into a new continent. And like Niagara, so noisy and impetuous before its fall, how peaceful and how still is it after that descent!

What dumbness in the records of these huge and conflicting masses in their new home! One would have thought that the disruption of home ties, the disturbance of all former methods and habits of living, would have celebrated themselves in epic and in song, — that some master-hand would have portrayed the pang of removal and the joys of the new home. But all is silence.

It is as if the mass were pushed without a crisis of passion or desire to their new stations, that they felt they were but flies on the wheel,

and that all poignancy of personality was lost in the grandeur of the event.

Later, perhaps, some Goethe will sing the song of the emigrant, and make a new Hermann and Dorothea, which shall hang round the dusty path of the settler the flowers of poetry and sentiment.

Homer lived not with the armies which destroyed Ilium, and they in the after-time may behold the sacred poem which shall embalm in verse their struggles and success.

A DAY WITH THE FRENCH.

ONE of the periodical humors of French life, showing the bad blood in its system, and called by the newspapers "Revolution," came to the surface just as I was leaving for Europe, in the spring of 1848. By delaying only a short time in England, I was enabled, with certain American friends, new to the playful ways of the French, to find myself in the Hotel Mirabeau just in time to see one of those scenic representations, generally ending in blood, which they so love.

It was the 5th of May, and from our rooms we could see the procession of lovers of liberty — heroes of the hour, and willing or unwilling sharers in the giddiness of the moment — go by our windows. The pet then was the *gamin*, elevated to a height which he has only since sustained in the *Misérables* of Victor Hugo. These little creatures marched by the windows, overweighted with their accoutrements and their heavy muskets (for they had not had time to make toy-guns), each with an enormous bouquet

in its muzzle. Everywhere they were received with acclamations; and handkerchiefs waved high above their heads. The day of these boys, however, was soon over: many of them were sent later to Algeria, to consider, over the ploughshare, the uncertainty of human glory, while others slunk back to their nests in the Faubourg du Temple. An intelligent eye in a minute, from our window, could have understood some of the persistent qualities of French character, — of what we call the character of the Latin race. The love of decoration, the spirit of the theatre, the vanity which entreats always for a spectator, can be found everywhere along the long line of French history. These, with the love of art, which would rise to really great heights if only nobleness and a faith in religious things, which is wanting to them, could be supplied, constitute their character. This gives the superiority to their *salons*, — the surrender to the hour; the wit, which plays with sunny mockery round every subject; the give-and-take, — *réplique*, — never discourteous, but marked by a friendly sauciness which Anglo-Saxons do not know; all done for the vain felicity of the moment, make up the chat of their famous *salons*. Their mobility is perhaps the central activity

which explains them best. One of the most brilliant ladies of Paris said to me she always thought of the ultimate particles of an Englishman as square, but those of a Frenchman as round. The image expresses a great truth. An Englishman, when conventional barriers are removed, finds himself the same square creature as before, and only seeks to regain the equipoise and convention he has lost; but the rolling Frenchman overflows them like a tide. The trouble is then, as in the overflows of their rivers, which annually disturb everybody, and devastate widely, to make them *rentrer dans leur lit*. It very often takes an imperial engineer with supreme authority to do that.

These maladies of the body politic run their course like others; small at first, they swell to fever-heat, and then the lancet must be called in. When at the worst, the sick chamber, which is all Paris, has an atmosphere deleterious to the well which spreads the malady. There was no fever, so to say, when the little boys went by with their guns. Mixed with them, with the broad scarfs of power across their whole bodies, were the members of government, — Lamartine, with that air of cavalier distinction and lyric audacity, and among the row behind him of

most honorable and dishonorable statesmen, we saw with deep interest the noble face of Arago. There was something in it of a cross between an eagle and Daniel Webster. His soft, beautiful eye had the depth of Webster's, while the carriage of his head and his nose's curve suggested the king of birds.

We retired to our dinner — for this occurred the day after our arrival — with the serene satisfaction that we had not crossed the ocean in vain. One of our enthusiastic party vowed that he was repaid already.

From that day forward the dance went gaily. I will not follow its steps; the public know them already, and at what time, and by what physician, the lancet was applied. I merely notice the fact that the whole city seemed really attacked by a moral malady, to be tasted in the air. This was so strongly expressed, that when, on my proposing to leave Paris, a Scotch friend besought me to delay a week for the treatment of his daughter's eyes, — "Not a week," I said; "five days, I will. But, I think, at the week's end, the disease will have declared itself so energetically, we may not be able to leave."

He agreed to my five days, and we went together to Boulogne. I left him then; and two

days after, in London, got from him a letter, saying, "What a terrible event! My daughter and her governess are wholly given up to making *charpie* for the wounded!"

The round French ultimate particles had overflowed into barricades. The Archbishop of Paris—they seem always to want to kill an archbishop—was shot; and the iron man of the moment, Cavaignac, was looking over his victorious sword at nameless thousands of fellow-citizens who had gone down before it. But Cavaignac, the most genuine man in France, a life-long, austere republican, by his wholesome surgery forfeited his legitimate claim to the presidency, and a young man who had lately started on his travels with a tame eagle, and a wish to reside near the Seine, at France's expense, was, as we all know, preferred to him.

Such was the course of history; but there was one movement which, if it had been better understood and organized, might have given a different turn to affairs. There was a very lively time in Paris on the 15th of May. The weather was clear and beautiful, when one is forced to be happy, even if death and revolution impend. I had made myself smart, with a new waistcoat, to go to the Chamber of the National Assembly,

and hear M. Walewsky's speech on Poland. There was no hint of any thing beyond that; no plan, no far-sighted intention on the part of anybody; but a thin man with a beard, named Barbes, having lately been freed from prison, the sight of him, of course, stimulated a republican ardor; away went the French at a moment's notice in their most marvellous manner. I was in the Assembly, comfortable in a *loge*, listening to Count Walewsky's prolixities, which fell doubly dead on the ear, for he would read his speech, — an undertaking bad enough at all times, but impossible through the frenzy and fever round him. After some half hour of dull matter, he paused for a moment, when, to my profound astonishment, I heard all the representatives shout, "Go on! go on!"

He did so with faltering voice: but slowly, mixing with his accents, a faint hum, as from some distant bee, for some time really barely audible, buzzed nearer and nearer, till suddenly it changed to a roar; all the doors above and below were forced, and a miscellaneous mass of perspiring patriots invaded the building. No check, no remonstrance with them; every thing that happens in France is what is called *un fait accompli*, and submitted to. Not that remon-

strance just then would have been of much use. The spectacle was terribly entertaining, but also alarming. These men did not know what they wanted, nor how to get it; but they wanted something dreadful; the French republicans *chassent de race*, and always remember to shape themselves on their darling days of "*ça ira*," and Dr. Guillotin's ingenious machine.

This submission of the French to what happens in their evil days is one of the most striking points in their character. They have no moral conviction, no moral bond, no conspiracy of the good to match the conspiracy of the bad, no sense of personal outrage, of what the citizen should consider duty and right; but they bow their heads and the wave goes over them, and lightly lifts them again when it is past. The furious mania of the first Revolution was stopped in an instant. To be sure, it had reached its height, and was making Paris a cemetery, but it was as simple as this. The weather being hot, Carnot and other chiefs met Robespierre at dinner, and on account of the heat it was proposed to take off their coats. Carnot, while putting his away carefully, managed to visit the pocket of Robespierre's coat, where he found, like the hero of a melodrama, a list of the proscribed,

containing his own name and that of others of the dining chiefs. It must be an odd sensation to see a lot of friends dining comfortably round you, and to think for how short a time their appetites will be needed. The next day, when Couthon, who seems, with his deformity and his ostentatious fondness for pets, an incarnation from Victor Hugo's brain, and St. Just, so fair, so foolish, and so frantic, appeared with their leader, Robespierre, the French Revolution was easily disposed of. Robespierre had prepared to set the axe going all over Paris in as many murder shops as his new project for additional committees of public safety could make, when a breath dissolved all. St. Just, while reading the project of the law, was interrupted by murmurs. The heart of France suddenly dared to beat for right; and health took the place of disease. Robespierre, dashing to the tribune, exclaimed, —

“President of assassins, hear me!”

Of course, such an expression implied his inevitable defeat. The next day he was shot while preparing a paper to stimulate the sections to activity. I have had the extraordinary felicity of seeing the paper he was then writing, — the pen, interrupted in its office of writing his

name, midway, has swerved with a great curve to the bottom of the paper, and beside it are two or three drops of his blood, which look like the magic seals by which life was counter-changing doom for reprieve, and giving to France again a hope which that very paper had been intended to remove for ever.

But to return. After the mob had seen that its forcible entrance to the Chamber was a success, it hardly knew what to do next; nor did the president of the Assembly, M. Buloz, nor the representatives, know any better what to do themselves. So the time was taken up by the increasing entrance of constant contingents from the street, and an apparent attraction to the tribune, as the central place whence something of dangerous novelty might issue. There they clustered and hung amid the meaningless jingle of the speaker's bell, like some monstrous sea-growth, over and through which a great revolutionary ocean was playing, — a multitudinous unit of gesticulation and outcries, whose root on the platform seemed momentarily on the point of giving way. What became, eventually, of the virtuous and amiable president in that crush I did not discover, but as long as I saw him he retained his honest and worthy look

in the midst of the scape-jail faces about him. He probably "eclipsed himself," as the French say, though perhaps he remained there out of sight; for it is a remarkable fact that the Chamber, as such, behaved admirably. It was not commented on, that I noticed, but their conduct I thought most patient and wise. Not a representative budged or displayed resentment; they all sat grandly still, like figures of iron, reversing the story of the invasion of the Roman senate by the Gauls; for now the Gauls were acting as if they were Romans.

To fill up the time, a little episode was contrived in honor of the diminutive but charming Louis Blanc. He was seized upon by the patriots, and, amid gestures of remonstrance, hoisted upon their shoulders and carried round the room in an unworthy and temporary triumph. I met him at dinner afterwards in London, and referred to the pleasure I had had in seeing him so honored by the mob. With a gesture of humiliation he cried, "*Ne m'en parlez pas!*" Fortunately, that grand old singer, Béranger, was not there to suffer humiliation; though recently made a member of the Chamber, he had sent a letter declining the honor on the ground of age and infirmity. Lacordaire,

also, the eloquent, whose noble figure had been conspicuous for some days after the opening of the Chamber in his striking dress of a Dominican monk, had, I think, weary of the fruitless waste of his time, withdrawn ere this. Nor was Lamartine present ; he had been the Chamber's good genius from the first ; and his lofty flights of nobly accented oratory, his spirited appeals to the better instincts of Frenchmen, his extreme distinction of look, manner, and voice, had often made "a sunshine in a shady place." I hope at least he was not there. That vanity which in him towered co-equal with his splendid gifts would have been sorely wounded.

About that time I had been invited to dinner to meet him. Unfortunately I could not go. My hostess, who should have been, describing the dinner, recounted with blushes how they had timidly ventured to refer to his admirable action on his great day, — the day when the mob surrounded the Hotel de Ville, and, waving the blood-red flag of the Revolution, called him to the balcony. He appeared there holding the tricolor ; and by a few energetic words, appealing to the honorable and victorious fields it had traversed, threw successful discredit upon its bloody and hated rival.

"That day," he replied to his hostess, "there were two men in me; the physical man was beautiful, the moral man sublime."

To such lengths will go the *naïveté* of a Frenchman's vanity, even when modesty would better become the noble position he has won.

Suddenly in the front of the wavering cloud of humanity was seen upon the tribune's platform an austere and striking figure. The face was thin and worn with long years of imprisonments, and in its long and massive beard tempests seemed to have made their nest. It was Barbes, the victim of tyranny, the favorite of the mob, the "friend of man." Amid confusion and constant accession from without, till all standing-room was occupied, he proclaimed that the rich ought to be struck with an *amende* of *milliards*, to punish them for the crime of possession, ordained the rehabilitation of the guillotine and many other such trifles as his revolutionary memory furnished him; all of which was received as matter of course.

I had been, by this time, imprisoned there some three hours, in an atmosphere heavily charged every moment with dust, the exhalations of these adventurous vagabonds, and the natural heat of one of spring's most delightful

days. About this time the door of my *tribune* was forced, and two odd individuals precipitated themselves into it. One was a *gamin*, though an old one, who, while the more aristocratic auditory drew back, insinuated himself far enough forward to lean over the edge of the cushion and gloat upon the sufferings of the poor representatives below. The other was a stalwart negro, sweating as with the sun of equatorial Africa, and brandishing a huge and mysterious banner, which bore I know not what inscription of "liberty, fraternity, and ——."

After enjoying the nobly-born discomfort of the members below him, the *gamin*, taking off to me with mock respect a greasy *casquette*, said, while fixing his eye upon the splendor of my new waistcoat, —

"You see the case we make of the aristocrats below ; I beg your pardon, I did not notice that you were one of them."

All looked at me with stern disapproval, but after waiting a moment, I tapped him gently on the shoulder with my cane, and said cheerfully, —

"My lad, you are mistaken ; I am a republican, but belong to a republic which can keep on its legs ; and where it is often the sign of a man of the people to be as well dressed as I am.

Let us hope that you will finally come to that here."

He retired extinguished.

Delighted to hear of any thing that could stand on its legs which called itself a republic, the negro turned to me with adhesion. "It was all a trap and a sell," he said. He had been induced to march in the ranks and carry a banner with the understanding that the long procession which had wound its way from the heart of the quartier St. Antoine was to stop at the bridge, from which one or two were to go forward and humbly present their petition for some real or fancied redress of wrong.

"It is too bad," he said, "and I am ashamed of it."

Africa saw its way to the right and wrong of the matter better than could Gaul. I approved his sentiments, and told him that so far as I saw the people were only striking at themselves in the person of their representatives, who were there to redress legally any wrongs that might come before them.

As the hour of dinner was approaching, I thought it best to consider some mode of escape. I did not want to fail if I attempted it, and supposed the galleries to be crowded with hostile

and detaining patriots. But at last I ventured to sally forth, and finding, to my surprise, circulation almost unimpeded, easily made my way to the entrance-hall below, where I saw, seated at a small table, a terrible revolutionary figure, dressed after the approved pattern of the days of Robespierre. He had on an enormous cocked hat, and a waistcoat whose lappels covered his breast, while a huge sabre rattled at his side as he prepared documents presumably of most direful and bloody significance. Disgusted with such a bit of low theatre, I pretended to be an Englishman who was simply admiring the details of the building, and intentionally backed on to him while fastening my eyes upon the cornice and ceiling overhead. After this limited enjoyment of independence, I withdrew by the door in the rear, for the front one could not be passed. As this one had no direct communication with the street, I paused in doubt, but soon found by the wall, to my surprise, a charming boy, beautiful and smiling, who, enacting the polite side of the *gamin's* character, with much grace and civility handed me over the wall by benches which had been placed there for the convenience of Monsieur la Canaille.

When in the street, I saw what I can never

forget. It stood for the triumph of good over evil, of order over disorder, of legal force over mob violence. The bridge was wholly empty, and on its farther side, moving with the silent celerity of doom, was a semicircle of bayonets. Never have I seen guns express so much as did those. It was blue sky after tempest; the sun played upon their shining points as if adding its blessing to their brightness.

I had just time to hurry across the bridge before the military came up. In five minutes afterward they had cleared at the point of the bayonet the National Assembly building, which, rising as it did like an exhalation from the ground, the back portion of it of unpainted wood, had seemed to predict but temporary occupancy to those within.

Chaos and ancient night swallowed the discomfited patriots. I said afterwards to one of them, whom I chanced to meet, "You made a mistake in confining yourself that day to words. If you had cut everybody's throat and then marched on the Hotel de Ville it would have been a *fait accompli*, and you might have held Paris a month, a year perhaps, who knows!"

When I was fairly on the other side of the Seine, and in the sweet and orderly sunshine,

I encountered immediately three individuals, two Frenchmen and an Englishman, who asked me the news.

"Nothing in particular," I said, "only anarchy, the restoration of the guillotine, and a hundred *milliards*, to be taken from pockets which can afford to spare them."

The different effect on the three was striking and national. The two Frenchmen cowered under it, and without remonstrance precipitately fled; the Englishman followed them with jeers, while he squared himself and talked of the "damned rascals" in the Chamber and the cowardice of such fellows as these.

"They haven't an ounce of moral force," he exclaimed, "to resist with, and fly before the first breath of outrage."

I left him, and reached the world's favorite lunching-shop, kept by Germans, at the corner of the Rue Castiglione, in a state sadly needing repair. I was dirty through and through, and so weary and famished that the quantity of refreshments I took seemed to suggest a three days' fast. While eating and drinking I kept my eye steadily fixed on the shop-girl.

"Why do you look at me in that strange way?" she said, as the last *biscuit de Rheims*

and *sorbet* had been devoured. I quietly told her the news. She bounded from her desk crying, "Marie! Marie! les volets!" and before I left the shop the windows were as dark as her hopes with bar and shutter.

The next day she thanked me profusely for the exactness of my news, not a detail but what was correct, she said, with an enthusiasm almost as if speaking of something agreeable.

I was soon at my hotel, where a warm bath washed a good deal of *liberté, fraternité, égalité* out of me. By dinner-time I was presentable, and so calm, that, not wishing to disturb digestion, I refrained till far in the dinner from giving the news of my adventures with the lively Frenchmen of May 15th, 1848.

TOUCH AND GO.

WE Americans are distinguished from the more ponderous and solid races of the Old World by a certain lack of completeness, — a love of the slight and unsubstantial.

It is characteristic of us. We do love to employ all our capital; to make our labor go as far as it fairly can; to get out of the world all that it will give us in return for our investment. "Touch and go" is our motto. It might also be that of the volatile Frenchman, "*Glissez, mortel, n'appuyez pas.*"

On first reaching England, nothing more surprises us than its wasteful prodigality of strength. Every wall seems built with consideration for posterity. The piers, the castles, the public buildings, front time with the craggy resoluteness of the quarry whence they came. Here our buildings have a kaleidoscopic look, — evanescent, as if built for the hour. They sojourn but for a day, and seem to whisper, "Wait, and see our solider successor." Many of the country structures are

painted white boxes, which barely touch the ground on which they rest. They look like a flight of white doves alight, or cigar-ashes on a green table. And yet we came from these English, who so love the substantial, that everywhere cost and material might be pared away, and enough left to content the heart of the American.

Nor does this come from penury of spirit or economy. When we do undertake the grand or magnificent, our money runs like water; and a monument of size and ambition, if not of strength and thoroughness, attests the fact.

A careful mother does not make for her growing boy as substantial a suit, which may need renewing in six months, as the tailor, later, may for the grown man.

One cause of this habit of ours is our expansive youth. We grow by renewals. We do not build out, in ever-continued wings and additions, the house of our fathers, but we take it down and build another. Would that we could also take our streets down, and rebuild them in accordance with the wants of the growing country!

What a mistake it would be to build in a heavy, lasting fashion, that which must inevitably be soon pushed aside by the torrent of fermenting life, which is for ever freshly shaping itself! Such a

building would soon stand like a rock in the torrent, or like some of the towered islands of the Rhine, which look in every thing as they may have looked five hundred years ago.

But the habit lies deeper still. From the necessity of using every penny in the early days of the colonies, and of the makeshifts which go with semi-barbaric living, we have inherited an intellectual preference for a narrow employment of means. It is economy of power. It is a love of seeing no force wasted. This it is which makes the genuine American idea. If in England one of our light vehicles is copied, it is sure to be heavier than the original. With us it is the reverse. Our copy of every thing English is airier, lighter, more unsubstantial. No margin for us. We eat near the crust, and our crust must be very thin.

I remember seeing a typical American, once while crossing in a Cunarder, strike with impatience the substantial brass railing which protected the upper deck.

"How I hate such a waste," he said; "it would do were it half as strong." "Capital!" I said. "So you prefer risking your life by that half, to indulge your affection for 'touch and go.'"

And he did. Captains who, in consideration of

danger, slow their steamers during fog, rarely get praises or testimonials.

An American to save his hours will risk his days. This determination to save power and to narrow the margin meets with the consequences which critical moments must bring to what has so slight a foundation. When the inefficient, cheap management of a railroad "telescopes" some of our best and dearest; when the ill-inspected boiler of the company, running for luck, leaves in the gilded saloon a row of parboiled and ghastly corpses; when the fringe of wood, which simulates the beauty and safety of stone, leaves half a city a charred and grinning desert, the world wakes up and denounces for awhile "touch and go," and resolves on safer living; but the idea is rooted in the mind, and it does not last long.

When, too, the physician finally persuades the mother that the spongy stuff which the cynical baker (who will not eat his own bread so cooked) furnishes is making pale the cheek of her child, she contemplates reform, and will even omit for a while from her breakfast the hot cakes which she loves so well.

When economy of fuel fills with carbonic gas the lungs of the desiccated pupil at school, the

parent will, perhaps too late, wake up to the advantage of fresh air; and the power which had been taken from the growing body to stimulate the jaded brain may for a time be again invested in exercise and health.

When the enterprising capitalist finds that the money he had intrusted to the imaginative and audacious company which disbelieved in margins and reserves has been thrown into the sea, he may find his enterprise very American, but certainly unsatisfactory; and he will resolve on confining his activity to solid investments till the next moonbeam from Folly Land shall have flooded his brain with its glamour.

But our love of "touch and go" finds its best comfort and expression in paper money. Here is something with no margin at all, unless you choose to think so. Here is something very dear to the American heart. It can be made out of rags and a little ink. It seems almost provoking that for its existence it should be supposed to represent gold. The perfection of the thing would be to have it represent nothing but itself, and the general wealth of the country.

Gold is an old foggy, and had better retire to the chests of misers, and the bank vaults of countries without enterprise or credit. The

happy days are coming when credit will be considered sufficient capital for the young merchant, and apple-pies will be had for the asking. But the autumn days do come, "the saddest of the year," when poor old Credit lies very sick abed, and the mourners go about the streets.

It is bad with our American then, and he has visions of economy, and of eating squash for pumpkin: but see how nobly he bears the disaster. The love of "touch and go" is too thoroughly at home in his bosom for him to mourn as one who has no comfort. He has a philosophy which teaches him that such things must happen. Buoyant as the petrel, which unruffled rides in the deepest scoop of the wave, he bears his depression, wisely believing that a moment may find him on the crest of the billow, with the sun overhead and the blue horizon all about him.

On returning many years ago from Europe, I met an acquaintance, and on asking him how he got on in his profession he replied "that he had changed it." I asked him how was all at home; he said "he did not know, for now he lived in New York;" and as I took leave of him by name, he called after me to say, "that for family reasons he had changed his name too." He was all "touch

and go." He may now be a missionary to the Hindoos, with his tenth name and his fifth wife, having got so good a start at first.

Perhaps there is no dogma, in a certain sense, that is more imbedded in the popular heart than that form of "one man is as good as another," which makes the people believe in general ability as equal to any thing.

No specialists for such. West Point was rather a bugbear than a refuge during the war, there being something invidious in a man's being specially trained. Stern necessity taught the true lesson, and the margin of real training saved us.

The people love quacks. "Why can't a clever fellow do it as well as one of them diploma people?" It loves to trust to guesswork, and risks its most precious possession from preference with the most audacious charlatan.

But it should not be forgotten that our economy of power is the secret also of the national genius of invention, — that invention which utilizes every pound of material, and abbreviates every antiquated method.

This genius of discovery, which goes to the heart of the matter, and, jumping from cause to effect, omits every non-essential, is making masterpieces everywhere. These are our

Transfigurations and our Parthenons. Horatio Greenough, when fresh from the sleep of labor in Italy, was standing in warm admiration before the bows of one of our clipper ships. "There," cried he, with uncontrollable energy, "is something which I should not be ashamed to show Phidias." Ruskin has said that of all man's works what nearest approaches the expressive beauty of Nature is the bow of a ship. Its system of curves, melting into the body of the vessel, its flower-like opening and subtle expansion into grace and strength, — utility married to beauty, — make it one of man's sovereign masterpieces.

And it must never be forgotten that the most beautiful bows, the most beautiful ships, the swan-like yacht which leads the regattas of the world, are American. This genius discovered the reaper, the carpet-loom, the sewing-machine, and a thousand other *chefs d'œuvres*, which, abridging expense and labor, make luxuries cheap, and bring the results of skill within the reach of the pockets of the poor.

In every direction this skill is adding to the comfort of the world; and if there be a democratic influence of the future which shall supplement the faith of the statesman, it will be found in this genius of ours, which will not rest

till it has made every thing accessible to everybody.

Formerly only the baron in his castle could possess the luxuries which now gladden the houses of the indigent. The priceless drawings of the best old masters, the very rare possession of governments and nobles, can now by modern reproduction hang upon the cottage-walls of the peasant. This is democracy at its best, and shows how it lives and moves in accordance with the spirit of the age, and the hourly triumphs of science and invention. Life flows in the direction of democracy in every country: the white banner of Henry V. cannot stay it, nor the bayonet of MacMahon; and it is now the crucial test of man's intelligence to manage and work it, to understand its false *simulacra*, and its pestilent make-believes, and to restrain its passions, till even France can live in peace and comfort under its reign.

THE ICONOCLAST OF SENSIBILITY.

A TALE OF RETRIBUTION.

MR. WILLOUGHBY ASPEN was a young person of delicate organization. His sensibility to all forms of homeliness was morbid; his detestation of the brutish and loathsome was a passion. Not that he was of a passionate nature: his tender frame was too delicate to be shaken by eruptions from within, even of the mildest description. His repulsions were more energetic than his attractions; for they seemed to protest against the disturbance of that sacred beauty in whose atmosphere he only really existed.

Beauty is, perhaps, a strong word for so cosmetic a nature as his; pretty, let us say, — the dilution of beauty, the younger sister, and least-dowried, of the heavenly sisterhood.

He owed this sensibility to his mother, who was one of those abortive natures, stunted growths, so often the result of our country habits of unventilated, anthracite rooms, and the long imprisonment of winter. If, in Car-

lisle Castle, a hundred stalwart Highlanders were devitalized and killed by bad air after one night, what wonder that returning spring so often sees our country matrons emerge from kiln-like cottages, spectral and wan, and in pitiable contrast with the bloom and freshness of the returning year?

Not so his father. He was a trader and small merchant, and owned many schooners plying for fish between New England and the British Provinces.

Square, rugged, and as if hewn out with an axe, he seemed the over-looked figure-head of one of his own vessels.

Jupiter had, perchance, granted some sea-nymph's prayer, and converted it into a man. It was bracing and good for you to meet this man in your walk, so roughly quarried, and yet so gentle withal.

He looked well on a pier, a fit part of the landscape, and, in rough and angry weather, towered a help and a beacon for all.

You could imagine him rolling dead in the trough of the sea, after a tempest, or cut in two by a shark; but your fancy refused to see him on a bed of sickness, or languishing after any fashion. Nor was he conscious of human in-

firmity, other than the residuum in his limbs of long nights of struggle with wind and weather, and which he considered to be rheumatism.

He looked upon his poetical boy as a duck must at some mishatched chicken, mistaking itself for a lover of ponds and exposure; and most perplexed was the good man what to do with him.

As he gazed with grim fondness upon him, so flower-like in his drooping conditions, his light delicate hair moulded about his temples, the rose-flush in his pretty cheeks, his hands, whose every finger seemed to protest against work, the father could not in his heart find the confidence to make a sailor or mate of him. "No," he said, "he is cat-footed, and must stick to dry land." And so, after many delays, he was consigned to the store of a friend, who sold the freight of the other coasting-schooners.

The young gentleman tried to make himself at home in this grim retreat on one of our wharves. It was very hard for him. It was most cheerless to look about him, and see no one thing that possessed charm and invitation. No flower bloomed there. At times, he could scarcely repress his tears; and with longing eyes would he watch from an attic-window the white

sails of the craft, touched with rose-color in the light of the withdrawing sun, and sigh to think what lands of enchantment they might be visiting.

His eyes moistened, and the three little pearl-studs which adorned his narrow chest seemed three tears which had rolled from his eyes of longing and regret. The shock of return downstairs after these flights of dreaming made the squalid, familiar room more repulsive than before.

The place seemed the bed of the ocean, where, as in a cup, had settled its most searching and pungent essence. The salt of the deep was there magnified as if the multitudinous seas had shrunk to a pool. And around him lay the monsters of the deep, salt with the intensity of their death, in this crater of a vanished ocean, and stretching on shelves in such a perspective of dried cod-fish, that it seemed their judgment-day; and so there they were, answering the fish-horn of some angel of the deep.

Unable to bear the bitterness of his life, and his stifled longing for some freshness and beauty, he entreated his father to allow him to try the country.

The good-natured parent consented. "Yes,"

he said to himself: "no tar, no salt, sticks to that nature. He is like a flower; let him go and try the country."

He placed him with a cousin of his mother, in the pretty village of Sylvia, at the foot of a spur of the White Mountains.

There he was happy. After running into his patent-leather boots a pitchfork, getting ignominiously thrown in an unequal encounter with a cow, whose nature he failed to apprehend; after getting used in vain to the conditions of country meats (which seemed to him to come from fowls and animals of more robust and muscular constitutions than those which the town knew), he finally settled down to the full bowl of delicious milk, so strong to his city stomach that it made up for the loss of his meat. With this, and an occasional doughnut, he sufficed.

His delight was, after the pseudo-industry of the day, — the mild supervision of his cousin's tough boys in getting the cattle to field and home, his charge (being the last, generally) to see the barn-door fast and tight; the sympathetic adhesion he gave to their sister, as her white arms moved with an energy he envied above the coagulating butter, — after these were

over, his delight was to repose from his labors in a nook of his own near the mountains.

That was bliss to him; and no wonder. Nature, finding herself here encouraged to show her powers, was lavish of them. She seemed to gather herself together to enjoy and to bewilder, before she made with the pines the steep ascent to cloudland and the skies. The smallest thing here was emphasized. The feet of the mountains were moccasoned in flowers; and they were of many colors, and of that depth of meaning which only the zone of the mountains and the sea can give. The trees moved their boughs with majesty; and their roots sought every excuse of notch or ledge for twists and surprises like those of a conjurer. The little brook started and shouted from side to side, scared yet amused by these waywardnesses, and finally went heels over head, like a venturesome child, just before the rock where our hero had found and dedicated a throne for himself.

Stretched there with hands above his head, and his fine mind wholly unbent, and surrendered energetically to doing nothing, he was no longer a man troubled by cows and salt fish. He was Shelley's spirit of beauty,—an essence feeding on the eternal loveliness, and a portion

of the landscape, as it was of him. Here he even, at times, rose from the cosmetic condition of mind so natural to him—the love of the pretty—to the adoration of the beautiful: even, at times, the sublime would lift him in a spasm of emotion.

Well he knew this spot of his affections by heart. It had done for him what neither his father nor mother could have done.

To it he owed a soul-birth, which but comes from the contact of the attempered spirit with the dear touch of mother-nature.

He loved every bit of it,—the lichened and veined rock, with its necklace of wild flowers; the brook which chattered and sparkled at its feet; the columnar trees, up whose stems his fancy mounted and gambolled with the squirrels; and afar beyond to the left the crowded blue of the distance, whose vast crests mingled and interlocked in ever-varying suggestiveness and beauty.

He promised himself, some day, to visit these, when the vacation-time came, and his life should fall off satiated and full from the nourishing scenery now around him.

One evening, after a release from the humiliating smells of the farm-yard, and even escaping

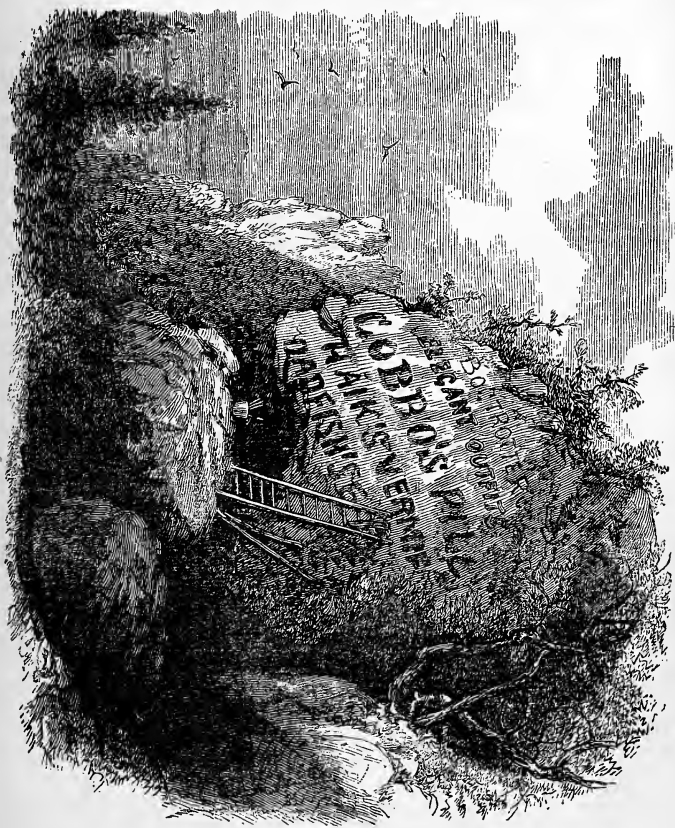
the milky glimmer of the fair dairymaid's moving arms, he sped, with a small book of very unmuscular poems which he loved, to his dear retreat.

Already at a distance, his spirit predicted disaster. A malevolent power was abroad, and he felt it. All the more quickly did he fly to his dear cascade and rock. While afar off, he beheld an intruder.

Another had discovered her, and was wooing his sylvan goddess. A rival,—one more devoted and faithful than himself, it may be. He sighed to think of sharing what till now had been so wholly his. He advanced with caution, hiding himself as he advanced, beyond field and bush, till, breathless and on tip-toe, he stood silently behind the intruder.

Gracious heavens, what did he discover! A lover, a rival this! A little ignoble fellow, in a threadbare blouse, was seated on what he had called his throne, and was complacently contemplating the work of his hands. On one side of him was an ignoble hand-bag open, and showing folded paper of various sizes and colors. It looked like a toad with its mouth open, and revealing its polluted and venomous interior. On the other side of the ignoble figure was a vast pail or can, with a long stick projecting from it.

But, horror of horrors ! On looking upward to see what made the ignoble figure rock and undulate with such unexplained satisfaction, he lifted his eyes and saw —



Willoughby Aspen did not pause or delay an instant. His timidity, his drooping, flower-like tenderness, convulsed by the insult, fell from him like a garment.

With a cry of rage and exultation, he rushed forward, and before the ignoble figure could rise, or recognize the nature of the attack, the daring Willoughby had bonneted him with his own paint-pot.

The stick caught under his chin, and he could not extricate himself. His moans and imprecations from within his head-gear but sent the paint streaming down his face and blouse the more. No dog with his head in a stone pitcher too small in the neck for him ever was more uncomfortable.

He got to the neighboring inn in a state which need not be described. No water, no soap, no turpentine could for long remove from his person the marks of the vengeance of Willoughby Aspen. Nor would the aggressor have been suspected, unseen as he was by his antagonist, but that he came forward himself to modestly avow an act which he thought did him credit.

He was arrested and tried for assault and battery. The court-room was crowded. Desolate for the time was the country bar-room; its loaf-

ers and story-tellers, and the gentlemen who took their stimulants below in silence and privacy, in a crypt, as if it were a religious exercise, all had deserted for the overflowing court-room. The simplicity of the case made its duration short. At its close, the judge addressed the jury.

Fortunately, he was wise, and a humorist; and neither Coke nor Littleton had dried up the juices of his affectionate nature.

After a sly look at the jury-box, he shook his wattles, and beamed upon the multitude.

“The offence of battery being proved against the prisoner, he must submit to the rigors of the law. His assault was sudden, peculiar; and in so using the instruments of the artist’s profession, and deluging him with color, it was like seething a kid in its mother’s milk. And that, gentlemen, we know, was scripturally forbidden.

“But was he unprovoked? No, gentlemen. He found at his work a man committing far greater outrages than his own.

“That nature which we so scantily possess in its grander passages, the common property of the nation, he found outraged, insulted, and desecrated, as only one devoid of feeling could accomplish. Shall a sordid wretch, when we

come for soul-medicine to the hills, wound every better instinct, and recall us to the baser forms of human intercourse, the quack and his victim, the poison-seller, and the drunkard who makes him rich? I am credibly informed that even women, more keen to this wickedness than ourselves, have been seen, brush in hand, obliterating the foul traces of these vermin, and so inciting us by an example we should not be slow to follow. Remember the sensibilities of the accused, and how he charged himself with a duty we all neglect; and, while you consider the gravity of the assault, I counsel you not to fail to give the sufferer sufficient damages for his terror and annoyance."

The jury retired, and brought in a verdict of —damages, one cent. Willoughby that evening was a hero; and something in the face of his fair cousin was to him encouragement and comfort.

THE FLOWERING OF A NATION.

THE flowering of nations is the most interesting fact of their life. When all things accord and the hour has come, the stem seems to carry up the whole force of a particular race, the vigorous sap mounts, and behold, the flower. And like a flower, while force is implied in this flowering, it often overflows in beauty.

In Egypt, the quality of the air, where nothing decays, seems to have moulded with eternity the thoughts of this nation, and their outward expression.

In Greece, tender as the skies of Ionia, this flower seemed the symmetrical blooming of man's longing for an ideal in literature and sculpture. The Greeks made an ideal for us all. Our best eyes see the world as Homer saw it; we ourselves seem to have built the Parthenon in some lucky dream. When in Greece and Egypt, a person of sensibility feels the influence which made them what they were still acting on him. In his single life then he apprehends something

of the forces which went to make up the great life which we call Greece or Egypt. He understands with tingling surprise why under that delicate sky, above those great headlands of rock and seas of azure, arose the lowly but lovely temple of Theseus and the still lovelier Parthenon. Form there has a meaning it has nowhere else; every outline is majestic, and invites the mind to withdraw from the garishness of color to its pure control. For while this flowering of a race separates it from others and makes it national, the great human heart is still at home in all nations. They make but a province for its possession. What they were we also could have been in their place and with their advantages.

Every fresh year seems to bring the nations into more cosmopolitan relations. The world is spread out like a map before us, and time and space are annihilated as we bend in sympathetic curiosity above it. The longing for the future is matched by the hunger for the past; and both shall be gratified. God does not disappoint his children, nor does he give them desires only to mock them. All our wishes are imperious predictions of a possession not far off. It is not without a reason that Herculaneum is still sealed to us.

At the right moment the lost books of Livy will leap forth, and the lost poems of Sappho. Did not Nineveh keep its secret till the fit hour and the fitting man came? Do we not see its mystic bulls read by the text of Isaiah, as we should not have seen them till now? The confidence of so many that the Tiber shall yet, like the grave, give up its secrets, and the astonishing preservation of the bas-relief of the holy candlesticks on the arch of Titus (as if some unseen angel had had watch and ward over the place) be more than matched by the recovery of the august originals, — is this all in vain? No: the good Father keeps his toys from his children till their age best suits the use of them, and then, lo! an America, a California, a Japan.

Is not this the very hour when the wonderful flowering of the Japanese mind could best influence, and for most good, the Western mind? The *bizarre* thoughts, the picturesque, yet restrained art of Japan, have flowed like water into all Christendom, and left on a thousand mantel-pieces a waif of beauty. Even with us, in our growing mental hospitality, we too take up the isles of the sea as a very little thing. They accommodate themselves to us now as easily as Mexico or Texas did once. They give

us a hint of how serene and at home we may be among the inconceivable wonders of the world to come.

This flowering of nations becomes at the North, like its own flowers, a difficulty and a delight. Yet as the glacier will hide the Alpine harebell, so the heart-beat of a nation under the pole will not be denied its vital expression.

Lost in these forlorn latitudes, all that the Northern races had done was for long hidden in polar darkness.

Nor is the light about them too much now. When attentively considering the meaning of races, how each is fitted for its mission, and how it now strikes all that to the children of those Northern races is given, and more yet in the future is to be given, the earth and its fulness, we are humiliated at our ignorance of them.

Not without meaning, at the head of that swarm which beats and buzzes upon this new continent, God has placed what we call the Anglo-Saxon race. And these mixed bloods, tempered in every way by movement and collision, owe their best qualities to the great North.

There were found the romantic soul, the adventurous spirit, the persistent strength, which has conquered the world.

You find them all in the brief story, "the short and simple annals of the poor" Icelanders and the kindred Northern nations. When Rollo, asked to do fealty at Rouen to the king of France by kissing his foot, said, "No, but I will shake hands with him," the seed was in him of republican simplicity; and when his lieutenant, instead of Rollo, agreed to kiss the king's foot, and in the act overturned the king, amid shouts of laughter, the fire was there, Rabelaisque and grim, in which in the future so many bawbles and shams should dissolve.

In the airy dancing of the northern lights of poesy, the melancholy outlook into a world where death seemed needed to give value even to sensuality, we have the strain which runs through the English verse. Thence came the Elegy of Gray and the unimpassioned mournfulness of Wordsworth. It is water of the same cup. It feeds our Northern souls, longing for immortality, and is worlds away from the sparkle and worldliness of the Latin poets. Horace could not have written "To be or not to be," nor could even Shakespeare have given the Southern light which rests on the lyrics of Horace, as the Roman sun lies on grape clusters, or cuts into bright relief the flowers of the Pamfili Doria.

The Latin races are now being weighed in the balance and found wanting.

They crumble and dissolve. They are a swarm, — they fight, pray, or work around a head, and in the evil hour die like smoked-out bees. Individuality, the possession of one's self, is not theirs. The wave of a sword or the lifting of a cross does not make them abdicate their individuality. They had none to lose. They were slaves to the passion and prosperity of the hour from the beginning. The Anglo-Saxon does not abdicate to his priest or his governor the tranquil possession of himself which makes his own conscience and judgment the forum where the world is to be tried.

As a Frenchman visiting England once said: "England dead? No, not while each individual Englishman is so independent and free can it die. You can only kill him by making a slave or sycophant of him, and that he will not become."

Of course, to us Americans the most interesting event in Icelandic history is the visit to America.

When in the year 961 Naddod, a Norwegian rover, stumbled upon Iceland, he planted the seed of one of these flowerings of nations of which we have been speaking, — a small but

robust plant, which could face the polar blasts and drink life in the fugitive summer sun. A company of Norwegian nobles, restless with the *trop plein* of the North and in trouble at home, profited by the discovery, and planted in Iceland a vigorous colony.

To this day their descendants are distinguished for their stature, strength, and valor. But secluded in the long winter, letters and scholarship developed as one could not have hoped. Through their help the records of wonderful visits to an unknown Western continent have been preserved. They had been for a century in Iceland before Columbus went there. In so small an island, where nothing would be better understood than these visits to Vinland, could Columbus escape hearing of them? That the country was his country, the India he was seeking, it does not matter to know, but to him it proved the land beyond the sea, which he believed in, and made his suspicion certainty. Nor is it wonderful that an Italian should not speak of it. He had his point to gain, and frankness is not a Latin characteristic.

How we stare at the dates of these early visits, and fancy the strange slumbering silence of a continent before the coming of the Icelanders!

And the scenery they hint at, the same that we know so well, how home-like it seems! How the vines of Vinland must have stooped to be plucked by the race, brothers to that one which should later sit under their pleasant branches! And the great Eirik, vast-looming in his misty proportions, shows a fine figure against the background of the past. A sea-rover, a strong, fighting soul, one to delight the conscience of Thomas Carlyle, is seen there in Massachusetts Bay somewhere in the year 1000. It was a bud from the flowering of the Alpine rose.

During that century and its predecessor great waves of conquest beat upon the shores of England from Denmark, and finally in Rollo's successors from the South. These men become our blood relations. It is their energy which is filling California and the West. The "Jötuns of the West" is hardly a metaphor. Their clumsy horse-play, good humor, and endurance came from the North.

And to one speculating, it is striking that Christianity, the moral seed-force of the successful Puritan colony, should divide Eirik's life with paganism. On his first visit to New England he was a pagan; he died in Massachusetts Bay (as is supposed by many) a Christian. The

Greenland colony seems to have had a fresh Christian life which reminds one of the Puritans.

Their large and well-built cathedral still remains to prove their sacrifices and their devotion. And they might have founded a successful colony in New England. The natives were too strong and many for them, and were not providentially thinned by pestilence as for the Puritans before their arrival. The nearest approach to a settlement was under Thorfinn, a rich and powerful noble, who, on visiting Iceland, married the daughter of Eirik; and perhaps she was the cause of the failure of the colony. Against the plan of Thorfinn, she was among those who came with him to Vinland.

There the colony must have at first thriven, for the company remained three years, and but for Freydisa might have secured a longer footing. But she introduced discord and bloodshed, getting the deaths of thirty men accomplished to slake her fury, and returning to Iceland to be shunned and hated, but permitted to live as Eirik's daughter, — a Lady Macbeth of a north still colder and sterner than that of Scotland.

It has been thought by many that some rec-

ognition of the first visitor from Europe to our New England should now be made, — a recognition so well deserved and so tardily bestowed.

A manly figure, clad in shirt of mail, and with the simple spiked helmet of the Norsemen, or unhelmeted and with his beard and hair streaming in the wind, while the wolf-skin flies from his shoulder, would be admirable in bronze. His legs should be wound with thongs, and with one foot leaving the boat the other should be planted on New England soil. A barberry, or other peculiar New England plant, could make the place of landing intelligible.

The yawning void of the place where was Scollay's Building calls aloud for use and shelter from abuse.

A fountain there need not take up much space. It would make a centre to a formless square, and delight the eye and ear with the beauty of water; and this fountain could be surmounted with the picturesque figure of Eirik or his son Leif, who was the first to visit Vinland, as his father was first in Greenland.

The fountain would be befriended by the Society for Animals, as man and beast droop in the dusty space there. It would make a shelter and gathering-place for the women using the

horse-cars, and a centre worthy of a square which so many streets command, and which some day will have a frontage worthy of the situation and worthy of the fountain which we hope to see placed there.

A CRUISE OF THE "ALICE."

IT is not birds only who have an instinct for building. Their lives, shorter than man's, condemn them to an annual display of architectural skill; and some of them, like the Australian bower-bird, seem to have in their breasts something more than the mere instinct of building a home to dwell in, — the element of taste in the adorning of that home, — for they even include in their notion what answers to our park or garden, — a place for exercise and luxurious repose. What one reads of their taste has a striking analogy to the longing of man to adorn as well as build his nest; and it is with delighted surprise that we hear of the relish of ornament in these little creatures, — a *gusto*, a preference for the beautiful, showing once more the wide solidarity of all living things.

Some one has said that every man should have in his life the experience of building, at least once; and indeed, here in America, where ancestral homes are not largely provided, many

persons, if not all, do build, and that not once only, but some many times.

To be sure, Dr. Holmes's charming "Chambered Nautilus," which builds its annual cell, may find its parallel in the May flight of unhappy New Yorkers to their new annual nests; and to build a home upon the deep, a cottage with a keel, or three-storied argosy for long marine flights, is the happy lot of not so many; but of late years, in our land, people of means have seemed to feel keenly the activity of this desire. Whole fleets of pleasure-boats and stately yachts move like sea-birds in and out of the indentations of our coast.

The owner of the "Alice" felt himself bitten by this gad-fly of construction in the year 1866. He said to himself, "I will not take the leavings of some fatigued New Yorker, though I can get his yacht at half price. No. Let me encourage native talent, and build within our own borders."

He therefore selected a supposed marine though rural genius, who certainly had shown at least one idea in original construction; and soon timbers were felled and shaped in a northern harbor, where the merry sound of the hammer might have been heard.

The pleasure of construction has by-ways and hidden places for expense of which the happy architect is unconscious, till the sum-total of his bills brings of it only a too-realizing sense. Spring, however, saw, after the most gallant efforts, a shapely, solid, sea-worthy craft, suspended in air on its blocks and shores, and seeming somewhat to justify the wasteful cost of her christening.

“Build me straight, O worthy Master,
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,”

and he did so. The charming lines which follow to describe the launching will always be enjoyed as long as the child of the forest is wedded to hoary Neptune, for there is true poetry in the movement of the graceful creature towards the arms of her lover. All the town was by, and many friends who hoped, through future happy days, to mingle with the new life which stirred upon the waves, were there to witness the launch. It was a complete success; and health and prosperity were drunk to the new-born, while cheers and huzzas gave her God-speed on her way. When equipped and ready, she fulfilled all the hopes of her owner, and left for her new home nearer Boston, easily out-sailing

the friendly craft escorting her way beyond the mouth of the harbor.

It so happened that the owner was soon called abroad by domestic calamity; but before he went he gave permission to some young friends to take the yacht across the Atlantic to rejoin him in England, though perhaps little believing so venturesome a proceeding would ever really take place. But parent and relatives were weak before the ardor of youth, and, to the astonishment of many and the terror of some, the little creature was actually soon found to be taking in stores, and then quietly facing the breadth of the ocean as if she were an Indiaman or a Cunarder. Amid many hands upheld in warning, many solemn words of discouragement, with three stalwart, confident seamen, and a youthful captain, who has seen his flag fly in every quarter of the world, and a quaint Chinese steward, whose face suggested remoter foreign parts than it was proposed to visit, away the "Alice" went. Friendly sails leaned by her side and took the outer freshness of the deep in her company, till evening with its shadows recalled them home. Soon it was discovered that a favorite dog, by one of those mysterious intuitions, or that secret intelligence of words and

gestures which animals sometimes show, had hidden himself away, through love of his young master, and hoping to see the world with him. It was thought best, however, that this loved member of the home-family should not be also missed, and he was consigned to a returning coaster, and reluctantly taken back whence he came.

The accounts we have of that trip of the "Alice" are most satisfactory. It was thoroughly enjoyed by our young adventurers, for — small as the vessel was, only twenty-seven tons, and made still smaller by the necessity of stores — friendly companionship, the novelty of the situation, the glorious sunshine, and ocean's stimulating ozone, took away all chance of weariness; nor was the voyage in itself long, — nineteen days from Nahant to Cowes; and as two of the days were flat calm, it was really sailed in only seventeen, which was very well for so small a thing, — a sloop, too, not built especially for speed, but only as a safe, comfortable, family vessel, willing to dispense with the ever-recurring anxiety and vanity of "cup"-days.

The hours of calm were made profitable by a good swim by the young fellows, who certainly were in no danger of touching bottom, and

could move easily, having some five miles perhaps of sea-water under them to buoy them up. The sailors proved willing and able, and the party were so united in affection and previous mutual acquaintance, that they had whole stores of past experience to draw on for conversation, nor needed always the book, the song, and the cigar, which, however, were not wanting. The Chinese steward was the victim of infinite jokes and innuendos, and his mysterious *ragouts* were openly avowed to be composed of the missing dog, which, they assured him, he had not returned to land, but secreted.

The vessels they met considered them as something abnormal, and one ship offered them assistance, supposing the "Alice" to be a long-boat survived from some wreck. When told that they were quite comfortable, and had even room to spare, this good Samaritan of the deep, who may have had his eye on salvage, opened his eyes wide with astonishment. When, after doing better than their best hopes, still with not every bottle dry, nor all their stories told, still with fresh Chinese novelties in their larder, they sighted the beautiful Needles, and heard a friendly welcome come crying to them through the English foam, the travellers felt cocky and

content. An English pilot, too wise to express astonishment at what he so little understood, offered his services; but they were politely declined, the "Alice" preferring to consider the voyage a trifling jaunt from one port to another, and not of enough importance for pilotage.

So they sailed past the beautiful shores of England with that fresh perception of the charm of grass and trees with which the wave-worn mariner ever greets the land, and an unconfessed appreciation of the sweet security of flower-hung cottages, towards the little town of Cowes, which is nobly supported at either end, first by royalty and all the graceful slopes and bowers of Osborne, and at the farther end by the picturesque, castellated club-house of the most aristocratic of all the yacht clubs of England. Royalty, no doubt, heard with interest, though unavowed, of the stupendous event of the "Alice's" arrival; but certainly from the club-house and the splendid circle of cutters and schooners beyond it came the kindest welcome and hourly proofs of marine fellowship and regard. The owner of the "Alice," previously too much absorbed in details of a painful nature to indulge in speculations as to the possible fate of his boat, had fled from trouble in London to the

dear society of a valued friend at Malvern, who, on his arrival there, appeared at the doorstep of the hotel with a cordiality which in him was characteristic. But taking precedence of him, and dropping a courtesy in front of him, the landlady said, —

“A telegram for you, sir!”

It said “All right; and a nineteen days’ passage;” to which the owner, interrupted in his visit, was obliged to reply, —

“You came too quick; can’t come for three days.”

When he at length reached Cowes, he found the “Alice,” broad and buoyant, sitting like a strange water-fowl upon the wave, amidst the narrow, straight-lined sister yachts who were trying to make her at home. Those three days had sufficed for putting her in complete order; and as she was bran-new, she really looked as pretty as a picture. The sailors were refitted with fresh dresses from the shop of that wonderful Cowes tailor whose merits even ladies know so well that half the serge yachting dresses of the fair admirers of blue water come from his hands.

The annual dinner of the Cowes Yacht Club was impending, and its semicircular terrace had

been enclosed with bunting for the occasion. All the party of the "Alice" received invitations on a card from the club as big as a mainsail, engraved in the strong, weighty fashion which shares with every thing else in England a solidity superior to ours. The company consisted of the owners of the beautiful yachts in the harbor, several of them steamers, and certain annual guests who were there to amuse themselves and others by their familiar oddities and extravagance. On an estrade at our right was the commodore of the club, the Earl of Wilton, flanked by the Duke of Marlborough, and poor Lord Cardigan, whom I could not help seeing still riding through the fatal cannon smoke of Balaclava. They all were in full fig, with stars and orders.

I was enjoying the scene comfortably, with a sense of unauthorized security, when a yachtman to whom I had been presented said, —

"So you don't seem to mind it?"

"Mind what?"

"That you are our chief guest, and must make the speech of the evening."

"Indeed! I never made a speech in my life; can't conceive how it is done!"

"I will put you all straight," he said; and

calling the steward, he ordered him to bring two bottles of *Château Mouton* from a particular bin below. "Stick to that," he said; "don't mix wines, and your head will be as clear as a bell."

It was so true, that I soon found my indifference to the future complete, and thought I even longed for the speech-making to begin. To be sure, we Americans have a tongue hung on lighter springs than the English. I remembered the stumbling and haw-ing I had heard in the House of Commons, from worthy members, proceeding like a Dutch galliot,—with plenty of noise and foam, but no speed.

Soon enough, the Earl of Wilton rose, with a formidable suavity, and after the usual toasts of loyalty and those belonging to the club, the little "Alice" was noticed in the most complimentary terms.

"Well do you, gentlemen, all remember, just fifteen years ago, when we witnessed from these club windows coming in far, far in advance of our whole fleet, the beautiful 'America.' How much we have learned from her you all know. She will always be reckoned a famous boat in the yachting annals of England. And now comes another visitor from America, the 'Alice,'

—so like a duck in her broad and round proportions,—and we give her a hearty welcome.”

The commodore carefully ignored a certain other yacht from America, whose visit had proved too “smart” for them.

In reply, I said I had little diffidence in hearing compliments to the “Alice” for her ocean voyage, as I had no hand in it, being already in England; but I accepted the courtesy for my three young friends at the other end of the table. I ended my few remarks by an allusion to the good-will I bore England, having so often run between it and my native land that Carlyle once said,—

“You’re one of the shuttles that are weaving the two countries together.”

“But now,” I added, “there was a far more powerful agent of international good-will, silent but more eloquent than any thing I could say, with constant messages of intercourse,—the new international telegraph-wire.” It had only been running a week; and indeed the message of “Alice’s” safety was one of the first that came to New England, for ever to be blest by the fathers of the young men on board.

My peroration was warmly cheered, and the parson next to me, whose daughter was then

married to a son of Boston, pronounced it, in exaggeration, the best thing of the evening. I felt for my solitary effort the same satisfaction of single speech that Hamilton must have known, when he relapsed into parliamentary silence.

In the speech of the commodore, "Alice" had been called "a duck"; and so she continued to be called by Englishmen who came on board, where they were regaled with American whiskey and crackers, which, to them new and therefore appreciated, had that far-off something that gives a relish. What astonished them all was the size of the cabin; for, what with the narrow build of their yachts and their flush decks, a cabin of one of their boats the size of the "Alice" would have room for only one man to turn round in. They thought there was a sort of magic in it; but all praised its breadth and brightness. I could well judge of theirs by comparison, for I was frequently invited to lunch with them. Their cabins usually were just amidships, — square, comfortable, and filled with strictly nautical furniture; their state-rooms had a plug which admitted sea-water, a great comfort for bathing; and generally the cabin had a pretty little porcelain stove which the coolness of England makes desirable. Their sailors all

slept in hammocks ; every yacht had its sailing-master, and only here and there was a gentleman who sailed the vessel himself.

Speaking of the difference of construction in the English and American vessels, the Earl of Wilton said : —

“ If you are right, we are wrong.”

“ Not at all, I think, my lord ; both may have good reasons for their fashion of build.”

In fact, on thinking it over, I have come to the conclusion that vessels everywhere have good reasons for their construction. It is not by the whim of one man, but the experience of centuries, that they have been brought to what they are, whether it be the junk of China, the catamaran of Brazil, the dahabieh of Egypt, the French fishing-boat, or the American clipper. Something in the climate, materials furnished for building, or the habits of the nation, make for each one its own fashion best. So, in the twisted cross-seas of the English Channel, where the tide and wind constantly set different ways, often making the American cock-pit dangerous, their narrow, deep manner of build, with flush decks, is perhaps best. They fill the bottom with lead, often melted into its place, and they gain momentum and stability by it. Their

boats will bear a crowd of canvas, and will steadily, quietly get on, in a cross-sea, where "Alice," for want of momentum, would be constantly held back; the sea would slip under her. But in America, buoyancy, the characteristic of the American yacht, serves her better. Where the seas are longer and more regular, in our bright, beautiful summer weather, our broad lifting boats, and our standing-room sheltered from sun and wind, make, for us, our method incomparably superior to that of the English.

The annual regatta of the club at Cowes came off a little later. Though "Alice" was pressed to enter, we had the discretion to abide by her ocean success, and not risk diminution of her prestige. Unfortunately, the start was as languid as summer starts often are. It was only on the return that there was something of liveliness. Still it was a beautiful sight, as a regatta always is; though, by the by, the veteran members of the club always consider their annual one as a great bore, exacting personal attention; and they depute to the club at Ryde, which has the ambition of a *parvenu*, to attend to such vulgar matters as racing-cups and huzzas.

Once our captain was on board one of the yachts during a regatta. Vainly did the sailing-master descend to the cabin to announce that their vessel was winning. The owner bowed, but declined going on deck, while the American was burning with the sacred rage of competition. Nothing could better mark the difference of the two nations, — one loving repose and quiet, and the other only alive when some excitement is devouring him.

“Alice” raced once or twice with moderate distinction; when the wind was aft, it was ludicrous to see her superiority. She slid away from great schooners of one hundred and fifty tons as if they were anchored; then a flat floor and buoyancy told; but it was not so when turning to windward against the current. We witnessed a superb regatta at Ryde, feeling a half-national pride in the gigantic schooners which came in at evening at a cracking pace, all their balloon-canvas set, for we knew how much they were modelled on what the “America” had taught them. Some of us were at a ball at Cowes, and could admire the acrobatic infirmity of certain jolly English yachtsmen, who, happy with the champagne which such times encourage, reminded us of the motions of that wonderful

zoological seal at London, which looks precisely like a sailor who had got both legs into one leg of his trousers, his flipper below being the part through which both could not go.

We thought it our duty to try and make the tour of "the Wight," as it is often enough called there; we did so, glancing along its coast, and looking here and there up those gashes in its side into which a wealth of verdure has rushed to heal the wound; at the beautiful Needles, so picturesque and lonely, which the sea threads with its long line of foam; upon beaches whose many colors are wrought into fantastic and rainbow varieties of form; here and there saluting a passing yacht, but not with the noisy gun, which is discouraged in England. At night, we found ourselves at anchor off Shanklin Chine, a poor anchorage; and as the wind whistled mournfully through our rigging that night, we predicted a sea for the next day, which was only too truly realized; for, when fairly off, the great waves held us suspended on their crests: we slowly ate into their increasing tumult till our tiller could not bear the strain, and snapped; but we were stanch, and silently held on. But when we really found that we were gaining little or nothing, the order was given to "'bout ship;"

and the change was indeed surprising. On an even keel, and without effort, we flew like some kite down the long line of the coast, across the open stretch of estuary, and in something like an hour found ourselves at Portsmouth. We had a letter from Lord Lennox, giving us admission to the navy yard and the iron-clads. There, no longer the glorious battle-ship of Nelson's time, except as a rotting carcass, is found, but great, dreary mountains of iron take its place, — mountains, indeed, so vast, so cumbersome, with such thickness of wall and weight of metal, that one wonders that even steam should urge them into speed. Among them, however, was one clipper, the "Black Prince," with a saucy sharpness and slenderness, making it like a greyhound beside mastiffs. We were interested when we found among the clumsy forms one of the Mersey rams, — fatal bark,

"Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark," —

which came from the teeming ship-yard of a too famous Liverpool builder. She had been intended for the Confederacy, but the Confederacy coming to grief, she was left high and dry in England.

Wearing our New York yacht-club rig, we

attracted, on our exit, a crowd of admiring loafers; and the boldest of them, with great deference, had the courage finally to ask me my opinion of "those things in there." When I said to him, "Rather made, I should say, to receive injury than to inflict it," a most un-English yell went up, amid loud cries of "That's it, your honor! You've hit it! Have you seen the 'Minentonamah'?" she'd send them all to hell in a brace of shakes." I blushed for degenerate England, and silently withdrew. The next day we attempted to make the tour of the island, going the other way.

The day was delightful, and the breeze satisfactory.

We anchored at night at Dartmouth; a little place with only a few cottages, and one of those modest English country churches which, among the thatched houses about, reminds one of a hen squatting among her chickens. We went to church in full uniform, amid the stares of such urchins as Punch depicts hanging round the doors. Saturday evening we had seen a little gig playing round us with a gentleman and young lady in it, who looked most wistfully at "Alice." So we hailed them, and invited them on board. Gladly they came, and every thing

was duly admired. It was Admiral Hammond and his daughter, and they asked us to lunch after church.

The admiral had given his quaint house, built of cobble-stones, and his spacious lawn, the stamp of a sailor's residence everywhere.

A huge flag-staff garnished the lawn, and there were in an arbor trophies of travel ; some of the oddest and queerest character. The sea was visible from the house, so it would seem that nothing was wanting to the gallant veteran.

After we had had our fill of pleasant things at the Isle of Wight, we started for France, running down to Portland, where we slept. The next day we were off early for Cherbourg, a very pleasant sail, and we were in and anchored close to the town by ten o'clock at night. There we found Admiral Goldsborough, then commanding our fleet in Europe, having for his flag-ship the "Colorado." Some of his young officers spied early the next day the stars and stripes, and were speedily on board "Alice." We visited the town, heard talks from eye-witnesses of the famous combat between the "Kearsarge" and "Alabama," but soon were off for Jersey and Guernsey ; for Admiral Goldsborough was kind enough to lend me his special pilot, reputed

the best on the coast, — a pleasant old man, and yet, with those strong lines the sea ploughs into a face which has to confront such capes as we soon passed, where a current sets up from the south, and meeting, especially in bad weather, the tide coming out of the Channel, makes navigation dangerous. When passing a certain spot, where great eddies — small whirlpools, rather — blistered the sea for acres, and almost, even with a good wind, detained us, with his face full of the gravest expression, "here," he said, "when it blows hard, *c'est terrible*."

We left Cherbourg with him early in the morning; and, while he was getting used to the peculiar ways of "Alice," handling her tiller as if it were made of gingerbread, so cautious was he, we spied two yachts — one very large, the other smaller — coming after us.

"Why do they not hoist all their sails?" we asked.

With a modest chuckle he replied, "I think I know why."

The fact was, that the two yachts meant to profit by his pilotage — known to be so good — without expense. But well outside, when the breeze took us, and "Alice" danced along, the pilot burst out into exclamations of surprise and

admiration, and impetuously ran forward to kiss the bowsprit, while to his and our infinite delight we saw the big yachts, little by little, running up all they had of sails, and soon after gradually disappearing in the distance astern.

We were comfortably anchored and on shore at Guernsey by four P.M.: one of them did not get in till seven, while the other was out all night. In such waters, if you miss the tide by ten minutes in entering the port, it is all over with you for a chance till the next one.

We enjoyed beautiful Guernsey much, seeing some charming old ruins, a most wonderful fish-market, with the largest eels I ever saw, — conger-eels, — which, I am credibly informed, is the real turtle of the London alderman. Of that I have always had a suspicion, as the rich basis of the English soup is something we do not see in America. I have the fact directly from one who saw the eels and heard the cook's confession that they were so used. Nor did we fail to admire the lady-like, fawn-like, beautiful cows of Guernsey. With that salt in the grass which gives the superiority in France to its *prés-salés* mutton, and in England to its South-down, with the ozone blowing over them and placed in a southern gulf-stream exposure, they have be-

come the refined darlings they are. They were generally in small orchards or fields, tied to a stake, which being moved gave them a fresh chance to a circle of grass.

When we got back to the pier, "Alice" was invisible; but on looking over the edge, there she was, sunk, apparently, to the bottom of the sea, which had retired from round her. The tides are tremendous; and when they volley and eddy round Sark, in a storm, the wildest descriptions of Victor Hugo are exceeded. There he has placed his *pieuvre*; and those stormy caverns seem the rightful home of such a monster, not to mention that the big fish and huge eels of Guernsey market support its pretensions.

One of the first things we did at Guernsey was to visit M. Victor Hugo. Unfortunately, he was away in Brussels, as he so often was, for literary reasons, as access to France was then denied him. The garrulous housekeeper, quite suitable for such a house and for such a man, escorted us all over it. Every thing bespoke the poet and the artist. Priceless, picturesque, incrustated armor and furniture were everywhere. It was a *bric-à-brac* shop; but one collected by a great poet, who loved what he owned. One got a vague glimpse of Notre Dame, Phœbus,

and the fair Esmeralda, in seeing these trophies of antique France. Great hangings of arras fell from ceiling to floor, — true background for a romancer, — with mysterious chapels hid in leafy woods, dusky cavaliers, and every now and then a deer bounding by. The faded tints of all made it look like a dream of the imagination, before it is arrested and fixed by any effort of the will.

On seeing these, I sternly looked at the house-keeper, and said, — with a familiarity, dearly purchased, of such haunts for insects, — “And the moths?”

“Ah, monsieur! they are everywhere; but M. Hugo won’t allow me to have one taken down.”

We peeped out into the garden, and saw a stately lady in black pacing one of its alleys; later, we visited the garden, but the lady had retired. We were told she was a sister of the poet. We saw from the garden’s farther end a view which was a new page in Nature’s beautiful album. The scenery was like and unlike the southern coast of France and the Riviera. The rocks were superb in form and color; fruit-trees and others most picturesquely standing against a sea whose azure, if not rival-

ling that of the Mediterranean, made up for it by exchanging its languor for far more sparkle and vivacity. One could readily understand a poet's loving such a place. We took note of its artistic qualities to suggest visits there to the all-investigating brotherhood.

To us, as Americans, a room at the top of the house was especially interesting,—the second work-room of the poet, who had another one attached to his bedroom, containing a contrivance for writing at any hour of the night, if a happy thought should strike him. This upper room—singularly like, in its resemblance to a watch-tower, its simplicity, and brightness, to the work-room of Tennyson at Farringford—had a most striking drawing in it of John Brown, hanging dead; a mere indication of a man,—for the artist knew not his features,—but somehow made sublime, though suffering punishment by the intolerable vulgarity of the rope. It should always be remembered, to the credit of the enthusiastic foresight of Victor Hugo, that he from the first felt the full grandeur of this man, and had anticipations of the dreadful scenes of which such a death was to be the forerunner.

It was an easy run the next day to Jersey, — to

us chiefly memorable for the odd associations a drive gave us. The English there are supreme. We soon found ourselves bowling along over a capital road, on the top of an English coach, in a climate that did not belong to England, with glimpses of scenery as lovely as heart could desire. One photographic picture of that road my memory will always retain. As we drove our eight miles in the lovely twilight, from our perch we again and again saw issue from the pretty villas along the road some charming damsel, with a silver salver in her hand, into which she gathered, after trying their condition, the figs which were sufficiently ripe. The fig, so insipid and distasteful to some, when fresh so exquisitely suave and bland to many, is certainly strangely unlike the fig as we know it in Boston. The two tastes are wholly unlike, but both are excellent.

We sallied from our hotel to look at the town; saw many charming faces, and talked in the shops, where we heard English with a French accent, and French with an English one, in this town of St. Heliers. On turning a corner, and coming to a public square, — with a statue in its centre of George II., I believe, — I seemed to remember having seen it before in some dream,

and suddenly remembered that it was the scene of one of Copley's best pictures, — the death of Colonel Pierson, with that spirited negro fighting at his side, and the women and children flying up yonder street, — a very noble picture, now in the English National Gallery, and by many esteemed Copley's best. How the sight of that square by association carried me home where so many of Copley's pictures are ! In one sense he is the most ancestral painter I know. Titian's portraits, even in their grand Venetian dresses, seem breathing upon us ; but there is about Copley's pictures, in the somewhat hard flesh-tints, and the crackling, shining lutestring of our great-grandmothers, something of the dry remoteness of Egypt. Well has Dr. Holmes said that a family can build itself upon the possession of one such ancestor.

As our time for keeping the pilot was technically only three days, we could not visit, as I wished, St. Malo and Dinan, but soon sped away, most fortunate in our weather, for Cherbourg again. There we anchored, thanked the admiral for his courtesy, and soon received the visit of the pilot's two daughters, who were told by their father to adore "Alice," which they did. They then courtesied, and each offered a photograph of herself.

The morning after our arrival, we made the best of our way to Dieppe ; but finding it too far for one day, anchored in the roadstead at Havre, — a ticklish position, as the night was dark, as few anchored there, and steamers were passing in and out. But it was not collision that befell us. While asleep, late at night I was awaked, and saw the whole boat apparently on fire.

“ I know what to do,” said the captain.

“ And so do I,” I cried ; and seized the water-pitcher, always on the table, to extinguish the flames, — the whole standing-room was on fire, — but found it empty, or nearly so. In a minute, our captain had thrown overboard by its rope a bucket under the seat, by which means the fire was soon extinguished. It had been caused by a cushion stuffed with chips of cork, placed in the binnacle to prevent draught, which had slowly accumulated heat until it set fire to the grating. As there was a good breeze blowing, and we were a mile or two from shore, the situation was rather serious. That bucket saved us. It usually was stowed forward, but for some inexplicable reason the captain had ordered it that night to be left in the standing-room. Who knows ? It may not have been all chance. Every day we are

getting fresh proofs of watchful friends who interfere in their own mysterious way.

"Alice" was once in still greater danger, years after this, when she was run down at night by a gigantic coaster, which crushed her like an egg-shell, and knocked the sailing-master fifty feet from the mast-head to the deck, where he fell upon something even tougher than himself, — the anchor stock. The Levite on this occasion who did this, when told as he fled past that we were sinking and that the captain was overboard, passed by on the other side. His concern for moneys he might have to pay was greater than any he had for us. The odd part of the thing is, that two days before, when shooting at Provincetown in the morning, this sailing-master, with a strange smile, stated that he had had a warning dream, in which he seemed to have blown off the middle finger of his left hand. I welcomed any thing that might make him more careful with his gun; but it was not that which was meant. To this day, the only harm which that fall from the mast-head has brought is, that it wholly crushed the middle finger of his left hand, which is now useless.

We reached Dieppe in a squall, and had just time to drop our sails when a furious gust

pitched at us from the lofty cliff where is the picturesque castle, and we entered the harbor in a shower of rain. It was not a brilliant reception; the *quai* was deserted; but two intrepid strangers, reeking in their mackintoshes, kept shouting, “Combien de jours de l’Amérique?” As they persisted in befriending us, and saw well into their harness the long line of women who were to draw “Alice” into dock,—for there is no good anchorage outside,—we invited them on board. They proved to be two most ardent French yachtsmen; one, commodore of the *régatte parisienne*, and the other a gentleman who had at Dieppe both a steam-yacht and a cutter. They were simply enchanted to find themselves in an American yacht; and no wonder, for the yachts Parisians mostly see will be found at Argenteuil, a broader reach of the Seine, where our commodore was a great man. All the many pleasure-boats there are built on the American plan, but are flatter, and carry more canvas than we do, justified by the shallowness of their river. If they upset, it does not wet them very much. They denounced the English style of build; and the national animosity seemed to gain a fresh edge from their having got, through our help, as they thought, ahead of England.

"Alice" was welcomed at Dieppe. The American flag was run up at most of the hotels in honor of the visit, and we were soon invited to share in their annual regatta, which they considered an honor that we should accept. A gold medal was all ready with a suitable inscription for us when we won. There was also a bronze one, very pretty, to be presented "Alice," "*pour son beau voyage transatlantique.*" We were told by the commodore, who is called, I believe, *président*, that we must take a pilot; and certainly one of the dumbest dogs that Neptune ever had in any school of his, whether of fishes or men, was bestowed on us. It so happened, that an unimportant Englishman, one of those gentlemen who do not own their boats, sent a formal challenge to "Alice," which "Alice" thought proper to accept. The day of the race there was some rain and a splendid breeze. The way "Alice," starting side by side with her challenger, ran away from him and our friends' cutter and all the fishermen—for it was a steeple-chase, where every hack was mounted—would make an American smile, all the more when he knows that "Alice" can easily be beaten by any fast boat here. After we had turned the final buoy, the first,—our

challenger not half-way to it, — our pilot, spying another buoy near the shore, insisted that we must make for it, and turn it, which, with the wind blowing as it did, we found it impossible to do. The prodigious donkey said, in marine French, —

“ Il faut fréquenter la terre.”

The truth of it is, that that little buoy was there for a contemporaneous race of row-boats; which the pilot, if he knew any thing, should have known about. Hanging as we did in the wind so long, — for we finally discontinued trying to turn the buoy, — we were easily passed by our rival and many others. As it was, in a quarter of an hour more we should have overtaken and passed them all.

That evening, four sofas held four as mournful gentlemen as could then be found on shore. No weed that ever grew in Havana could allay the disgust for a victory so lost. We were presented with the bronze medal, with the strongest asseverations of anger that the gold one should have gone to the Englishman, and such an Englishman.

The bad weather continued; and we were told by the ardent sporting president of the *régatte parisienne* that we must challenge his

friend's cutter, our only worthy rival, which we accordingly did. But the weather was so unpropitious, that after talking about it for a couple of days, we decided to go all together to Paris, where I, for one, had business. There, he of the cutter gave us a most sumptuous breakfast in his beautiful apartment, presented us with a photograph of his steamer, and accompanied us, still in the rain, in a thorough examination of all the craft at Argenteuil. Very American indeed they were; and it is not bad for Parisians, tired of their everlasting asphalte and theatres, to try to revive themselves, even if it be in such a fresh-water pool as that.

I was detained in Paris a few days, but thought it best, as the season was over, that "Alice" should get comfortably to Cowes at once in time to prepare for her home voyage. But man proposes and the Channel disposes. After our party had got successfully some twenty miles from Dieppe, the inexorable and punctual equinoctial gales, which were that year unusually severe, struck her, and, unable to make Cowes, she ran to the coast further east, and anchored at Dungeness. The storm increasing, she parted her cable in the night, and had to make for a safe port. A despatch to the "Times,"

from their correspondent in Dover, gave an animated account of her arrival there, on a great wave, twenty feet high, when no other boat dared be out. Poor "Alice" had little choice in the matter. She was soon still as a rock in the basin, and our young people could dry and refresh themselves at the Lord Warden. There I soon joined them, and waited vainly for the storm to abate. One day we saw go by from the Thames hundreds of vessels, and all return at night discomfited and baffled. But one is not much to be pitied weather-bound at the Lord Warden; and we profited by our check to visit London and the Crystal Palace, where we saw another American boat, to which ours was a three-decker. She was called the "Red, White, and Blue," no bigger than a merchantman's long-boat, and though foolishly rigged like a ship,—she probably had something more for service,—she seemed really to have crossed the ocean. Foolish, rash as it was, those two daring fellows, whom we found crippled with rheumatism and sour with a triumph which they could not turn to their advantage, must have really crossed in that little boat. A red-faced and bumptious Englishman expressed his thorough disbelief in their whole story. "Come down to London docks

and we'll show you what's what!" he said, which irritated our Sinbads when they should have smiled superior. We told them they should have said to him, —

"Have you paid for your ticket? That's all we want of you. Your opinion is of no importance."

So cantankerous had they got, that they would scarcely believe in "Alice," and in her having crossed, though to them she might have seemed a monster. There were two other insanely small craft which crossed to England; one was cap-sized and sunk just at the entrance of the Channel, but the other some of us saw at Liverpool. It was a raft, and consisted of long tubes of india-rubber, which were blown up on leaving, on which the raft was placed. It looked incredible that such a thing should have crossed, and leads one to guess that ere long some Quixotic, irresponsible Gothamite may yet do it in his celebrated bowl.

When the weather cleared up, "Alice" ran for Cowes; but as it was too late for a pleasant passage home, it was decided to let her sleep near the Medina Hotel, at East Cowes, in the most comfortable berth of any yacht about. There another captain was appointed to her,

who found it pleasant and profitable to invite a fair young person of that neighborhood to return with him the next spring in "Alice" as her stewardess and his wife, which she did; and though the return was twice the length of the outgoing trip, no doubt it did not seem unpleasantly long to them.

NOTE. — Though the word "the" always precedes a yacht's name in America, it never does in England. I thought it would give a trifling local flavor to say "the Alice" till she reached England, and afterwards to adopt the nomenclature of the English.

APPENDIX.

I add the account of the arrival of the "Alice" in England, which appeared, quite unexpectedly to us, in "Hunt's Yachting Magazine" for November of that year, showing the interest she excited there at the time:—

ARRIVAL OF THE "ALICE"—AMERICAN SLOOP.

About 7 A.M. on Tuesday, July 31st, there anchored in Cowes Roads, among the numerous yachts, a suspicious-looking craft, different from all others in rig and appearance. She was at once pronounced to be an American yacht, sloop-rigged, and in build and accommodation a miniature "Sylvie." We ascertained that she was called the "Alice," of 27 tons, Capt. A. H. Clark, belonging to the Boston and New York Yacht Clubs. Her owner, T. G. Appleton, Esq., preceded her departure by steamer to Liverpool. The yacht brought with her as passengers Mr. Longfellow, a son of the poet, and Mr. Stanfield, of New York. The crew consists of three men and a Chinese steward, beside the master.

She sailed from Boston on the 12th of July, and at noon took her departure from Cape Ann, the light-houses bearing north, distance 10 miles. On Monday evening last, the 30th, she arrived off the Needles, and hove to for the night; and the next morning proceeded

through the Needles passage without falling in with a pilot, and subsequently anchored in Cowes Roads. By her log she appears to have experienced some breezy weather on the passage, in which she behaved admirably, particularly in a sea-way, and was as stiff as a pump bolt. She has a cockpit, like most of the American yachts, from which you enter the saloon, which is most tastefully fitted up, and with all the requirements of berths and staterooms, &c., befitting a vessel of 100 tons.

She has been dismantled and refitted, and during the yacht squadron week went out of harbor and cruised about the Solent. She was entered in the R. Y. S. match, round the Isle of Wight, but as the additional "weights" had been put upon her by the English measurement, raising her from 27 tons A. M. to 57 O. M., the owner considered it useless to compete with her would-be competitors, and therefore withdrew her from the match. In a subsequent interview with the commodore and members of the squadron, we understand that the owner, through Captain Clark, offered to sail against any yachts of a similar length to the "Alice," say 54 feet, for a cup value 200 guineas, each party to stake £100, viz.: once round the Queen's course; secondly, round the Isle of Wight; and thirdly, from Cowes round the Eddystone, and back. As there was no one who would accept the challenge, the "Alice" left those waters for Ryde, Portland, and Cherbourg. We also understand that Captain Clark further issued a challenge to sail any yacht of the "Alice's" length over a course of 40 miles for 1000 dollars.

After starting it at the squadron's regatta, where the little "Alice" had been the observed of all observers, she left Cowes on the 14th of August, under the charge of Capt. Clark, with her owner, Mr. Appleton, and his friends, Messrs. Longfellow and Stanfield, and proceeded to Ryde, where they became the guests of the members of the R. V. Y. C. during the regatta. On the 17th, through the auspices of Lord Henry Lennox, of the "Hirondelle," the Americans paid a visit to Portsmouth harbor, and visited the dock-yard establishment; in the evening the "Alice" returned to Cowes. On the 18th, she got under way, and proceeded on a cruise to the westward; but as the weather was fine, with light winds, the yachts brought up off Yarmouth, where the party disembarked, and proceeded in carriages on a visit to our poet laureate at Freshwater,—returning to the yacht. On the following day they became the guests of Admiral Sir A. S. Hammond, Bart., at Norton.

On the 20th, at 7 A.M., they again got under way with light airs, and proceeded down Channel, and in the evening anchored within the Portland breakwater. After inspecting some of the Channel fleet and the locality, they left in the forenoon of the 21st, and proceeded across Channel to Cherbourg, and in the evening anchored among the American and French fleets. On the following day they were visited by the French authorities, who proffered to them all the courtesy and civilities they are so famed for. During the brief sojourn of the yacht, they were visited by Admiral Goldsborough, of the U. S. squadron, and several of the French officers.

On the 23d they left Cherbourg with a pilot on board, on a tour of the Channel Islands, and sailed in company with the English yachts "Water-lily" and "Zouave," and anchored at St. Pierre, Guernsey. Here they disembarked and paid a visit to Victor Hugo, thence embarked and cruised among the Channel Islands, landing at Jersey, Goree, &c. After sojourning for a couple of days, they quitted those waters and returned to Cherbourg on the 26th. Here they spent a couple of days, and on the 28th left for Havre, and anchored in the roadstead the same evening. On the following morning, sailed for Dieppe, where the American gentlemen landed, the yacht remaining in the harbor until the 9th September. During the interval, Mr. Appleton and his friends proceeded to Paris, where they remained about ten days, seeing Argenteuil and the country around, returning to Dieppe on the 12th. During their sojourn at Dieppe the yacht was inspected by the authorities, and Monsieur le Maire presented to the owner a souvenir in the shape of a medal, in commemoration of the transatlantic visit of the yacht. On the 10th they got under way, and in the evening anchored in Dungeness Roads. On the passage across they encountered a strong gale from the north-west, and a nasty chopping sea, during which the yacht behaved admirably, and crested the waves like a sea-bird.

Owing to a continuance of bad weather, they remained at anchor until the 13th, on which day they proceeded to Dover. On the 15th they were again under way, and left with the intention of returning to the Isle of

Wight, having in their progress down channel a moderate breeze from the southward and westward. Having reached as far as Eastbourne, they dropped anchor off the town; but towards midnight a strong breeze from the southward sprang up, and increased to a perfect gale, which rendered their position on the lee shore doubly hazardous. At 6 A.M., through the violence of the gale and terrific seas, the "Alice" parted her cable, and at one period, from the storm which prevailed, her position became somewhat critical. She, however, continued to crawl off shore, and ran for Dungeness, under the jib with the bonnet off, it being utterly impossible to carry more canvas upon her. It now blew a perfect hurricane, with terrific squalls.

Upon reaching Dungeness, finding, under the circumstances of the wind, that there was not safe anchorage there for them, — the ships riding and rolling gunwale under in a perfect surf, — they concluded upon running for Dover harbor. Here we digress for a moment, and pass from the log of the "Alice" to the following interesting narrative of her appearance from shore, as recorded in the papers by the correspondent of the shipping and insurance office at Dover: —

"On the 16th, at 2 P.M., the American yacht 'Alice,' of Boston, Captain Clark, put back from Beachy Head, and made for Dover harbor. When to the westward of the Admiralty pier, she experienced some very heavy seas, the rise and fall of the waves at the back of the pier being nearly twenty feet. Notwithstanding, the little yacht came boldly on, flying over the crest of the waves, and in the most gallant style rounded the pier and

arrived safe in the harbor, amid the plaudits of an immense concourse of people who had assembled to witness the performance of the gallant little bark, and the splendid manner in which she was handled." The American party here landed and proceeded on a tour to the great metropolis. On their return they embarked, and on the 27th left Dover harbor with a moderate breeze from the northward and eastward, with which they proceeded down channel, and at 2 P.M. of the 28th ult. anchored within the Isle of Wight.

The American gentlemen having concluded upon leaving the yacht at Cowes for the winter, she has been hauled up on Mr. Ratsey's slip at East Cowes. They in the mean time will take passage in one of the Liverpool steamers for the States, returning here in the spring of the ensuing year.

NEARLY A BANDIT.

AMONG the many losses entailed by the bird-like flight of modern railways through Europe, one is serious. The machinery of the old novel is disturbed; the pleasing terror of the speculating cockney is displaced by a tedious security. Except in Spain, where romance of all sorts lies as yet safe, as at the bottom of a pocket, everywhere the bandit is seriously threatened. He lingers, to be sure, like a *miasma* rising behind the immemorial plains of Paestum, and can be no more laid there than the devil of malaria. He floats down from the spurs of the adjacent hills like a mist. And there, even, the police can scarcely distinguish this disturber of the highway from the ordinary farmer. Indeed, the terms are interchangeable; when the crops are bad, or time and land alike fallow, a little harvest is still reaped within the shadow of the mysterious temples of the Sybarites. The police are in the habit of taking photographs of all such malefactors when secured; and I have a collection of them, purchased at

Naples, with the names of the bandits, male and female, and the statement of the number of years for which they were condemned, or, in extreme cases, of their execution. The unprejudiced artist in the sun, who executes photographs of which so many brave men and fair women have with reason complained, is as remorseless as justice to these evil-doers. As a mass, they represent so low and hopeless a class, that their faces seem to say that brigandage is natural to them. And indeed, when we think that only the higher summits of human nature are struck by the sunshine of morality and benevolence, it seems painfully possible that these reptilian natures should wallow and sting in the lower places of civilization. The world has advanced, but they have not. Their blood tells them yet of the old confusion,—of the border-line between the soldier whose pillage war excuses and the poor wretch who makes the war he cannot find. We suppose, to the last, the *gendarmérie* will still find somewhere its victim, and somewhere still the chances of life a play for the anomalous energies of rascals and murderers.

But at the time of which we are talking there lingered yet freely over Italy the aroma of the

bandit. Not long before, Irving had written of him in his "Tales of a Traveller," Anne Radcliffe had found it easy to people every ruined abbey and cave with his band. And still, when the midnight log sent its swarm of golden bees up the shadowy chimney, the faces of the circle would light with terror and emotion, as some fresh narrative of near exploits was told.

I cannot say that I have seen a ghost myself, but I knew a boy who had seen a man who thought he had. So my experience of bandits was no nearer than a momentary terror which to any one would be hardly possible now.

I was travelling alone, in extreme youth, from Bologna to Florence, over the Apennines, when I found myself one day in an odd company. I had taken the chance carriage which my *vetturino* furnished me, — a large one, filled with people who seemed to know each other, and had ways of their own. They had little familiarities, such as belong to a family, — little confidences, and a common-sense of property worthy of Utopia. They would pass their pocket-pistol from one to the other in friendly fellowship; combs would go from hand to hand in the services of the toilette, to fetch them from a common and hirsute entanglement to a com-

mon smoothness or half-polish in the want of any thing better. While light lasted, they would occasionally pore over a book which made the common tour, as did all things. There was a kind of freemasonry in their talk, a sort of *argot*, if I might judge by my imperfect knowledge of Italian. They were pleasant and friendly with me; and when I found out that they were a troop of actors and actresses of no ignoble reputation, I was delighted. It was an inkling of adventure; it carried me from the dull highway of life into Bohemia. I was Gil Blas on his travels, and might even encounter Don Quixote or the bandit of my hopes, if fancy only had its desire.

Late at night, we reached, near the summit of the Apennine, a famous and solitary hostel of those days, which had precisely the sinister appearance we read of in romances, and which we can still see in many an impressive nest in Europe which seems to speak of possible terrors in the past. Gladly did we uncoil our complicated extremities, to warm ourselves before a vacillating fire, bustling and plunging up and down the stony and bleak supper-room, awaiting the arrival of the *minestra*.

There is something in the act of opening the

mouth to put things in which astonishingly unlocks it for other things to come out. Most merry and hilarious were we. We were all welded into one fellowship; and stories of theatrical mishaps, mutual badinage and fun, brought our cheerfulness to a high pitch. Something of its own dignity attaches to each rank, and their profession made each of these players unconsciously act his usual rôle without intruding it. The *farceur* was doubly succulent—and what gayety is so *gras* and oily as the Italian—in the prospect of the impending maccaroni; the *bourgeois* beamed with middle-class placidity, while the “noble father,” and the damsel with curls, doomed to misadventure and rescue, smiled only from a superior eminence. I then found that my good people were of the troupe of the “Cocomero” soon to open in Florence, and I was urged not to forget them. This I certainly did not do; and many an evening afterwards did I laugh till I ached at the homely pleasantry of Goldoni, and had my hair stand on end at the intricacies of a drama of the *Drang und Sturm* sort which Schiller and Kotzebue had already set gaily floating down the tide of time.

We stretched our legs before the fire after

supper, told stories, and invented farces till bedtime. Before that, however, a nervous fellow having hinted something of the evil fame of the place, we looked under beds, examined closets and door-locks, and peered out through the doubtful glimmer of the windows upon the site of an extinct volcano in the neighborhood, duly commemorated by Madame Starke. At last, we went to bed, and were soon buried in that sleep which well-fed travellers have so fairly earned. The lights were all out, and there was but a dusky glimmer of darkness over every thing. Snapped off while floating on a great billow of dream, my broken sleep found me suddenly sitting up in bed waiting for something. At such a time there is nothing to justify confidence or alarm; reason is nowhere; imagination has full play. What we think, as well as what we think we perceive, cannot be defined as either coming from without or within. The mind is a blackboard on which terror may draw any phosphorescent phantom. So I sat up, more impelled every moment upwardly, to seek the cause for my anxiety, leaving all the downy and pleasing plains of quiet behind me.

Of course there were noises. Every house as old as the one we were in creaks at night; and

the sleepless wind will be trying the wards of key-holes in a way the most accomplished burglar might envy. At last I was confident that I heard a step, and then a fumbling with the door-handle. Stealthily leaving my couch, I went on an errand of inquiry. Not without cuts and stumbles did I get round corners I was not acquainted with, avoiding spectral masses of clothes which I had scattered at random; and finally, the sounds still continuing, I adroitly opened my door, and ventured into one of those famous corridors leading anywhere and everywhere which the tasselled buskins of fiction have so often travelled. The steps continued vaguely withdrawing, and I pursued. Suddenly they ceased, and in a moment I found myself in the embrace of one of the most robust spectres, devils, or bandits any circulating library can furnish. After a tug and tussle, terror gave way to peace, for I soon found myself at arm's-length with the bandit, — not of my hopes, but of the drama. He had fancied, as well as myself, that he had heard something, and resolved to unmask the intruder. Soon my movements and steps had given authenticity to his alarm, and he fell upon me, as I upon him, each in the full confidence that a figure with dagger and pistol was within our grasp.

After a hearty laugh, soon smothered, not to awake our weary companions, we sneaked back to our respective beds, and slept soundly till the matutine *vetturino* gave us glimpses of an Italian dawn, with a faint pencilling of pearl on the horizon which might be the Adriatic; and so, silent, sleepy, and waiting for the rising sun to sweep night's cold cobwebs out of our brains, we jogged on.

At the highest crest of the Apennine there were thin patches of snow. While all the rest were asleep, or seemingly so, I suddenly saw on the snow a snuff-box. In a moment I was out of the carriage, and had it. I have it yet. It was coarsely painted, of wood or papier-maché; but even in its little circle was a brightness of color which the North cannot furnish. It is a conviction which gunpowder would not tear out of me, that that snuff-box was the snuff-box of a bandit, which had fallen to the ground in some frightful struggle with an unoffending traveller.

As tricks upon readers are not fair, let me supplement my tale of this bandit of the air, by two stories which were told me where danger had more of reality. By some chance, years after, talking of my Apennine inn with an English gentleman, he told me what he knew

of its deservedly evil reputation. Its isolation from any house or town, the complicated and picturesque vicinity making escape easy, perhaps led some evil soul to consider it a fit nest for depredation and rapine. My Englishman told me of strange discoveries of a league between postilions and inn-keeper, sudden disappearance of parties whose friendless solitude abroad made inquiry late and difficult, of traps and *oubliettes*, and, finally, of the revelation of the infamy, pursuit, and eradication of this haunt of vermin, which, for a time at least, left the majestic solitude of Nature without a stain.

But what was better, he had had there a little adventure of his own. Posting, he had reached the place at nightfall with an invalid wife. After, with some difficulty, making her a little comfortable in her bed-room, with a fire of faggots, seeing her quietly in bed, he went down stairs to contrive for her a posset, which was the usual nightcap of these travellers. He managed to concoct something which would do; and while it was preparing he went upstairs to communicate the good news to his wife. But near the foot of the stairs he met the gleaming eyes of the servant girl, whose face was full of warning and alarm. Going with him stealthily

to an unwatched corner, she told him, with tears, of the ways of that house, and confessed that she was certain there was a plot to rob and murder him ere the morning. She told him he would find the bandits mustered in the kitchen, which he had just left, where his posset was warming; and charged him on no account to sleep that night or allow his wife to do so. He soon contrived his plan, which was fortunately successful. He had lived long enough in Italy to know more than most Englishmen of its habits and language. He descended hilariously to the kitchen, where he found, in cloaks, a gloomy circle of silent figures, at which he seemed to rejoice. He said his wife was so nervous and delicate that sleep was indispensable to her, to gain which he usually prepared a posset containing an opiate; but fortunately the mountain ascent had so wearied her that she had fallen into a quiet sleep already, and that he was determined not to risk breaking it by staying upstairs with her. He therefore would make a night of it with them. Ordering the most expensive wines and brandies, which mine host saw not without satisfaction, he contrived to so bewilder, flatter, and intoxicate them, that before their revels were ended, he spied the russet-

mantled morn coming to meet him over that high Apennine hill.

To the furious, perhaps angry, cracking of postilion's whips he swiftly departed, leaving behind a somewhat demoralized group of boon companions, and one dusky damsel, whose dark eyes glittered with enjoyment as she saw the success of his scheme.

Bandits, like other criminals, often, of course, are made such by distress and poverty; not but what crime must find them willing agents, or they could escape her invitation. But there have always been in the world certain monomaniacs who either singly or in groups murder for the mere love of the thing. Such are the Thugs of India, who are slowly being extirpated through British chastisement. And here and there the records of police courts show this passion in individuals; but it would hardly be believed, had not the case been fully investigated and confirmed by the courts of Leghorn, that, so recently as in 1830 or thereabouts, Italian society held such a nest of murderers. The records of this case — which, as given to the public, are terrible reading — show how far human perversity can go. I first heard of it in

1833, from my Italian teacher in Florence, who was convinced that he was trapped and way-laid by these miscreants, and barely escaped through accidental good fortune. What he recalled of a visit to a certain house in the neighborhood of Leghorn, and the action of its inhabitants, could only be explained in this way. But whether he was right or not, it is certain that a club existed at Leghorn who slew individuals against whom they bore no grudge, and without the purposes of plunder, for the mere pleasure of the thing. Before they were discovered and executed, the club had consummated the death of some forty persons. It was finally broken up, and all who were known to belong to it punished by death.

Each individual made a vow to contribute a murder in a given space of time; and they would watch their opportunity when the victim was alone in the twilight or night, or, as in the case of my poor teacher, Rusca, would be decoyed into some safe den. They were students of anatomy, and mastered the complexities of the human frame to attain their dreadful end. Their victims would often betray no sign of violence, and not a drop of blood would be shed, apparently. This they accomplished by strik-

ing a steel instrument like a bodkin from behind with a mallet at the exposed part of the neck, where the point divided the spine. So my teacher affirmed, and so I believe the records of the court show. It is comfortable to think that such vermin should have been extirpated then and there; but abnormal and sporadic instances of the unnatural development of destructiveness with which the history of Justice is crimsoned, — as, for instance, in the astonishing case of Mme. Gottlieb, of Bremen, who for long years pursued her insane course of motiveless murder, and so many others, which our readers may recall, — all show how, beneath the peaceful surface of modern society, the wild beast in us still lies *couchant* and ready to spring, and indeed, in some sort, may offer some extenuation to the poor bandits of our story, whom, in perversity and wickedness, they so much seem to excel.

LOST PLEIADS.

THERE is scarcely any thing more romantic and fascinating than the lives of certain masterpieces of art. While one must for ever wonder to what receptacle or to what destruction go the thousand abortive efforts of unsuccessful painters, — whether flame consume them, or vast and dingy garrets are their storehouse, or if, indeed, they do not go, among other things lost, to limbo in the moon, — some good fairy seems to preside over the fate of masterpieces. When we consider the ordinary calamities of life through time and the elements, we may well wonder that so many noble *chefs d'œuvre* remain to us from the past. To be sure, they are preserved in royal galleries with princely prudence and care, or are treasured among the jewels of noble houses for generations ; yet, for all this, from time to time they will fall away from observation, get lost in some obscure corner, change hands, — their value having apparently perished, — until, as Mr. Em-

erson says of Plutarch, they are again rediscovered, and are once more cherished among the delights of the world.

“A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,”

in a more permanent and chronological sense than ever poor Keats meant it. Providence really seems to look after the matter, and is unwilling that the nobler fruits of man's genius and culture should wholly perish. He not only has an eye on the vanishing jewel of yesterday, and makes accident refund it, but keeps hidden away, as in pockets, the treasures and stores of history, often detained till their emergence from burial shall be at the time fittest for our comprehension and just estimation.

The very recent labors of Dr. Schliemann are perhaps the latest proof of this. Although the world is not as yet fully persuaded of the doctor's claims for his treasure-trove, — and we shall certainly soon know all about that, — it is at least safe to say that his discoveries of silver vessels, jewels, and pottery, found at different distances buried upon what credibility vouches for as the site of ancient Troy, must be of first-rate importance. No discovery of Le Verrier or Darwin more stimulates the imagination than

these speaking ghosts of the past. While besotted Germany can “unweave every rainbow” of hope from the facts of history, and give us for Romulus and Remus—nay, even for the most glowing and beloved figure earth has known—only the cold embrace of the myth, it is delightful to know that our revenge comes from the same country that wounds us. Perhaps German pride in a German’s good luck may turn the tide in favor of zeal for belief, which it has for so long a time influenced in the direction of denial. Poor Dr. Strauss is now old, neglected, and unhappy, and his career certainly offers small encouragement to any follower. Perhaps we may see Germany yet dancing with delight, like a child, as she flourishes in air the silver buckle of Helen or the golden bracelets of Briseis. And then, in her enthusiasm, she may rediscover the fact that time and distance are nothing before an authentic tale. Every thing is really as if it happened yesterday; and indeed the whole historic age of the world is so very small a thing, that we may yet find ourselves in possession of all the necessary links in the chain of its progress. One line of Shakespeare, of Homer, or of Isaiah, speaks to us as if it were whispered in the ear to-day. And

such unity has history, which seems but the wandering and adventures of some Telemachus now growing to manhood, that the trained eye of the student in an antique object can now almost at a glance define the whereabouts and date, so plainly does it bear recorded upon its face the hour and the nation that wrought it.

The remoter and obscurer stores of the past — such as those of Nineveh, the stone of Moab, the iron-works near Mount Sinai of the Egyptians — are just now fitly coming to light when the study and learning of the world make it best able to estimate their value. And what treasures, dim with the darkness of that early branching-time of the great historic races, — the Aryan, the Semitic, Celtic, — later access to the heart of India may not disclose! Till now, we did not know what to look for. Now we know, and we shall find it. To be sure, the fatal chemistry of earth will have destroyed almost every material evidence from those days of dawn; but words fortunately are imperishable, and they stammer and babble of their parentage; and the loving ear of the student can hear the far-off murmur of the lands from which they came. We shall track man to his cradle, thought to its fountain, art to its lair, in

the cloudy birthday places of the world. We shall finally learn all with which the Orient has dowered the West,—of the origin, order, and direction of the great Gulf-stream of human thought. It must never be forgotten that every genuine work of art is not only valuable for its own sake, its beauty or its workmanship, but priceless as one wave of current of inspiration which has flowed from the bosom of chaos and early night. Thus the study of art becomes no longer a toy and a trifling of *dilet-tanti*, but hourly opens and lights for us the page of history. Indeed, perhaps that presiding, creative thought which furnishes man his instinct, ultimately means—in the crafty work of man's hands, and the preference of costly metals and gems over perishable material—to be laying by for him against the hour of his manhood those evidences of his life in the world which would have perished without the help of the plastic arts.

Leaving, as beyond our scope, stories of the fanciful and fascinating past, too remote for entire certainty, we notice that marble, bronze, silver, and gold seem by their nature far less perishable than any surface but those of the pyramids on which pigments are placed; so

that, however deplorable, it is reasonable to find that all traces of Greek, Etruscan, and even Roman pictures are lost. Yet to this there is one notable exception. There is in the museum at Cortona a unique specimen of what may have been the method of painting by Greeks or Etruscans, which answers to that of our cabinet pictures now. Painted upon a large slab of slate, disinterred by an ignorant peasant, who kept it for some household purpose in his cottage till accident revealed its value, is a picture of a muse. It is now the gem of Cortona's gallery, and visited by many as something exceptional and rare. Mr. R. M. Staigg made a careful copy of it in oils, and he assures me that it has a character of a rich oil picture, a full *impasto*, hinting at processes of the ancients which till now we ignored. That the painting of Greece must have been admirable, we are certain; for eyes found it so which were trained by the perfection of that statuary of which it was the sister, and much of which we, still possessing, know that earth has never matched.

The idea, above suggested, of the probable recovery of much ancient art is connected with the fact, till lately little known, that everywhere cities are interred many feet below their

ancient level. There is something not quite easy of explanation in this ; the mere deposit of dust from the air would count for something ; and of course *débris*, pulverized fragments, the fetching and carrying of earth on feet and cart-wheels, have much more to do with it. But the distance to be pierced to recover the old is from twenty to thirty feet generally. Such it is at Rome ; such Dr. Schliemann found it at Troy, and such De Cesnola in Cyprus. The probability is, that if a skin of thirty feet deep were removed from antique sites of celebrity, — indeed all over the Europe of the ancients, — no end of valuable art-treasure would be revealed ; and it will be done. It was only a few years since that Baron Visconti at Rome laid bare the old port of the Tiber, whose existence he had calculated from probability and early maps. The first time his rod was driven into the soil it struck a magnificent block of African marble. He has skinned since then one bank of the Tiber for a short distance, discovering priceless marbles at every step, — many of them from quarries whose site is unknown or exhausted, — sent forward with the kingly inscription, generally that of Domitian, to show that it was government treasure, sometimes rudely blocked

out, and at others with a polish they still retain ; done, as we have reason to suppose, oftentimes by Christians, who were then the galley-slaves and *pariahs* of the Roman Empire.

The pope has used these marbles to repair the decaying pavement of many of his Roman churches. Baron Visconti is convinced that there is quite as much marble buried on the other bank of the Tiber ; but the limited treasury of the pope, and the slovenly unhandiness of Roman labor, has as yet not attempted the recovery of it. Perhaps the energy of the North and the activity of a free government, as represented by Victor Emanuel, may soon undertake this ; indeed, it has been already whispered that the challenge which the Tiber has perpetually thrown to us to recover from its bed so much that must be sleeping there will be taken up by this enterprising sovereign. It has been supposed that the river must be wholly diverted from its channel ; but it would seem quite possible, through coffer-dams, to get at the bed bit by bit, till all was examined without much disturbance to the river.

What Finelli has done at Naples so successfully should be an encouragement to imitate, and, if possible, surpass, at Rome. He it was

who had the good luck to use plaster of Paris, where something like a human form was indicated, and, by filling a hollow space, thus to make an exact mould of many figures in their death-agonies, as every traveller has seen at Pompeii. But Pompeii never was much of a town compared with Herculaneum. It was modern, and, for the most part, a watering-place ; while Herculaneum was one of the oldest of Italian cities, famous for its learning. Many Roman scholars were known to have been received there by the scholars of Herculaneum, who valued them. There may we look, with certainty, to the recovery of much valuable literature.

A room, a library, with the bronze chests holding the manuscripts which made their books, might perfectly well escape with very slight charring. One scholar of that day, who should have collected the treasures of the past, might, from that room, so preserved, bequeath to us many a lost Pleiad, perhaps outshining in splendor the light which comes already from the preserved works of ancient authors. There the books of Livy, and many another historic page, and there the verse of Sappho may yet be found.

The plan adopted for the recovery of the

masks of the dead is to be extended by Finelli to restore every thing which once had form in Herculaneum; for the boiling mud which flowed from Vesuvius is a far better matrix for delicate shapes than the ashes of Pompeii. It would render into stone the most fragile objects, of which heat and time have left nothing but an empty shell. He hopes by this means to recover the forms of household objects, architecture and its ornaments, of an early style, compared to which those of Pompeii were but as of yesterday.

There is a quenchless thirst in man to know the future; that certainly will be gratified. Patience, and a few years, must to all furnish that grave through whose low portal glimpses of the longed-for future will be had. But there is almost as quenchless a thirst for knowledge of his past, —

“ We look before and after,
And pine for what is not ; ”

and never was that thirst for the past so keen as now, or so amply slaked by discovery and speculation. Every day contributes something, for we know what to look for, and where to look for it. The world is man's great journal; on it he has scribbled his adventures from his

earliest infancy; and though the modern city, as in the case of London, may overlies an older, we do not despair of the early writing of the palimpsest being everywhere recovered.

Somewhere about the time 1836 or 1837, Mr. Henry Wilde, of Georgia, a charming person, and author of the pleasing lines,

“My life is like the summer rose,
Which blooms and dies on Tampa’s shore,”

was a resident of Florence. He was an indefatigable investigator into the hidden places of the past, knowing every odd nook and corner of Florence till it became to him a sort of adopted city. He put up game of all sorts in his researches, and his enthusiasm was once painfully played upon and fooled by an impostor who pretended to have discovered many of the objects belonging to Tasso and his royal lady, alluded to in Tasso’s poetry. I well remember a morning when we met to hear unpublished verses of the poet which this friend had unearthed, and with them to see jewels, miniatures, and little objects of interest on which much of the poetry may be said to be strung. Nothing could exceed Mr. Wilde’s enthusiasm and delight at the supposed genuineness of these relics;

and severely did he blame his cold, Northern auditory from Yankee land, for the chill welcome they gave to what so much excited his ardor. But soon after, a commission was appointed by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, by which the whole deception was unmasked. Swiftly the relics and their discoverer retired into night and chaos, whence they came. This was indeed no lost Pleiad, but a true will-o'-the-wisp of the marsh, which disappeared before the rising sun.

The court sculptor at that time was Bartolini, a man of a very graceful talent, and whose charming group of Carita still adorns one of the sumptuous halls of the Pitti palace. He it was who was placed by Napoleon over the storehouse of his stupendous robbery of works of art with which he for a time astonished Paris and the world. Byron sat to him for his bust; and not without a certain relish of paradox, Bartolini was accustomed to assert that there were two men he knew well who were cruelly misjudged, — Byron and Napoleon. The first, he asserted, was being slowly mined by the affection he bore his wife; and Napoleon, he maintained, wholly averse to war, was only driven into it by the nagging persistence of

Pitt and the allies in hunting him down. The judgment of a sculptor is rarely safe to take, in matters beyond his own art. Bartolini certainly thoroughly put his foot in it when he produced a *replica* by Raphael of the famous "Madonna of the Grand Duke," as it was then called, kept in his private apartment, and not seen by the public, who, therefore, could poorly judge of the value of Bartolini's assertion, that his duplicate was the original and the Grand Duke's only a copy. A sympathetic and silent circle of friends adored this new claimant, while Bartolini raved of its merits, until suddenly the painter who had made this copy came forward and owned his work.

Photography, of the size of the original, now gives us all the sweet and peaceful charm of the original, and twenty dollars will bring its purchaser nearer to Raphael than any thing but his own absolute handiwork could do.

If Mr. Wilde was rebuffed and mortified at his failure to recover the genuine verses and jewels of Tasso and Leonora, he soon had a shining revenge. Mousing through all accessible antique places, studying whatever he found belonging to the past he loved so well, he became convinced that the portrait of Dante by

Giotto, which I believe Vasari and others asserted to have been in the Bargello, must be still there, he associated himself with Mr. Kirkup, an English artist of more influence than himself, and finally persuaded the government to carefully remove the whitewash from the Bargello. Beginning where they did, they had the patience to make almost the circuit of the room before they discovered what they sought; but there it now stands, for ever a proof of the spirit of these gentlemen, and delighting all lovers of their kind with the sight of the poet's face before it was convulsed and torn in the battle of life, — a tender dignity mingling with a softness almost feminine, and with the sweet youthful look of one from whom the stormy future is hidden. Such was Dante when he loved Beatrice; and we need this face to put ourselves in sympathy with that love, and to feel all the pathos of an existence which could change that flower-like bloom into the haggard and suffering face of the later portraits.

Many years ago, I was accustomed to visit the small shop of a picture-dealer in Paris, where were certain small works of Millet's early period, nymphs and bathers, with a somewhat mundane charm which he chased afterwards from his

pencil; for his continued reputation rests upon a true but sorrowful rendering of peasant life. Millet is a biblical Frenchman; and such hold their belief with a depth and tenacity in strange contrast to their lighter brethren. He considered the *proletaire*, the peasant, a being doomed to expiate some mysterious curse, nailed to the soil, his horizon bounded by incessant and daily labor, with little cheer from learning or luxury; and so he rendered him. He once said of a fine picture of gleaners, — two hungry, weary women, snatching at the slender spoil that fell to them, while afar the burly farmer on his plump cob looked the embodiment of prosperity, — that he hoped he had so painted it, that it would be refused at the *salon*. He meant it to be too accusative of the difference between rich and poor to be endured by easy-going *dilettanti*.

Into this shop I entered one day, and the proprietor, with a beaming face, said, “So you have come to see my treasure-trove!”

I professed ignorance of any such treasure, and he told me its story.

It was the custom then in Paris to have from time to time auction sales of the effects of Louis Philippe, left behind him in his flight. Certain rubbish from the garrets of the Tuileries had

now been so advertised, and our proprietor, going to the auction, had found rubbish indeed, but also one mahogany panel, so enormous that he determined to get it, if the price were low. He paid for it some thirty or fifty francs, and on fetching it home and gazing at the discouraging picture upon it, which proved to be in *tempera*, something urged him to take it to his little backyard—and scour it well. It came away immediately under his hand; “and now,” said he, beaming more brightly than ever, and taking a huge pinch of snuff, “you shall see what I found under it.”

We went up two or three steps into a little room where this picture was enthroned. It was a beautiful, nude female figure, only having round its neck a slender gold chain, holding a locket, on which was engraved what had been recognized as the arms of Duke Sforza, of Milan. It was unspeakably beautiful; deep, rich, and exquisitely pencilled. The foot alone, I remember, seemed to me the most beautiful foot I had ever seen painted. “Who is your goddess?” I asked with impatience.

“One beloved probably of Duke Sforza, of Milan, and the painter no less a person than Leonardo da Vinci!”

He mentioned the names of several competent experts who had authenticated it; among the rest an English amateur of distinction, whom, meeting afterwards, I consulted as to the picture.

“Undoubtedly genuine,” he said, “and painted over with intention, when the reaction from the wicked Abbé du Bois and the Régence had caused an edict to have all nudities removed or destroyed.”

This picture was apparently painted over in a careless manner to save it; but the frequent revolutions of France, and possible perishing of the secret through the death of the artist, make its disappearance and recovery intelligible. “Ary Scheffer thinks every thing of it,” he said.

“Does he so?” cried I. “I dine with him to-day, and I will ask him.”

I did so, and he said he had no reason to doubt its genuineness, and thought the government would be justified in giving fifty thousand or a hundred thousand francs to recover their own. What became of it I never knew. When, after a few years, I again visited the picture-dealer, he and his shop had disappeared, with the Millets I so much regret not having bought.

It is not apparently among the pictures of the Louvre ; but its exquisite beauty may be freezing through the long winter in some Russian gallery, or some omniverous *milor* may have snatched it away to his solitary castle, perhaps there again to be lost and rediscovered in the perpetual mutations of human affairs ; for destiny gives reverses of fortune not merely to the children of men, but constantly also to art's shadowy representations of them.

Many men by the possession of some beautiful woman have become mad monomaniacs of a treasure too much for their peace of mind. An Englishman, Mr. Maurice Moore, is in danger of having his life and affections absorbed by a little Raphael, of which he is the accidental and fortunate proprietor. He bought it for a small sum in London at an auction sale, and was induced, I believe, to offer it to the National Gallery for what, for a Raphael, is a moderate price. It was not taken up, and every day, by gloating over its charms, he becomes more enamoured of it, and rejoices to think that it is not snatched from him. Indeed, his life would be empty and poor without it, and he had better continue to wear it in his heart of hearts, playing with prospects

of sale, than see it depart and so leave his life unilluminated, un-Raphaeled for ever. But it is proper to say, that apparently it is his darling wish to have it go to America ; and all American artists who have seen it desire the same thing. Cannot some benevolent enthusiast, when dying, not

“Endow a college or a cat,”

but purchase it for us, and so for ever associate his name with one of the few shining Pleiads in the firmament of Art?

I should like to tell other such stories ; their romance and picturesqueness pique every one, — to speak of MacPherson and his Sasso Ferratos ; of his Michel Angelo, discovered so strangely in one of the many dust-heaps of waifs and things lost ; and of the striking Michel Angelo of Lord Taunton, also drawn up like a pearl through the waters of Time, and, though unfinished, with all the grandeur of that incomparable hand, now adding dignity to London's National Gallery. But a magazine article must not be an encyclopædia, and a little is as good as too much ; and, above all, a story-teller, to leave his auditory hungry, should always leave something unsaid.

ART-CHAT.

I.

EACH nation is but a province in the great kingdom of Art. Each has its special chapel (to express it by another metaphor) in the great cathedral. Every day we are learning more to contemplate the unity of our race, and to bring together as to a focus, round a common centre, the varied art-offerings of the nations. Over and above the loyalty to the Queen Beautiful, the central ideal, which is the *eidolon* of the mind, a shadow of the divine model after which the Deity has worked; above and beyond this, we discover that each nation in art has, so to say, the flavor of the soil. Like its wine, it speaks of its sunshine, its temperature, and ripens, as does the wine, with a more benignant or more acidulated flavor.

Each nation, in producing thus its expression, is unconscious of it. It does not aim at it any more than the Frenchman gesticulates, or the Englishman sulks, of malice *prepense*. And yet

how powerfully do we notice the differences! The German art, — is it not as different from the French or Italian as all are from the English? Each has its merits and its shortcomings. The careful, cold, professional method of Germany — its want of color and *nuance* of expression — is compensated for by clear intention, and powerful, correct design, and sometimes by grace and tenderness. Its fatal want is want of color. One feels that the sun is *ingrat* in which such creations found their birth. How contrasted with Venice! in which, from wall and water, the color is repercussed and sent back, the light flashing even into the shadow, till the subject of her art swims in a tender atmosphere of gold and splendor.

I have seen a rug from Siberia so tempered in its hues, that at once you were reminded of Boreal pallor and of thickening blood.

How India burns with her sun of flame in the quivering and burnished patterns of her silks and shawls!

We thus take up more than we know of pleasure from contemplation of foreign art, — a something transcendental and obscure, which mingles with it the *genius loci* or the flavor of the soil.

In the pretty landscapes of Lambinet, this ekes out, and completes the impression. Something of his delightful land, more than was in his hand or on his palette, comes wafted to us. The same scene painted equally well by an American would not quite so impress us. Something of our saturnine and despondent climate would abate the placidity of those borders of the Seine which Lambinet has painted so prettily.

And these considerations make us to understand how much, till now, an alien in art has been America. Europe knows her not: her secrets of beauty, her surprises, are quite ruled out of court. Her autumnal glow in its coat of many colors is to Europe barbaric and untrue. Like poor Joseph, criticism there would put it into the pit of condemnation.

Our pitch of light, in intensity so far beyond the subdued splendor even of Italy, no pigment can follow. When it tries to, Europe cries out, "Chalkiness and crudity."

The eye can almost bear the full fervor of the sun of Europe, when the second gradation here upon a summer cloud makes one wink and dodge. And then, spent by a thousand drains of anxiety and care, our nerves have not the

head of quiet, the calm pool of strength, whence to draw quiet and refreshment for others ; and too often our pictures do not cheer. The poor artist was not cheery, and how could his pictures be so ? So we Americans get to look with loving and envious eyes at the bright, happy pictures of France, and to be a little overshadowed at the homelier efforts of our people, for which we learn to blush as for country cousins.

And yet it cannot be otherwise. We must paint with the nerves we have, and the nature we have. This is at times so austere, and we are so the sport of whirling winds, that I once heard a person express surprise that we celebrated at all by pictures our calamity, and did not repudiate a nature which has so much of the step-mother and the tyrant.

All these thoughts make it the more natural that we should remember a noble nature, a noble artist, who, among the first, extracted sweets where others could not find them, and by his character and life strengthened and cemented those art-foundations which our metropolis is so sedulously laying.

Let us share with New York in the grief and the honors which are now following the loss of her beloved John F. Kensett.

His pictures are not rare; and all may see in their grace and sweetness through what a nature was filtered, how sunny and how pure, the lymph which the eternal springs of Nature brought for his refreshment and delight.

His manner was not that of the French. He had not studied in their school. England, which furnished him his first studies, and bought his first picture, was his art-mother.

But he soon found an American art-mother of his own. A proud and loyal son to her he was, and made us all more loving and reverential to that mother, — the only one we have as Americans. So much and so feelingly has been said of him at meetings in New York, that we will not, as we should delight to do, linger in consideration of his character and his merits as an artist. But in connection with the foregoing suggestions of the separation of nations from the great whole of Art, — niches in its vast temple, — we must allude to the importance of the life of Kensett in helping us to found our school and to learn to love our nature.

The remarkable affection and pride with which both the artist and his works are regarded was shown by the posthumous sale of his sketches. These numbered over seven hundred; and in

a competition where were gathered all that New York possesses of art and culture, to the end was preserved the generous standard of value, which, in another instance, might have flagged.

The total amount of the sale considerably exceeded a hundred and thirty thousand dollars; and yet his valuable last season's work, and his choice collection of contemporary artists, are not included.

Such a result is honorable to American art. It proves that foreign excellence does not kill appreciation of our own. Only one or two such sales have matched the value of this.

The influence he exerted was extraordinary. He kindled in others his own enthusiasm, and had round him a group of younger men who drew inspiration from his labors. His may be considered the most esteemed rendering of our landscape. Delicate and tender, its excesses of color fusing into the most aerial grays, he found the secret of Nature's charm; and the woody steeps of the Hudson, and the choral surges of Newport, will not soon forget their most favored lover.

The interest of the De Cesnola collection is from this unity, yet diversity, in art. It is the go-between and link of schools and nationalities

from the shores of the fruitful Mediterranean around the Isle of Cyprus, navelled between the Egyptian, the Greek, the Phœnician, and Assyrian art-schools.

It is certainly odd that we should begin by the end, possessing the intermediary before we do the great consummate works of these nations. Still Europe envies us our purchase; and many photographs of the best specimens are made for her amateurs.

We must learn to find the value of such a collection not in its faultless masterpieces, for it has none, but in its historic interest, — the key and explanation of that movement of mind which produced all modern art. There is but one current of European art-history; and these works come from near its source, — with the *naïveté* of infancy and barbaric worship, but with predictions in them of the greatest and most sublime after-growth.

II.

RACES have their gifts and their limitations. With some, as with the Greeks, art reaches perfection; with others it amounts to a fraction of a great whole, — a niche within the temple; and we feel a French, an Italian, a German, or a Japanese work to be a modification of pure truth, by the flavor of their several nationalities. In the main, they do what they can do, and not much beyond. Least of all can they do it by trying hard. Taine has admirably stated, in his several books on art, how in each country art is the highest expression of its life, the flower that overtops all the ruder leaves, which with the stem but bear this quintessence into the sky to be loved and admired of men. It is never truer than when most national.

A great many fine things are said, nowadays, on this matter, mostly true, and connecting art-development with the various threads of emigration, and giving the conquest of the arts chiefly to the Aryan race. A most striking illustration from the far past, heralding with faintest dawn-shine the meridian splendors of the future, can be seen by any one in the British

Museum. It appears that a French gentleman, having found on his estate a cave filled with various fossil relics, offered them to his own government. That government, generally so quick to profit by any thing which can extend its art-treasures, here delayed so long that fortunate England obtained the prize. A portion of the cave-relics, preserved as *in situ*, are shut in a glass case, looking through which one sees, as found, a bone. That bone is the horn of the reindeer, upon which a pre-everything artist has etched the flying figure of a reindeer itself. No intelligent eye can fail to understand this boundless hint of the future, and distinguish its difference from the efforts like it done by the eternal childhood of the savage races.

In the work called "L'Homme Fossile" is engraved an etching from another bone. That represents, with great spirit, a mastodon plunging, and at full speed, from the chase, and rearing, what even Dr. Warren did not know he possessed, his mane, in terror. The drawing on his slate by one of Dr. Howe's idiots in South Boston is not more marked in its limitation than is the savage outline as compared with these free suggestive Aryan designs.

What shall we say of American art and its

future? Bartolini always predicted for us a brilliant one, because we are not encumbered by the spoils of time, — our Muse, like the Roman girl, buried under the thousand bronze bucklers of the past. At any rate, we are here commingling, as in a vast basin, the streams of all the races, the electricity intertwining in a thousand rivulets from all European bloods. Who can say what sparks, bright with new power, may not be struck from their collision? And one of the influences which Taine always counts in the art-history of a race, the climate, is here a new one, stimulating and exhausting all the human possibilities within us. So that now, provincials as we are, we may have an art-history of our own. Till now our English clumsiness sticks to us, and we are but children, babbling of Sir Joshua and Wilkie, when haply we may yet have something as good of our own.

This weaning and oscillation from the parent stock is strikingly shown by our relish of works from across the Channel. As our physicians gave up the training of England for that of Paris, so a kind of distaste even of English methods of art, and the keenest enjoyment of that of the best French school, has of late come about. An American lady may almost be said

to be the ideal figure for whom the French *modiste* slaves and dreams; and so, perhaps, nowhere in the world is a relish of the beautiful works of the best Frenchmen more enjoyed than here. We are of their academy, and are proud to send our children to their schooling.

But here is the point for which we have written this article. It can absolutely be shown that the method of the French, as compared with that of other European nations, is the best. The question is, how to apply it here. In some degree, that method is so commingled with the facts and beauties of French nature, that, in some cases, in the effort to bring away the true method, one exports French atmosphere, French nature, and French figures as well. That is about where we are. On the one side, an untravelling crowd of hopeful young artists, seeing their own unschooled ways neglected for these happy men who have sat at the feet of Troyon and Lambinet, in their opinion somewhat caricaturing our native scenery, are not content. Their friends of the press bark and bite up and down the columns of the art-articles of our evening papers, and foment the quarrel. They call this good method of the French "Frenchy," and are wrong; and complain that an American

elm, as painted by their rivals, looks like a French oak, and they are right. They must really understand that the clever men have all gone over with adhesion to the method of the best French painters. They must not fight against it, for it is good. They must themselves learn its genuine base, at one with Nature's, and emulate, instead of depreciating, the travelled student. Still, it is most natural and excusable that all this should be. When we have a stately and towering school of our own, based upon the good landscape and figure-methods of France, and with an American use of American materials, all will be reconciled. In the good time coming, some Raphael, of whom Allston was the herald, — Allston, with his eclecticism from all the excellent in the past, with his deep and subtle color, and his moral elevation, — that Raphael, or that Claude, when come, will see all these little animosities hushed about his feet, amid the pride and exultation of a universal welcome.

THE NEW ENGLAND CONSCIENCE.

IN speaking of this subject, we set aside all general considerations of the human conscience, — that umbilical tie to the great mother-spirit of the universe, the silent voice of Heaven in the breast, — but merely refer to its action, more or less regular, induced by the conditions of New England existence. Nowhere more than here is the monition of duty imperative and active; and often in delicate natures this sensibility to the right becomes morbid and excessive. There are certain fanciful suggestions as to the cause of this which it is interesting to note. Phrenology — a science, if it be allowed the name, unprovable and modified by elements difficult to discover — here assists us. It places the love of self, technically called self-esteem, a little back of the summit of the head. This gives the attitude of pride, the carriage of *hauteur*, the head slightly thrown back, and an imperious air. The peacock, oddly enough,

has a tuft at the precise place of it. This bird seems intended to caricature this quality; for while justified in self-complacency by the eyes of Argus, the splendor of its tail, its voice, harsh and inharmonious, seems always to mock this beauty with discord. Self-esteem, according to the phrenologists, considering man's double brain as one, is flanked on either side by conscientiousness. This is the precise position it should occupy; for when the sensibility to self is most acute, the attendant monitory finger is most needed to guide and direct.

Considering man as the victim of physical conditions, it may be noticed that there is something in this climate of stimulation to one's regard of self,—an introversion of the eye upon life, a perpetual consciousness of one's nature, and an anxiety to satisfy conscience. This mutual interaction between self and conscience, so often excessive, is the cause of an anxiety to do well which never can be laid at rest; in highest natures it makes all life but a shortcoming. Now science—that light whose brightness is filling the world—helps us here. It is the fortunate worth of all truth that it not only is self-illuminated, but throws side-lights into regions which may have been obscure

before. It may be said that no truth comes to the world without in some little strengthening all the other truths that are in it. The doctrine of Atavism goes far in dealing with New England conscientiousness. Conditions of mind are inherited as are those of the body. A person will derive from progenitors not merely an aquiline or snub nose, but tastes and habits of thought. The men of selected conscience of the Puritan time peopled America, and were our progenitors. They had that subjection to Calvinistic severities of belief which we inevitably inherit. Their conscience went far away from the instincts of simple or liberal living, to find doctrines of repression and denial. They made forays into human nature, to find in innocent pleasures objects of subjection and control. Deacon watched deacon, and every eye was a policeman. The contagion, too, of sympathy would carry to unexampled heights the surrender of every thing to the supposed mandate of Heaven. Of course such an existence, however lofty its springs of action, was too inhuman to last for ever, or for long. Prosperity has brought, with the advancing years, mitigation and solace. Forms of luxury and self-indulgence displace the austere severities of our

fathers; but under all still lives the New England conscience.

Stimulus here, from some cause, is the driving wheel of modern society. What we do, we do in excess; fortunes dilate from small beginnings to fabulous fulness; there is a whirl of social gayety, there are excesses of crime, and the meaner activities of rapine and speculation, but this same stimulus is found in the forum of conscience, and even exhibiting itself, to all these extremes, in the old-fashioned New England way.

Is there any explanation of this? A hint is given by science, in its analysis of light, the great stimulus of the universe. Not very long ago, the divided ray of Newton was found to have at its side invisible rays, only discoverable by their effects. These are still little known; but the study of them is daily showing facts of importance. The "actinic ray" is much talked of for its activity and power. It stimulates vegetable life, and is the ray of a photograph. Where the sun is veiled, as in England, the activity of any sun-force must be diminished; there, life, as will be expected, is more equal and sweet; there, the enthusiasms of fanaticism and of thought have feeble hold

on men ; and conservatism, that reservoir of old convictions and habits, is supreme. We think that among these invisible solar rays, falling direct through an air which is so thin that the farthest object is as visible as are near ones in Europe, may be found that spur to New England activity and the New England conscience. The terrible vacillations of the thermometer, the change in an hour from one extreme to another of its tube,—the dryness, as well as thinness of the air,—shut the pores, and all contribute to this stimulus. Lean, anxious, and hungry for novelty, the New Englander loses the love of repose, and the cushions of fat upon which repose pillows itself. The adipose parts of the mind, too, disappear. The nerve is naked. The relation of man with Nature, which he gets somewhat as a Medusa feels the pulse and breathing of the sea, is interrupted by the dryness of his skin. He is imprisoned in it. That beautiful waft of tenderness and beauty almost audible in Nature is thus rendered unfelt. His organs, so shut in, are difficult to manage ; and, most of all, the mind, with its celestial brother, the soul, broods and agonizes itself for want of diffusive expansion. No wonder that conscience becomes keen and mor-

bid, when, in addition to the stimulus of self-consciousness and conscience, thought is prisoned in an organism thus driving it to feed upon itself and double the anxiety for well-doing.

Man does not live alone. He shares, whether he will or no, the thought and affections of his fellows. The contagion of nervous diseases has been studied and acknowledged. So, in addition to all this, no relief comes from the presence of more genial and indifferent natures, — of men like Agassiz, who, while they carry a weight of thought with the mightiest, diffuse a sunshine much needed. For this reason, travel is useful to the American. The little wrinkle of care, self-created, ever deepening into the rut of undesired and imperious habit, is smoothed and ironed away by foreign climes. We get more good to the mind than to the body from Europe. What with the impetuous spirit of activity, which will not slow itself even in the presence of European indolence, the exhausting toil of the traveller, travelling his few months till his leisure voyage becomes the hardest of work, often his bodily health is little benefited; but his mind cannot fail to be. The actinic ray does not follow him; fresh tastes,

new channels of thinking, allow the worn and weary mechanism to repose.

Perhaps we should all go mad if Europe were not kept for us a gymnasium and a play-ground. There are hundreds, nay, thousands, of men now in America, whose means permit it, driving into conditions of dyspeptic, bitter, semi-lunacy, who there would be rebaptized into freshness and vigor.

To some, the future of America for the New Englander looks anxious. This stimulus, first of the body, then of the brain, and finally kindling conscience and self-hood, is transferring and exhaling much that we once possessed. The people of New England are growing passionless. Anger beyond a little flutter of peevishness is rarely seen. The towering wrath of John Bull exploding in the healthiest of invectives is but a faint murmur here among his descendants. Wrong is put upon us, and we submit. The destruction of the Paddock elms, the removal of the house of John Hancock, any thing and every thing of civic mistake is acquiesced in after a little whining. To be sure, banded masses of men accomplish finally an overthrow of evil, the dispersion of rings and conspiracies, as in the case of Tweed

and his satellites at New York. Foreigners, seeing this submission to imposition, suppose it comes from indifference, — a conscience hardened to right and wrong. Never was there a greater mistake. The conscience of men here, who submit to wrong, and even sometimes inflict it, may still be the legitimate New England conscience; but their weary brain cannot leave its ruts for fresh paths. They submit, but feel it. This draft of all human forces to action and thought is unpeopling our nurseries; as the incredible temperance tyranny chains a public indifferent to the high delights of the table, where friendship's eye sparkles with the friendly shine of the sherry, and so in other regions our stimulus is revenging itself upon animalism.

There is a recognized evil in democracy, — the want of that fixedness which the human spirit craves. Men scramble and push, and the rogue of yesterday is the Cræsus of to-day. Flux and movement are everywhere. Professions, residences, beliefs are changeable and changed, and every one is at a loss to recognize his accepted value. No manorial halls, no squires — the squires of generations — for us. We live “au jour le jour;” a kind of newspaper possibility envelopes the most dignified and hidden life.

No one would be surprised to hear that General Grant was attending lessons in drawing, or that General Butler had published a volume of poems. In this uncertainty, so cruelly disfiguring a prosperity otherwise universal, conscience plays a mighty part. All that it finds in a man, in addition to what we have said above, of modesty, self-distrust, humility, it plays upon to secretly diminish him in his own eyes. Not quite certain that any of his pretensions are more than superficial, he naturally dreads any hint from an accusing eye, that they are perhaps even less than this. Like sheep huddling together, when a vague trouble is in the air, their faces meaninglessly the same way, people find in gregariousness, safety. The solitude of a free, independent life is too oppressive for them. Oddity, eccentricity, are the least harmful names which the other sheep of the fold give to any isolation or withdrawal from the common movement. There is a secret impatience of any freedom they do not understand, any independence which reproaches their own compliant imitateness. And just as a chain is no stronger than its weakest part, so, in this linked fellowship of public opinion, the value is apt to be determined by the poorest, least noble link of

the human chain. It is in the terrible weakness of fools that Mrs. Grundy finds her strength. That excellent old lady, whose profile seems hidden behind that of the capped damsel upon our coin, discreetly limiting the pretensions of liberty, is as universal as human timidity and fear. The cruel eye, which, in a deacon's head, looked for impossible perfection in the doings of his brother deacon, which flamed with abominable virulence in the sad tale of witchcraft, mitigated, softened, indeed, still looks, as nowhere else, criticism and censure in New England. It almost makes one distrust the solidity of the goodness of many, when we come to know what excellent imitations of it are born under its cold glitter. People are made to do either what they disapprove or do not care to, by the pressure of public opinion. Benevolence is robbed of its charm when it is enforced. Even the pleasures of life lose their freshness if "you must" is attached to them as a condition.

This uniformity in little things, not enforced by law, but a part of the very life, is producing, what all foreigners observe, a sameness of doing, acting, moving, and keeping still, which is converting the nation of men and women into something like a paper of pins. All free flights

of Anglo-Saxon originality, all goodly growths of picturesque personality, are discouraged. "They must know where to have him," is said of a man; and then, when they have him, they want to use him; his wealth, his talent, his time, must all contribute to their greed of possession. Not that they will thank him for all these gifts; but thereby he may escape the censure which independence and free choice might subject him to.

In the days of Tiberius, there was an eye at Rome which looked discouragement and death into any citizen's life and home. Here there is an imponderable energy, whose pressure the American feels the moment he puts foot upon the shore; which takes possession of him, utilizes and judges him in a way that makes every secret protest unavailing. This slavery, this loss of something which he has elsewhere, is perhaps the compensation for the admirable political liberty his fathers have won.

It is not to be denied that Unitarianism has had a great deal to do in late days in shaping and directing the action of the New England conscience. The old exasperation of opinion which would seek its revenge for an impossible holiness in reaction, such as the familiar deprav-

ity of the sons of clergymen, was but the swing of the human pendulum. When good works were stigmatized as "filthy rags," no wonder that conscience burned away in flames of profitless ecstasy, or smouldered into the embers of self-condemnation. Unitarianism balanced and sobered all this, and has given a direction to the Christian kindness of men, which is seen in the noble endowment of a hundred institutions and ready supply to the demand of suffering learning and taste. The Agassiz Museum and the Boston Art Museum are beautiful flowers to have grown, as they do, from the conscience, so sadly unproductive of such things, which once made New England what it was. Thus it is not merely that Unitarianism served, through its advocacy of reason, as a balance-weight to the spiritual tyranny of Calvinism, but it sweetened the acerbity of that conscience till it could contemplate Deity no longer as the inexorable Judge, but as a father and supreme Artist, who must complacently contemplate the efforts of his children to adorn life — this life, not the other — with what must for ever conduce to man's instruction and growth:

For we claim that Unitarianism is but the reverse side of Puritanism. It is the recovery of

the race through reasonableness, of its success of ardor and waste, from the lost regions of hopeless speculation. It is doubly reasonable that it was forced to dismiss so much that it loved, when the unreasonableness of it became apparent. Not only did it sweeten the religious feeling itself, but its action was equally beneficent, through the contagion and influence it exercised on other religious opinions. Their antagonism was shorn of its force when the good sense of Unitarianism became the prosperity of the many and the controlling force of the nation. We dare not say how much good in this manner it has done. The twin glory of our faith with its reasonableness, its liberality, took the torch and the whip from the hand of fanaticism, and laid them away for ever.

And now, when the distempered dream of Calvin has melted like some vapor of the night, Unitarianism finds itself fronting, with serene and smiling assurance, all that learning and science can teach the world of its Maker. When Channing first shot the lightning of his indignation into the cruelty of slavery, Sumner's soul received the electric shock, and he went on to conquer where his master could but indicate the way. When Webster had announced the Chris-

tian element in international law, we find the seeds of his opinion flowering into the arbitration of Geneva.

The banner which had inscribed on it the grandeur and trustworthiness of reason, as God's supreme intellectual gift to man, has been an encouragement in many a secret chamber of the student, in many a battle of science with error; and, where others falter, it now flames in the front, marshalling the hosts of earth to the new understanding of the Maker, which all the subtleties of Rome, Scotland, and Geneva could never accomplish.

"A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." Wherever New England has planted its foot in other States, the standard of right has been lifted,—not merely that the shrewdness and industry of the New Englander would find their way to the places of profit and honor, but the sentiment of public duty, of charity, of benevolence, were round him as an atmosphere. It has been said that New England is the brain of the nation. It may also be claimed that it is its conscience; its stamp is everywhere, through the East and the West; and the South is awaiting it, when the year of recovery from the dull lassitude of inactive defeat shall have begun.

Then she will not return to the errors buried in the tomb of Calhoun ; to the ranting Methodism whose crude food has sufficed for her coarser appetite, nor to the imported and fashionable ritual of a service whose root is not in America, but aristocratic England, but will share with her conquerors the supremacy of a religion that finds its best expression in human growth towards right, culture, and good sense.

We feel assured that the mighty growths of truth which now lie hidden, or emerging, in many of the new phenomena of the world's history, will owe much to the preparation made for them by the New England conscience, and its off-set, New England reasonableness. When the unity and simplicity of truth shall be acknowledged, all its rays converging to a centre, when no discord reigns, when the many broken, misapprehended beliefs shall have been bound into one sheaf, one faith, one hope, men will always with gratitude remember how much they have owed to the mighty force of the Puritan conscience, which dared accept all the lightnings of heaven, if such were its divine will, and its younger and gentler sister, who, with a courage as great and far more useful, proclaimed the God we now believe in.

ON TEMPERAMENT IN PAINTING.

EVERY picture which is really good, which we own and love, stands by us with un-failing affection on its own part. Not only Nature never betrayed the heart which loved her, but her successful shadow on the canvas has as little of treachery as the great original.

But it must be really good ; then it will grow into the possessor's life, grow old with him ; and as he prepares to go where the great Artist may furnish other works and other artists for his delight, then his life-long friend will still tenderly look at him, and mutely from its frame wave farewell. It does not leave him even then. It makes a part of his mind, of his memory. It is woven into the very texture of his soul ; and if any thing of earth may hope to live hereafter, it is such an affectionate intertwining of God's world and man's reverential re-fashioning of it as this.

The fact of this deep love of pictures in culti-

vated man suggests strange possibilities as to his pursuits hereafter. Once, good people did give music a great place in the occupations of heaven; but they did not mean opera music. They referred to the unimaginative level of psalm-singing, and kept down the hopes of wide development to the range of a deacon's ability.

But the plastic arts were then forgotten, and no place found for them.

When one considers how much they stand for in life; for how much with cultivated nations they have always stood; how the secret interest they inspire seems to find its instinct in the child's unequal following in a father's footsteps, the highest hopes may be indulged in as to the part they may play in the life to come.

From the time the little boy compounds his mud pies, and then mounts to the archaic rudeness of a snow image, some fashioning of things near him in this world is never far away from the man's regard.

He may be entangled in business — a mistress too jealous to allow hours of escape — when he might become an artist; but from time to time he will hurriedly do some trifle of artistic work, and with a sigh return to his taskmaster; or, if prosperous, will comfort himself with an array

of the works of others, and live over his lost possibilities in their success.

When we think what a solace to the world of women this realm of art furnishes, as well as to the men, we learn to value it even more than before. In many a stately hall, in many a cottage in England, is an amateur silently working in water-colors, and feeding his or her spirit by contact with the spirit of Nature. What matter that it is only amateur work. In one sense that is the truest work, for it is not vulgarized by the need of money, and the dictates of foolish fashion and bad taste. It has not the exaltation of a fostered vanity. It is not making for itself a channel which it cannot leave. It is *frée*, and not much invited to that self-listening which we call mannerism. If the flame is unfed by necessity and wide recognition, it is mostly a sterile talent; its results are not exultingly hung in kings' chambers or noised abroad of men. It is modest and mute, and its little blossoms speedily hide away in dusty portfolios, or are swept off by fate to make room for the coming of others. But the amateur stands for much, and yet how few are the instruments he can play upon. Poetry, painting, sculpture, music, — these four Muses, the heavenly friends of man on earth, —

these four are all man has for his delectation. And of these four Muses, painting and sculpture are the silent ones. Music owes her life to the sound over which she is queen ; poetry, though silent when creative, gains by the music of the human voice, and mounts to her full glory when thrilling ennobled and sympathetic multitudes from the lips of the actor of genius.

But painting, though mute, talks in her way, and about many things. She can tell us stories almost as well as the poet can ; can “ babble of green fields,” and the beauty and splendor of earth : can, with Shakespeare,

“ On the unsteady footing of a spear,”

venture to cross abysses, and bring back to us something she may have found in dream-land and the land of phantasy ; but mostly does she still mutely talk of the graces and glory of the land she loves best, — the land of reality. That is enough for her. With her eyes she can find romance behind the rudest commonplace ; a tragedy there, where others see but vulgarity. She loves the sunshine, and can sing with it like a bird ; but she does not disdain the shadow. That she can make the home of feeling, and carry from gloom images to soften and make grave the soul.

And so this friendly art is naturalized in every country and by every fireside.

From the walls in a thousand homes she looks down on the inmate, and converses with him. She tells him of her Norman meadow and its browsing kine, till he can walk among them, and breathes the freshness of the coming shower; she can find for him a passport to cross the ocean, and for ever fix the rolling billow by his breakfast table; she can show him in far-away lands the cathedral, the temple, the mosque. Without the help of the roses she can fetch for his senses, from some bazaar of the Orient, an ottar which shall never lose its scent. His fancy, through her help, can mount on its heavenward flight with Angelico, or suffer with saturnine Spagnatello upon the burning bars of the martyr. She has the carpet of the Arabian magician, and can waft her lover "beyond the night, beyond the day," to earth's utmost boundary. She looks down on the inmate and converses with him. Yes! the picture from the walls breathes of the scene or the group it represents. But it says to him more than that, — something of the temperament of the artist who wrought the work. Music can speak of the temperament of the composer; poetry can tell us of the poet's

mood, of his nature, whether serene or gloomy, whether cheerful or saturnine; to the sculptor, perhaps, more than to any other artist, the cold severity of the marble refuses the interpenetration of his nature, of his character and temperament; but to none of these do we come so near the man himself as we do with the painter.

He wreaks himself on canvas; and his temperament, his mood, is somewhat there absorbed into his labor.

So, besides the pleasure gained from the excellence of the picture, do we have in addition the man looking out from his work. We share his company, and the room is filled with his presence. Certainly it is only in masterpieces that such an influence is felt as overwhelming. The grander, the more original, the man, the more of these will be in his work. Of the common sort of men,—the men whose whole nature amounts to but little, and that little is at their fingers'-ends,—the effect of personal presence is of course small. As was said in answer to one who complained that his character by a phrenologist would do for anybody, "And is that not a pretty good account of you?" we may say of these, that little can be expressed where little is

possessed. But even then we get something, — the nationality at least.

A man taking up his brush does not think of trying to show he is German or Italian or Spanish, but the picture reveals at a glance the open secret. With all our freedom of the will, we cannot make ourselves other than we are. Our nationality is a part of us. The first few words we speak, our attitude, our gesture, proclaim, without a passport, the land we come from. And nations have their temperament, as we all feel, though the difference is not easily always expressed in words. That harmony, which is the art-method of Nature, makes the skies, the soil, the wines, the instincts of a nation, permeate each individual, and “prattle of his whereabouts,” with no intention from him.

Why is it that all German pictures are alike? Only in the greatest men can human nature soar above national limitations, and make them citizens of the world. And not wholly then. Dante and Shakespeare, Goethe and Cervantes, all have the stamp of their national temperament. What is it in the German pictures which, with all their cleverness, all their good drawing and clear intention, makes them remote and uninteresting to us? And are they nearer and

dearer to the Germans themselves? Possibly so; but how much they love them we cannot easily know. We do not hear of passionate delight in them at home, nor of wasteful extravagance to become their possessor. We think of them as monumental and pseudo-classic, when historical or figure-pictures; as appealing to an epic or theatrical sensibility; as fit for the ceilings of palaces and academies, but not made for the fireside or home use.

And their landscapes, often the most noble and superior combinations of mountains, lakes, and forest, to us want the “*je ne sais quoi*,”—the friendly, affectionate nearness to the modest loveliness of good scenery, — to forbid our looking at them without coldness. They seem painted by one man,—the same conventional glacier and pine, the same expanse of placid water and toy-like figures, who seem to have no real business or interest to be there.

To this the exception which gives authority to a rule is not wanting. Achenbach, German as he is, has won a welcome into many a foreign gallery; and Baron Leys, if we must call him German, has connected us skilfully, by his *roccoco falsetto* of manner, with the grand old Germans of the earlier period,—with Holbein and Durer.

The Italian temperament, so favorable to painting, has almost taken the first place in Art's Temple, by the adoring consent of all ; thus supreme, however, only when Italy breathed herself the full Italian life, — when a beating heart was individualized in each city, and when the hand of the church stretched itself through every clime. Though the temperaments of Michel Angelo and Raffaelle were the reverse of each other, we feel both to be Italian. How fortunate that those two great men were not moulded alike, and thus in danger of one being absorbed in the other ! Their limitations of temperament kept them severely apart ; and though Raffaelle for a little played with the mighty ideal of the other, he soon inevitably returned into himself. No hinderance was there, no perplexity or obstacle to be avoided, but his whole divine nature flowed into his pencil, ever on and upward, but in the path marked for him by his nature, and, alas ! for none but his. He could not waste time. He was art incarnated, and blossomed in Madonnas and San Sistos as easily as a rose-bush in roses.

Nor was the craggy nature of the great Michel an obstacle to him. It was himself, and the Titan tossed to the ceiling of the Vatican those

austere and awful creatures as easily as a child blows bubbles. And yet not without the throes and lift of his mighty nature, but that power of effort was a part of himself, and not to be attained by lesser men. In one sense he was not Italian. Nowhere but in him do we find moral grandeur, as expressed in human form, to any thing like the same degree. He alone could scale the skies. The few who toiled upward after him soon recoiled before the sapphire blaze of a height which was not for them, and soon the old *gentilezze* returned, and the artist and his admirers were content to lie crowned with libations and roses at the foot of the hill of difficulty they could not ascend.

France of late years has taken a place in the world's regard as a home of art which has woefully fallen from her in other fields.

She righted herself in the most unexpected and complete manner. Her sensibility to theatrical grandeur caught her entangled in the pages of Plutarch; and the cross between the grand old classic and the turbulence of revolutionary patriotism gave birth to a hybrid school, which, as it was not founded on nature, could not last for long. The figures of David and Gerard are but painted statues, but they agonize with the

frenzy of the democratic tripod. When men went to Plutarch for inspiration, of course they had little eye for the nature about them. Landscape-painting was at its lowest. The tea-tray style was the one which then was the most fashionable.

De Marne, with his smoothness, and others smoother than he, showed an exile from real, living, breathing nature.

Oddly enough, England furnished them a better example, which she did not follow herself. By chance, a noble picture of Constable came to Paris, and was bought by a connoisseur, who had a hall full of De Marnes and his brethren. The old gentleman was accustomed to show it after the others, when, drawing suddenly a curtain from before the Constable, he would say, "And now look out of the window." Nature, through Constable, corrected the misdirection of French talent, and brought it back to herself. It was time for reaction, and inevitable. Nature could not longer endure to have her lovers comb and polish her as they then did. Moreover, a clever American, who has never had the recognition from the world for the gift (for it was in every sense a gift) he made her, came to her assistance. A painter of our own did more for

Art than centuries had accomplished in Europe, when he dowered her with the compressible tube of lead for color. If the generous art-world had been properly appealed to, it would have laid a fortune at the feet of its benefactor. Something has been done: a gift for a gift has been made by New York; but the world should have shared in it.

And was not America playing its natural part in this matter? Not by race able to match the highest efforts of her European rivals; not ready for early success in painting, her brain, if not her temperament, was in its normal function in contriving so simple but so indispensable a help to artists.

With this tube, Nature could be approached as never before. The wretched contrivance of skin, so soon drying or bursting, was awkward and poor. And herewith came a love of Nature, won through familiarity, unknown before. Her secrets were rifled, her charms made known, her method understood, and to all this, France, following Constable, had the great honor of leading the way.

No wonder that one of the most gifted men of the new period, Troyon, should have felt it his duty to go, when in England, miles out of

his way to pay his homage to the widow of Constable.

America returns with gratitude her debt to France. Her sons study in their schools and import their good manner, — good, because the true manner. While England has been losing herself in pre-Raffaellite details; while Germany has been extending the wooden art of Nuremberg into all her schools, France has doubly added to man's delight by the simple eclectic unity and happy *ordonnance* of her pictures, and perhaps still more through their truth freshening for the observer the grace and beauty of Nature herself; for to love a good French landscape is to learn to see farther into the charm and method of Nature.

How pleasant to feel this French superiority, when so much has been taken from her, — how pleasant to put Troyon and Corot against Sedan, and to remember that if, through the ordered enginery of war, Germany may for a time have put her foot upon the neck of France, she can only vindicate to the world the place she has usurped, by herself supplying the place of France, — by making good to us the art, the literature, the civility, the silks, the wines of the rival she struck at.

Till she does so, she cannot wonder that the world, so heavily and for so long the debtor of France, will find but cold comfort in counting German bayonets as a substitute for what it misses.

When we think of the grand old masters, — how in solitude each form comes to us clothed in the personality of its temperament!

We do not think of any one work of the master, but of himself, as imagination and sympathy picture him, — the abiding spirit behind every picture, the soul that so expressed itself, and which we seem to know so well.

Raffaelle, — how he glides across our memory as he does in his own fresco of the “School of Athens,” an angel among men, with those gentle features, and those spiritual eyes, so wide apart, so far-seeing, and so all-seeing!

“His soul was like a star and dwelt apart.”

What flesh, we wonder, could fitly clothe such peerless ability? We only feel that he was gentleness itself, and that his body must have been the plastic servant of his genius — no hinderance, and no sharer with passionate fellowship in the regal calm of that divine nature. It is as if soul and body were so in harmony that the ideal

forms — the ideas of God, which Plato saw and believed in — opened to Raffaele their heaven, and mirrored themselves in him as the stars do in the tranquillity of a windless lake.

And Michel Angelo, how unlike, — he, ever struggling with the superincumbent load of flesh and matter; not, disengaged from earth, could his soul find the tranquil ideal which dwelt in him, but soul and body were in rivalry of strength and grandeur, — the body sublime, as if it were lord over the intellect, and yet crowned with the sad and lonely dignity of fallen man.

No gentleness, no sweetness there, but the struggle to ascend; the convulsion and shock of conscience with the degradation it would not share in; the proclamation to man of the serenity and peace beyond, from the craggy and tempest-tost height to which only while on earth could his spirit reach. One, the gospel of love and gentleness; the other, the harder gospel of duty and suffering, — the complement the one of the other, and each indispensable to man.

Titian was something apart from either of these. No prediction in him of a heaven won by either love or struggle, but the serene contentedness of earth. He also was needed for us, to reconcile man to his dwelling-place and his

mere humanity. What peace, too, is here ! not the peace of the inner nature, a prediction or a protest of man's limitations ; but the sovereign, princely calm of a thoroughly human and healthy nature. Nearer to us in our every-day moods than any, his pictures breathe health and joy. There is in them not the sickly sunshine of the ascetic, but a sunshine as of wine to cheer and strengthen the drooping heart of man. His figures stand as if no garment of the skies were needed for them ; sufficient for them the beautiful folds and tissues of earth. The earth is good enough for them, and they make earth better by being there. Titian is the sweetener of life ; without him something of cheer would be wanting in the sunshine, — something of man's royalty misapprehended by himself.

And Fra Beato Angelico, — the divine brother, as he truly is. If Catholicism had no one to plead for her but he, how our hearts would all yearn to be on his side ! His pictures are the best excuse and justification of the cloister. For a moment we regret the street and its confusions, to long for a share in a cell where earth should fall from us and such a heaven as his come down. He is the one most saintly painter ; others are saintly, but he was a citizen of the

heavenly city, and saw what he drew. And he had health too, the health of the believing, aspiring spirit, with balanced wing circling amid the angelic host, and looking down in pitying remoteness upon the body it had left.

Not so many a sad Catholic painter, — from the convulsed and agonizing Ribera to the sickly, sentimental piety of Carlo Dolce. Something of true religious feeling there is in Carlo Dolce, but tainted with morbid conditions. His very portrait says so, — yearning, sickly, sweet and sad, wanting manhood and power, — one who could do little for his fellow-creatures, but win from them the name of sweetness. Then Tintoretto. Look into those mournful and cavernous eyes of his, and see there the gloom dashed with lightning, — the grandeur and the sorrow of his fighting soul. How the story of his silent grief by his dead daughter's bedside, of her who had shared his genius and his love till comfort, if at all, could only come to him through his pencil, then painting her dear, dead face, — touches and satisfies us. We can understand by it better the stormy grandeur of the man, — human also, a Michel Angelo of Venice, — lapped in its golden sunshine, and wearing silk and fur and velvet, but with his great soul like

a sea over which the thunders mutter, and the black surges toss and rage.

And Salvator Rosa, — his also a stormy soul, but with no lofty outlook into the upper sky ; a nature volcanic and wild like his native land, — picturesque seems a word made for him, — never nature, with its shadow and its sunshine, simply true, but every thing set off by a glare of its own, as of a landscape seen by lightning. His figures are the fellows of the wild chasms and mountain peaks they bestride : they both own a savage harmony. He, too, cannot be spared. We leave to others the exact and careful rendering of Nature, and are as content with his banditti fierceness as used Allston to be with the mysteries of Udolpho. He is the highest, the most genuine expression of the terrible, spasmodic beauty of the volcanic neighborhood of Naples ; the king of the picturesque and the picturesque, and therefore, with no heed to Mr. Ruskin's protest, the world still proposes to keep for him a niche, though no lofty one, in their great Temple of Art.

And so in majestic procession the great of old pass by, each one looking down into us as he goes, and leaving behind unforgotten, unfading, the stamp of his personality, the flavor of his

genius, the character of his temperament. They went out of themselves ; other men fence themselves in, and guard against the intrusion of distrusted eyes ; but these coin their hearts into their life, and squander them upon every lover they may win. They take us into their confidence and storm our indifference with the enthusiasm which will not be denied ; and so the happy fate is theirs to speak of nature, and man, and themselves, from generation to generation, — the go-betweens of the centuries, — the familiars of the heart, the beloved of all.

THE FUTURE OF AMERICA.

THE future of America is everywhere a subject for intrepid speculation. The hopeful see there a millennial consummation, to which all the good forces of the best races contribute, with perfected laws, and a Christianity which, fusing all sects into a loving brotherhood, shall carry the nation forward beyond any poet's dream. And the unhopeful see in that future only confusion and the defeat of present prosperity, — a wreck of our institutions brought about by their abuses; a train at high-pressure speed without a conductor, or a bad one, tearing away till, leaping the metals, it bury itself and its freight in ruin.

If we only knew — these hopes and these fears are both most legitimate: but events are not sentimental, and they must find their true horoscope, not in our desires or our fears, but, if at all, by the consideration of all the active forces which may contribute to that future.

What our institutions, what our climate, what our race do for us now, we can see somewhat; but what force shall prove the controlling one, what check may hold or fail, what remedial process the youth of a growing nation may find for any hurt, we can only dimly guess. A few natural thoughts upon the forces for good and ill now in action; certain tendencies already discoverable; certain moulds of life and thinking, notably American,—may indicate the right way of looking at the matter.

When a seed is sown in a new soil, we watch to see the effect of the new earth and air on the plant. It sometimes languishes and sometimes even gains by the change of place. The seed of Europe, their men and women, their thoughts and their habits planted here, may languish, retain their old character, or gain by the exchange of place; or they may fail for a time, and then, adjusting themselves, develop into bloom and beauty; or they may exhaust themselves by precipitate development, and wither in the very sunshine which made their precocious life.

One of the first things to notice in America is the difference of its climate from the English climate. Where the air is fed by moisture, an

equable temperature is in the main sustained, and a shield of cloud is hung between earth and the burning sun. A lusty and active nation, shut in the small bounds of a little island, are by these tempering influences enabled to live without confusion or strife, and the best thought of the best men is steadily moderate and conservative; the hurts the Commonwealth gets from growth are healed without fever in that placid air, and sweet and quiet as its skies has the national life, in spite of obstacles, flowed on. Of course every nation has, as the French so admirably say, "the defects of its qualities." Ennui, indifference in matters of opinion, a certain torpor and dullness, are the defects of these qualities. We speak thus of England, for the English is the master-race here. In an Anglo-American head all that has made America what it is has been thought out. The other nations composing our Union contribute interesting national qualities, and worthy of our study; but they are not the shaping ones,—the formative, building intelligence, without which (certainly if Catholic influence controlled it) we should have been the rudderless rafts the republics of South America are.

On coming to America the English there

found a climate the reverse of their own. Dryness for moisture, stimulus for repose, variable-ness of weather far beyond their own, and something more, which is even yet only partially appreciated,—a quickening, driving, exhausting, electric impulse, whose influence it is very important to understand. Ere this, scientific men have said that in climate-influence electric force has been ignorantly omitted. We have our thermometer to tell of heat and cold, and a barometer of dryness and moisture, but no house holds its electrometer as yet.

Coming from England in summer, America seems to swim in an electric haze, so bright that the eye can barely endure the high light on clouds, so thin that a house a mile off looks as if it could be taken up by the hand, so subtle that it can be felt in darkened rooms, and so traversed by winds that no atmospheric deposit can remain, and thus the thinness becomes glassier than ever. And in the winter, what electric brilliancy, what howling winds, what leaps of the thermometer!

Into this atmosphere the English came, and it would have been wonderful indeed if it had wholly left them as it found them. It began upon them the day of their arrival, and yester-

day saw an addition of influence to that of two centuries. Of course it is easy to exaggerate this influence of climate, but also let us distrust our conservative mood of indifference, — a part of our English constitution, — and count the effect of climate for less than it is. For it is to be remarked that though naturally the suggestion that America has many climates is true, still they all have something in common different from those of Europe. We learn from Mr. Tyndall that we all live at the bottom of forty miles of atmosphere, like eels and flounders below an atmospheric sea. The air we breathe is heavy with supply of nourishment and sometimes with death, but the most certain death would be that of an exhausted receiver. At the top of Mount Blanc life cannot be long sustained; the blood bursts through the skin, the lungs are not fed. Our air has something of the thinness of the air of Mount Blanc, and through that thinness the sun, the source of life to all things, sends his ray fiercer upon the brain than he does in Europe. The best expression I know to convey the difference between our climate and that of the Old World is, that there is more *draught* here; the blower is put on to our fire, and we burn away with the

top of our chimney, the brain, in lively flame. No wonder that too often this draught is got at the expense of the furnace; the stomach feels its consuming power, and assumes abnormal conditions. One has often noticed the swift despatch and silent society of our *tables d'hôte*. The feed for the fire is thrown in with haste and without precaution, and without the social cheer and serenity which should naturally welcome so pleasant a necessity as eating. For the waste is tremendous.

So, often the machinery gets disorganized, and needs the repair of the doctor; or the fortunate patient is able to try Europe, where the draught and waste are less, and where, besides, the sufferer returns to the old home. Is it conceivable that the influence of those conditions which made for so long the parent should go for nothing with the children? For long centuries of growth and training, the European has been brought to what he is,—the foremost of the many inhabitants of earth. Year by year the mysterious particles of being which transmit their gain, whether of brain or body, from father to son, had made our Puritan ancestor what he was, and to recover those conditions is invaluable to his descendant. Some-

thing separated his stock from all other inferior races, and that something the descendant of the Puritans recovers when revisiting home. For Europe is the home of his protoplasm, of the long succession of forces which make him what he is. And he feels it at once. Those premonitions of a previous state which Plato speaks of seem to give him a claim to Europe as his home. And it is the home of the greater part of him; the nostalgia he had felt without understanding it brings to his eyes tears of affectionate recognition. The English lawn, the hanging wood, the castle's tower cresting its top, the village church, seem his; and indeed he loves England with a love no Englishman can feel for it. He sees it as the Israelites may have seen again the towers of Jerusalem after their songs of heart-break in a foreign land.

But amidst all his home-feeling he makes a discovery. He finds he has two homes, — the one he has left, and the one he recovers. In each he misses something. In England soon there is an outcry within him for the keen air, the active life, the stimulus, beyond those of England, and when home again "*reminiscitur Argos*," as only one can a mother country.

It is probable in the future that England and

America will mingle much more than they have done already. Even now, our lecture rooms, our theatres, see England dividing with our own clever men public applause. Later, when we are well aired and ripe, English will be here as residents, while the graceful Thames and the misty Tweed will see villas whose temporary possessor has his home in New York and Boston. And it will be good for both to do it. Our electric air takes the cobwebs out of the Englishman's brain, and England gives that repose to an American's machinery it sadly needs.

Books have been written to prove that a European colony cannot thrive so far away from home as we are. Knox and others have so said. The alarm is natural. What was built up through so many years of selection and struggle may unbuild itself when the helps it had once are wanting. When Dickens was in Boston, I asked him what I called an important question. "You have the best pair of eyes in England, and were here some thirty years ago. Do you see gain or loss in the stability of our foothold? Do our young people seem to you healthier or sicklier since you came first?" Rubbing his hands with glee, he said: "I have much

pleasure in answering your question. They seem to me to have decidedly gained, — more robust and healthier.” But all do not think so; and the diminishing nursery, the frequent pallor and feebleness of so many, have given alarm to others than Dr. Clarke; but I find, as I remember the past, in proportion more stout and able-bodied people now than then. But memory cannot be safely trusted in such matters, as it mixes itself up too much with special cases and self-illusion.

I have thus dwelt so fully on the climate, for I think it perhaps the preponderating element in the future, and it has influences most encouraging to a republican form of government. There is an electric sympathy as well as an electric stimulus in our sky. We think in masses; thought flies through the air as on an invisible wire; brain answers to brain; and efforts can be made or resisted through a solidarity of will of which Europe has no conception.

There is something here which makes personal distinctions a farce. Little grandeur surrounds a title, nor would a barrister’s wig curl with terror here to anybody. Our fathers did not found a republic, — they found one. It was in the air already, and easily all the rest was

done. They soon were clothed with republican methods in which they were more at home than they were in their former dress. To-day the republic here is more at home and more in accordance with popular opinion than in England is monarchy.

Our danger is not from monarchy. Nor would it seem to be from priestcraft. The Irishman brings with him the *culte* of his priest, but after a while it sits loosely on him. He breathes, too, that something in the air of independence and good sense which makes the gold of family and title look so pale. He changes, too, hourly.

Apparently he leaves on the wharf the rollicking fun which had cheered his misery at home, and assumes with his new responsibility a gravity which never deserts him. It is hard to believe him the queer jester of the Lakes of Killarney, or the merry beggar of the streets of Dublin. His nostalgia is taking the form of missing his fun. But better fed and lodged than ever before, his brain is doubly undergoing a change for the better. The over-dampness of his own country is exchanged for brightness and stimulus, and that brain which had got torpid and sluggish for want of phosphorus

(for in Ireland the Irish will not eat fish except as a religious observance, and the potato has no phosphorus) is fortified by meat and fish unknown at home. The effect of this change of diet, in connection with schools and prosperity, is easily seen in the young generation. They are as American as any of us. They begin to look at their priest as no magician, and are on the way to which all the ways lead,—to become the American of the future.

Our real danger is from the overgrowth of our own peculiarities,—a surrender to our faults; the neglect of the public weal from the loss of honor attaching to its office; a certain indifference from weariness of fighting with rampant and vulgar villany; an arrangement by which, for personal peace and quiet, the public trusts, the public treasury, may be given up to the wolves; the submission to whatever roguery is impending as inevitable. Yes, the country can only go to ruin by default; but that danger would seem to be impossible, where public opinion is so watchful and sensitive. Every return of the wave of outraged public opinion is always more stormy, and let us hope will for ever sweep before it the impediments

which bad men may interpose to the nation's development, and finally witness its authorized, legitimate ascent into the foremost place among the nations of the world.

JASMIN.

HALF the world does not know how the other half lives, was truly said, — not the half of any country, city, or village even; for selfish preoccupation, as well as the pride which hides the poverty of which it is ashamed, both conspire to make this true, even in a village, where for the most part every thing is known about everybody.

This saying is particularly true of France; for the glare of Paris but makes the darkness of the provinces more evident. This glare has a moth-like fascination for the Frenchman. As he quaintly says, when the fiddle gives him a longing to dance, "I feel the ants in my calves," so one might say the word "Paris" stirs the asphalt in his blood, and bids it hurry to join that of the Boulevards. A provincial celebrity is of small account in France till Paris has set its seal upon his fame.

So, sooner or later all come to Paris, and Paris welcomes each illustrious visitor. It chanced -

that I myself was there, when a provincial poet came for recognition and laurels. Jasmin, the barber of Agen, the favorite troubadour of the Pyrenees, it was. All the critics waved their hands in salutation. Jules Janin, alive in every nerve to literary novelty, and the judicial and friendly St. Beuve, led in the ovation. St. Beuve, whose word is oracular, had already, in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*," signalled his merits, and related "*faits et gestes*," which proved that the poet's heart was as warm as his fancy was lively; indeed had said how the heart inspired the head. Paris could not, of course, furnish such a coronation and tournament as suits the more limited arena and warmer sensibilities of a meridional town.

Fringing the blue Mediterranean and the Pyrenees is a belt of cities and chateaux, round which still lingers the aroma of the days of song. "*Bon chien chasse de race*," and the blood of the old provincial ballads still sings in those Southern veins of theirs. As the snow lingers in some Pyrenean valley, when all is green in the plain, the murmur of mediæval lays still haunts the air there. And as in the Alps, — where in a secluded valley still lingers the mediæval religious play which astonishes the spectator as

with a past which has everywhere else melted into the light of common day, and yet delays there, a patch of the unsullied whiteness of the old religion, — so is it near the sister Pyrenees with song.

Here and there the old feeling reasserts itself. A good half-dozen of local poets could be named, each with enthusiastic adherents, who have cropped up as it were from the old formation. They send challenges to each other; they write cartels in quaint, sparkling fashion, as if we yet wore helm and hauberk, and fair ladies

“ Rain influence,
And judge the prize.”

The most famous of these, after Jasmin, perhaps, is Reboul of Nismes, a baker, as Jasmin was a barber. One of the singing fellowship challenged Jasmin, and St. Beuve justly commends the wise and witty way with which Jasmin extricates himself from the difficulty. He was challenged to be shut up, imprisoned with his rival for twenty-four hours, only necessary food being admitted, and three subjects given them for competitive skill. Jasmin, with a merry twinkle in his eye, protests that his Muse, who so loved the open air and the breath of Nature, could not endure it, would pine and

fail ; besides, that she was a slow producer, and twenty-four hours would hardly give her time to begin. "To my shame," he says, "I am already vanquished, and you may proclaim it to all who care to hear it." So Jasmin in Paris was not to be baited with an adversary, but he did not decline charming, crowded, and illustrious audiences.

I had the good fortune to be present on one of these occasions. The room, not too large, was filled with ladies, not a few English, for our hostess belonged to both nations. The poet beamed like a sun. His features, mobile and glowing, made more frigid than before, the English faces below him, as he recited. His was no perfunctory reading,—no timid, mock-modest elocution. No ; he beamed from his desk like the sun of Agen, and gloried in his warmth and splendor. He had conquered the coldest, before he began, by the magical sympathy of his manner. He was the song he sung ; he did not say it only with his lips. With a tangle of hair, dark with that brand of sunshine which, getting blacker and blacker as we near the equator, crisps and curls in Africa into those little curls of burning ribbon, flat and not cylindrical ; with an eye, a well of sunshine, and dancing with a

light as if on a grape of his own Garonne ; with a voice rich and thick with glowing animal life, he took our little room in his hands and did with it what he would. He melted his audience in every sense. The poem was the "Blind Girl of Castel Cuillée," so beautifully translated by Mr. Longfellow. The pathos of it goes straight to the heart, and Jasmin well knew it.

"If you would move your hearers, first feel yourself." Never was the saying better heeded. The simple, vital genuineness of the man upset all the rules of French recitation.

"Ladies, get out your handkerchiefs, and if you have two, all the better, for I shall make you weep." A dangerous bravado, a dangerous vanity, you say. Nothing of the sort ; this acknowledged and robust vanity of his he gloried in, and so did we.

"I do not let it embarrass me," he said, "by concealment or denial. I know there is feeling in my poem, for I felt my heart ache as I wrote it." And so he beamed and began. And around and over all was a mighty flavor of garlic.

The beautiful sunny Southern words — bastard brothers of the sweet Italian speech — seemed to float to us enriched upon an atmosphere of garlic. But there was enough French in solu-

tion for all to follow and understand the poet. Soon the defiant handkerchiefs, which had sullenly retreated to the deepest pockets, waved their white signals of surrender. His bravos were silence and sobs. With eyes streaming and broken voice, he slaughtered and despatched his auditory. It was something new, something human and genuine. We felt ashamed of ourselves, and wondered whether, when human nature has such springs of feeling, suppression and starvation of them be on the whole best. For a moment we were proud and pitiful. We had felt the seductive egotism of tears. We also pitied the poor blind girl of Castel Cuillée, and should till we reached the *porte cochère* at all events.

After the reading, the poet revelled in his success. He flamed and exulted, but in so grateful and manly a spirit of thanks for his gift, that none were offended. One easily saw he was not city-bred. He had not by attrition worn away the original curves and angles of his nature. He had not at all tried to squeeze himself into the conventional mould, and for convenience's sake to make himself like the other pins in the pin-paper.

We breathed deeper in his presence, for in his

magnetism we recovered somewhat of our own. He shamed the timid make-believe of fashion and dandyism, and could have thrown down a gauntlet of antique chivalry to Mrs. Grundy herself. He breathed, even in the constraint of the town, of the blithe freedom of the Southern fields, — and of its garlic.

I told him of my regret at not finding him in his barber shop when I called at Agen, a short time before, and that I looked upon the barber's basin hanging outside as a shield suspended, after the manner of Don Quixote, in challenge to all the paynims and giants of the drear land of prose, and upon himself as the flower of troubadours. A volume containing Mr. Longfellow's translation of "*L'Aveugle del Castel Cuillée*" was put into his hand. On seeing the translation, he recognized his own at once, and burst into enthusiasm. "Though I do not know a word of English, I will tell you the meaning of any line of it," he cried, "for my translator has carefully followed the irregular movement of my lines." We tried him, and invariably he was successful. After this the assembly broke up, and we took our leave.

I met him afterwards with more of privacy and quiet, but still found him the glowing old

troubadour he always was, — his tropical nature fed by success and praise, the unrestrained flowering of a noble heart, — a grand human plant, near which we all had something added to our own littleness. He felt the coldness of Paris severely, — both that of the manners and the climate. His glow fell comparatively on ice. Perhaps it is as well he did not visit New England, as we invited him to do. If your Boston man be the east wind made flesh, his torch might have gone out in such an air. He piteously lamented the want of sun. “They have got here a paper lantern instead of a sun. They say here of it, ‘il luit;’ how pale and colorless that sounds! When our monarch shines upon his subjects we say ‘Soleya,’ — he suns. See what a word and what a sun you miss.”

YANKEE-ISMS.

MAX MÜLLER tells us that it is very hard to create a new word. A new circumstance, a new condition of living, only can do it. Then the word comes to the surface as token of this new thing. It is touching, almost, to see each new baby repeat in its first babbling the echo of a thousand generations. All the nursery words, Max Müller tells us, the instinctive animal bleating, as it were, of the race, were first heard in the Aryan cradle of their birth-place. What the dear baby almost thinks he invents for himself has had this long life, so hard it is to invent a new word. It is entertaining to notice the reception, by the old stock, of a new word which has a right to live; the parvenu attracts and repels by his vitality and coarseness; but after a while, as we may see *shoddy* at the Italian opera, he is found to have elbowed his way into the classical dictionaries.

He had life in him, and was needed, in spite of his raw air and bad manners. To some degree, his success is the prediction of the success of that democracy of which he is the last-born child. One knows by heart the name of some of these democrats, who, like a fearful group of country cousins, dressed in all defiance of rule, have made their way to royal tables. There is, at every moment, a fresh importation of these phrases, and English purists do shudder when they see them arriving upon the shore of classic speech.

Is democracy inevitably associated with a nasal accent? Do the rights of man whine and shrill when one would think a lion's roar better befitted them? The truth of it is, this twang, the *voce di testa*, is simply the result of this climate, which dries the vocal chords as it would like those of any other instrument. It is not a matter of preference on the part of the American, and absolutely has nothing to do with his political belief, not much more than his spitting, which comes from the same cause. In fact, the Yankee is but a dried Englishman. He has found it out for himself in Australia, where his jaw and shoulders pare away, and his voice shrills in that southern sunshine. Everywhere the Englishman changes

when he leaves home. India marks him with a seal of gold; the West Indies gives him a pallor, through which his blood shows like the blue veins in marble. America, on the whole, does the best by him, and what he loses in robustness and breadth he gains in quick-wittedness. Fortunate Englishman, kept in that tight little island, heated by the Gulf stream as by a calorifier, the sun tempered by a vapor which it diffuses. It is the hot-house of the world, the seed-garden of nations. From its shelves are taken the potted-plants for germination in every climate. There they bloom or wither as they best may. But they carry the brand of their green-house wherever they go. In the difficult struggle with a foreign climate, their roots fondly grope for their mother earth, and the sweet waters which feed their kindred.

The twang of the American is one of the signs of distress which his nature hangs out to show she is not yet at home. His ancestor, so saturated through his open pores with the moisture of England, was like a great sponge, through which seas of beer and whiskey could roll without harm, as we see the ocean does round and through the sponge and the madreporé; yet another signal, when the ancestral draught is

offered to his imprisoned organs, his closed pores refusing egress, his devastated inside exclaims in protest; whereupon, indignant and disabused, he hurries off and joins a temperance society, — that society which, living by negation, is content to denounce the tankard which Shakespeare and Chaucer held, without claiming any thing for the quality of the water it recommends, — that lovely water, filtered through granite, close, keen, crystalline, which seems to the returned American, nauseated with the lime-compound of Europe, to strike on his bare nerve with only too much ecstasy.

The speech of this porous and spongy ancestor! How the organ-tubes play through him! How his basso goes down to his boots! How he talks with the whole man! After that constitutional emphasis of his, the quick chatter of an American gathering resembles somewhat in its surface-quickness and brightness, the skipping of flat stones on a pond.

The Puritans brought a vocabulary with them, — the English of all England and the county dialects they came from. Some painful author should have gathered these threads of local speech together, and made a book. We ought to know where every old word came from, —

which was Devonshire, which Lancashire, and which Lincolnshire and Suffolk. These all contributed, and other counties too. Wales, Ireland, and Scotland, of course, added their quota; and one foreign state has left at our great centre, New York, marks of sovereignty. The words, the ways, the cakes, the toys, still survive there; to Holland we owe the American stage-coach, with its springs, its three seats, its leather-strap, with bolt of iron. The master-word of New York, a short time since, owned Holland for a birth-place. "Boss" Tweed, with his fabulous proportions, seems a continuation of early Dutch history, owing its life to the fertile extravagance of some Washington Irving.

The American breakfast, so unlike the English solitude of dry-toast, and eggs which still bear marks of the French custom-house, is Dutch, mainly. It has often been compared to the glorious Scotch breakfasts, but its elements are different. The Scotch winter-breakfast has not for its basis that mysterious army of cakes and hot-bread, whose grandfather was the waffle of Holland. The cruller and other Batavian delicacies are still welcomed by a grateful posterity.

Most city-houses here have a formidable en-

trance of stone or marble, and even wood, which naïvely says, from its Corinthian whittle, "Please let us make-believe a little." England has a flat door, between ugly railings, a rousing knocker, always kept bright, and an aristocratic duplicity of bells which never are so. Our metal bell-pulls shine like real silver; a near relative of Eglinton's Queen of beauty said, on seeing them, "Now I can write home that the Americans are not savages, for they have silver bell-pulls." But is not our ponderous portico a side-derivation from the "stoop" of Dutch New York? It would seem so.

East Anglia furnished perhaps a majority of the New England settlers. It is a very venerable part of England, and its capital, Bury St. Edmunds, has all the mark of it. Some of the most famous abbeys were not far off, and Carlyle's great ecclesiastical hero was there at home. In that remote district, religious ideas gained tenacity and strength. What wonder, then, that this new exodus to a new Canaan should be largely furnished thence. There are dictionaries of its old words,—one by Forby, who claims for his local provincialisms the authority of great age. They were the better English, he thinks, but too far from London to live. Shakespeare

has not disdained many of them, nor should we. But the world's wheel cannot be put back. Words drop out and are gone; and so he laments the loss of much good English.

On opening his book, to the delight of the New Englander, every page bristles with Yankee-isms. You do not find "cricket" there, for that comes from Lancashire, as is shown by foot-notes to a novel of Mrs. Gaskell's. Neither that nor "booby-hut" are known in New York; — the latter we owe to Suffolk. All the quaint old farm words our fathers knew are in Forby, and such choice Yankee-isms as "slick," "riled," &c.

Oddly enough, in defiance of our theory of the twang here being due to climate, the Suffolk whine, which still exists, for we have heard it, though it is, however, rather a drawl than a twang, is abundantly referred to in Forby, and elsewhere.

So it seems that England furnished both the Yankee words and the Yankee drawl she laughs at. Indeed, she is laughing at herself; for when she injuriously says "Yankee," she is merely saying English. "Yankee" is the Indian modification of English.

There is a Yankee word, the origin of which we fondly believe to have traced. "Chowder,"

from *la chaudière*; the kettle of fish tells the word. We suppose, when our early fishermen on the Banks mingled with their French brethren, they naturally preferred a savory French mess to their own; they talked of it when at home to their wives, who, besides asking how it was made, asked its name. "They said something about chowder," might have mumbled some old fisherman. This is, therefore, perhaps, one of the words we owe to France; and from Spanish America has rattled down upon Texas and California Spanish words like hailstones, and which, as English ones, are slowly making the tour of the world.

AT THE MEDIUM'S.

IT was the same old place. A room rather musty; furniture and chairs of the hopeless order, showing at least that the resident would not be likely to refuse bank-notes for honest service.

The ornaments of the room were of a low type, as to taste; a little flourish of make-believes, such as expatriated sea-shells on the mantel, a child with a lamb in lithograph, so pink in the cheeks and with so innocent a look in its saucer-blue eyes, that it gave one a fresh peep into Arcadia and the age of gold.

Then, too, the cruel photographs, looking like caricatures without their fun. So unlike were they to human beings, that we looked on them with awe as possibly intended to represent spirits.

It was the same old circle too. Not all individually the same, but the types were. There was the same poor woman, more than half a

spirit herself, with a face of chronic enthusiasm. Submissive to all the heavenly powers could ask of her, and believing her Henry was appealing to her in every creak, whether of the furniture, or a rap of the spirit-knuckle of her beloved one. She would have posted that night to Nevada, if such had been Henry's bidding ; and any rubbish that hap-hazard or some tricky Ariel could concoct, would pass with her for the mandate of heaven.

And then there was the clumsy-minded, definite man, who believed there was something in it, but who desired a proof of his own contriving. For instance, if the mustard-spoon could be removed from the cruet, he was satisfied, though he looked coldly on any disturbance of the pepper-pot. He would recount to you how he had come for ten consecutive evenings, in the hope of seeing a particular book moved, or a particular thing said, unknown to any one but himself, and at last got it, and retired hilarious.

Then there was the shamefaced visitor, repeating little pater-nosters to himself, and only there to oblige a clerical friend, who was sure it was diabolism, and wished his opinion. His opinion ! As well ask the opinion of one in the presence of the midnight assassin as to Darwin's conject-

ures, as his, under his prescribed formula of spirit and matter. Inexpressibly revolted at the cheapness and simplicity of the whole thing, perhaps what most revolted him was the levity and frolicsomeness of the so-called spirits. An immortal soul to return to its place of probation for no nobler end than to rap noise and joggle tables, — it offended every higher instinct. In vain could you suggest to him that people are not so much changed by going into another room; that laughter and fun are what here most distinguish us from the brute creation, and that perhaps a little of it may survive death; and that the spirits were not there laden with a message from the Most High, nor, apparently awkward as it sounded, were they there to enforce Christian doctrine, or strew around them many a holy text. Why they were there, if real and not illusive, we might never find out, but certainly never could by leaving them severely alone.

He retired to his home, more than ever convinced that news and precepts from *outré tombe* were forbidden and objectionable, and he found in his somewhat time-worn and faded ritual all the manna his soul needed. He considered the hierophants of this sad delusion as the very peo-

ple referred to by the prophet, as those who "peep and mutter," though what those words may mean, as so applied, he was puzzled to say.

And then there was the average Bostonian, clever, quick, steeped in no reverential shadows, — thinking his foot-rule a very fit instrument for measuring Cosmos, — knowing every thing, yet believing little, with a sort of short-handed logic in favor of matter over spirit; my friend Doughty was there to represent many of his respectable city.

We had not much to instruct or amuse us. Certain St.. Vitus convulsions of the table, strange currents of cold air, the feeblest of responses to most ardent questionings, and yet

"Over all there hung a cloud of fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted."

Slips of paper were written on and tossed to individuals. Strange pushes were made against our legs, as from the paws of Newfoundland dogs, and seeming as if they could traverse bone and flesh as if they had been air. I watched the cold eye of Doughty. Its quick disapprobation was for a moment changed to a glow of wonder and interest, as suddenly a slip was

tossed before him, and on it written, "Don't forget Helen and the moss agate."

Doughty swiftly rose from his chair and was lost to us in the room for a few minutes. There was a look of struggle and pain in his face when he returned, but he took apparently little further interest in the proceedings.

Soon the spirits tapered off into incompetency, and the meeting broke up.

We put on our wraps and overcoats, and were composed and quieted by the soft trouble of the snow. It fell so directly down, windless, silent, like a benediction after the heat and anxiety of the medium's room. As we trudged home we talked the thing over, somewhat after the fashion of the following dialogue:—

Trusty. — Well, old fellow, what do you think of it?

Doughty. — Rubbish I should say, — nothing for a man's mind seriously to take hold of. Vulgar and offensive to every delicate instinct. And over and over the same thing. Could you not see how demoralized, even idiotized, that poor woman, who believed every thing, was always growing? For a matter of curiosity, a man may go once, but no sensible man could try it twice, and if he did, he soon would become a *cretin*. What do you think of it yourself?

Trusty. — I think it the most interesting and suggestive thing I have met in my life's pilgrimage.

Doughty. — Indeed? I knew that you often went on these spirit-hunts; but I thought it with you partly habit, and the rest kill-time.

Trusty. — Those, and something besides. You are not in the charmed circle, but a critical outsider. In that you resemble the outside world; but I am steeped in it, and it educates in me a new power, something mixed of all our powers; it stimulates my imaginative intellect, and even gives my scientific curiosity hopes of a solution.

Doughty. — Science! I thought that it and spiritualism were in irreconcilable opposition.

Trusty. — Yes, till now, and for a while yet. You notice how the public turn to the men of science for solution of the wonder; no churchman or bishop is invited. What do you think Cotton Mather would say to that?

Doughty. — Having made such a mess with his witches, he might not like to burn his fingers again.

Trusty. — But it is a sign of the times, this reference of all unexplained things to science. She tried the explanation, and ignominiously failed. It was not merely that the *savans*

brought prejudice and disgust, heavy weights in the scales of the imponderables, but there was a factor in the sum, namely, man's mind, which science cannot handle. They are physicians, not metaphysicians. Faraday was explaining by unconscious pressure a fact which included tables whirled to the ceiling and about the room, with no one touching them. Of course, like the tables, his explanation came at last to the ground.

But the public are right in going to the men of science. They are our rulers now, and know so much, they might know every thing. Besides, it is a pet theory of mine, that through these attempts the world will finally see a reconciliation between the man of faith and the man of knowledge.

The line is sharply drawn now. The prayer-test is a rather impious expression of it; and there are scientific books as bare of religion and faith and hope as your hand. All that is as it should be.

The parson has bullied us so long, it is well for another to try a trick at the wheel. And how coy and submissive Boanerges and all his thunders have grown, before these valorous Tyndalls and Darwins!

It makes one think that before long the churches will be turned into lecture-rooms, and on the sacramental table may be carried on physical and chemical experiments.

It looks odd, doesn't it, that on all sides fine churches are going up with us, when the thoughts of the congregation turn to the institutes of science for the key of this world, and perhaps even of the next. By the by, why did you leave us so hurriedly?

Doughty. — I was rather cut up by so unexpected a reference to one of the dearest, most vital passages of my life. It is not a thing I should care to talk about; it is too sacred. There either was some lucky guess-work about me, or some care in getting information; though, even so, I don't see how the medium could find it out.

Trusty. — Why not say coincidence? The word explains nothing, nor does one believe it; but it serves to get rid of an awkward difficulty. What with the cheating of mediums, their exposure, and the clever coincidences they accomplish, we really get to think that there is little in this new matter but rascality. Now this will not do. No sensible man who has examined it, believes in the rascality, or finds

cheating to explain any thing. Why, I have seen at midday, near a window, with a curtain up, hands — children's, women's, old men's — playing about the face of a person sitting opposite me ; the medium, a country boy with a red head, having both his hands holding that person's arm on the other side.

All as clear as day, and only four of us in the room. Now I know that no apparatus could contrive that ; you know it, or should ; and after that, do you suppose I am detained with stories of cheating as a serious explanation ? I grant there is something in the accusation which suits the denying, sly, prosaic spirit of our people well. Let them enjoy their stories, but not come to me with them as satisfactory explanations. Is it the imperfection and shortcoming of the spirit-efforts which trouble you ; the thinness of the messages ; their want of any information we desire ; the use of earthly metaphor to describe heavenly things ; the failure of the spirits to accomplish their promises, or to do the things they should, as we think ? If these things trouble you or me, it is no wonder ; but let us think it over.

If spiritualism is a true thing, it is at its beginnings. To be sure, it has had its forerun-

ners, hints and glimpses of what was coming, from the earliest time.

It is cousin-german too, and related, to all priestly practices in all the religions of the past. The same indefinable something is appealed to in the New Testament; it is this, namely, the hope of the life to come. But as a complete thing, presenting itself now all over the world, it is very young. It is only a toddling baby. Perhaps it does not know what it wants, what it can do. It seems, like a baby, to be trying constantly new efforts. It seems to learn by practice, and it begins to give hints of its purposes.

Then, again, we are putting it on its trial, when it may care little about that. We are surprised and offended; but is the author of it and all things surprised, or careful to make our inapprehensive brains comprehend it at once?

Perhaps it is diabolism. This is an awkward hypothesis, just as all Christian sects are purifying their old superstitions, and treating old Nickie Ben even worse than did the faithful of the Middle Ages, who only made fun of him and overturned his trick; but now he is historically explained away, — improved off the face of the earth. Wickedness and suffering remain; if

they are diminishing, it is so slowly that one must believe in evil, as did our ancestors ; but the personal devil seems fading ; nor is his reign likely to be recovered through the ugliest help of spiritualism.

But what suggest to us the most of comfort and hope, that it all may not be a snare and a delusion, are the new conquering theories of the solidarity of creation, at least as to our world, and the dogma of evolution.

By the by, did you know that the father of the theory, Wallace, avows, when reviewing Mr. Owen's fascinating book, that he cannot withhold his assent from Mr. Owen's conclusions, *i.e.*, spirit agency, if Mr. Owen's facts and statements are to be trusted ? and that they are so, he gladly admits. The same inquiring method into the hidden things of Nature which had led Mr. Owen to his belief, the same logic which forced him to the conviction of spirit agency, Mr. Wallace avowed he employed in the studies of science, nor could he refuse them to another.

Of course, Mr. Wallace is said to have deteriorated in mental power since this.

Connu! the old dodge ! We remember it in brave Dr. Hare's case, and in so many others, and smile superior.

Remembering this, the theory of evolution, of development, and progress, is it too wonderful that man should be taking to himself a new power, — a fresh relation with nature?

As the soul must have been evolved somewhere along the line of travel from the ascidian to Newton, — as the bark in dogs got created some day from their silent ancestor, — so a sixth sense, a sensibility to occult forces, is growing in man, and its misty and mysterious beginning is called spiritualism.

When it shall have fully unfolded itself, may we not hope to find the key to all the intrusions in the world's history from the realm beyond, — one of easy explanation; one consistent ever, and law-abiding? Can He who is law, be lawless in His highest things?

It is the grandeur of the sweep, the range of the orbit, which confuses. Like the comet, so hard to measure and compute, and yet whose shattered fragments may be the only visitors we know from the worlds above us, — so the trails of this spiritual meteor may have dropped to earth from their fringes, the aerolites men call miracles, and the intelligences men now call spirits.

Wait fifty years, and you will see the new

antennæ of the soul grow and strengthen till an added sense shall have been gained, — new relations between the law of love and the laws of matter ; and then perhaps we may begin to know the new heaven and the new earth, of which we have heard men speak, but not intelligibly. And if spiritualism turns out a failure and a mistake, it is no matter, — we did not make it, and are not responsible for it. Trust Him who did ; and as the last of His gifts is not likely to be unworthy of Him, let us rest upon Him, in confidence and faith.

Doughty. — Well said. I must think of these things more seriously. Come now, we are just at my house, let us go in and soothe our speculations with the blandness of the weed of the philosopher. Come in !

HOURS WITH THE POETS.

THERE is in man an insatiable hunger to know other men. As he does not well understand himself, he thinks that knowledge of them may help him to self-knowledge. And it certainly does. But the power of knowing others is not merely in being with them, but depends upon a mysterious gift quite peculiar with some people of subtle approach to their nature; they feel the person they are with as if secretly they carried with them a photographic plate upon which the features they study are impressed, without help of word or explanation. Without something of this power, intercourse with others is barren and null, but too much of this absorption of another's nature in one's own — this sympathy, this antipathy, as it is called, as it attracts or repels — is painful.

Zschokke relates that he had this gift to a degree which annoyed him. Sitting with a stranger in a coach, or meeting him on a road, a picture of that person's whole life would

panoramically pass before his eyes. And when asked to say what it had told him, his apprehension was generally correct. It is this undesired sympathy with the mental condition of those about, or half sympathy, which makes a discomfort often unintelligible. People half know each other, and mistake that half for the whole. And antipathy mistakes itself for candid judgment. It is supposed to be impossible to meet a person daily and not to know him, when nothing is more uncertain than that it should be so. Contact is not possession, however often repeated. A young Scotchman told me he never could do justice to the greatness of Walter Scott, because he met him daily in Edinburgh, and only saw his lameness, his look of a canny advocate, and any other unimportant marks of the man. Another, with more of the power of silently entering into character, might perhaps have divined his career from one interview. It required but a look from George Fox to read the soul of Cromwell, and to feel come from him, just before his end, what he called "a waft of death."

Travel has this advantage, that it takes one from one's self; above all, from that supposed self which the half-knowledge of half-friends

surrounds us with. Some can only know one by one's faults, and, as if they were above such error, describe half the town by their shady side, — ticketing off people and labelling them as if their superscription was final. The meanest nature can comprehend the evil in which it shares, but it requires, to judge a lofty one, to be on a level with it. Only Alp can talk to Alp.

Too soon death comes to provide a strange reconciliation ; dilated through its mystery, the good of a man is then universally seen, and his faults disappear. They are felt at once to have been but the hinderance and accident of his better part, — that the true man is what he was, and not what he failed to be.

How strikingly this was shown in the case of the beloved senator whom we have lately lost, has been universally noticed. He never was in comfortable relations with his own townsfolk, especially his natural peers, those who shared with him culture and social advantage. With many there was an unreasoning sentiment of hostility. But it was not wholly that. That senator was a disturber of the public peace, — that peace which men fear to disturb because it rests upon dangerous foundations. Conservatism is not so much the love of what is, as

distrust of what may be. With many, any comfort and security is better than to risk what may lose every thing. They cling to broken spars rather than risk floating away upon a sea of speculation. Nor is it wholly this either; a genuine patriotism is interwoven with what the conscience disapproves in a nation's life.

All or nothing is the feeling, and any who disparages a part is held as violating the whole. I have never seen a copper-head, as the spirit of civil discord so ungraciously called many a fine fellow, able satisfactorily to explain his apparent want of patriotism when the crisis had come. Of course it mostly was fed by unreasoning and timid conservatism, but that it was feeling, and not judgment or conscience, was shown in many ways, — in assaults on the men who upheld the flag, rating them at their worst, and caricaturing their foibles. But I take it mainly their heat came from genuine love of country.

Of course we must allow also for the blight upon approval which comes from envy, and the supposed insolence of moral pretensions, — a more acute insolence than could proceed from the loftiest aristocracy.

Nor should it be forgotten that we have encouraged timidity till all courage becomes sus-

pect. So certain have we been that nothing will palliate the crime of duelling, that our representatives went to Washington like sheep to the slaughter, and yet public opinion would not fairly support the course it had directed. I know nothing meaner than when insult was heaped upon Mr. Everett, so stainless and so honorable, which he could not resent, public opinion at home complained of him for not being a fire-eater. But then timidity is cousin-german to meanness.

This love of hearing of our fellow-men, and especially of famous ones, leads me to make a few notes of some people I have met. I merely render an impression, and do not undertake an estimate of them.

And yet it is singular how swiftly, completely, and not incorrectly, a mere glimpse of a man may explain him.

On thinking of him afterwards, we seem to have known him a long time and to need no more. He stamped himself into our receptive mood, as the seal needs but one push into the ready wax.

This is why it is desirable — if it can be done naturally, and not with the cold-blooded effrontery of an “interviewer” — to find them and seek them out.

And we Americans are doubly interested in hearing of, if we cannot meet, famous folks ; our provincial relation with Europe, to be sure, daily disappearing, and our reading mania.

We certainly deserve the word "curious," which attaches of old to the Yankee, famous from the first for his questioning capacity, and undoubtedly, unlike our English brethren, taking little interest in hearing of noblemen as compared with men of letters. Indeed the noblemen have done nothing for us, and the men of letters a great deal. They are our nearest friends, and in just that way, as above said, so many other friends do not get to us, — inside us, they do ; for theirs is no sullen half sympathy, but they give us themselves, their thoughts, and their feelings.

And the more they do this, as is the case with the poets, the more near they come to us, the more are they beloved.

The poets, indeed, are the avowed pets of the world. Nor will the world be denied. Whether the hedges of Faringford succeed in fencing in the shyest as well as the most musical of singers, or the free wind of the open street blow about him, as with the venerable and lusty bard of New York, still the world will not be

denied its love. The poet has made life sweet to us; has revealed us to ourselves; has been the compensation and complement of joy for the daily fret and toil; and everywhere there is an affection which would express itself loudly were not the relation of the poet and his reader so secret and sacred that any noisy reference to it becomes unseemly.

When I was a boy, a journey was a solemn thing. Kind mothers superintended the packing of every trunk, and friends were beset to furnish the letters, without which society refuses access to the most enterprising traveller. Prayers were put up in churches even for so short a journey as to New York. Now a youth steps in from Japan or Coomassie, and we look at him almost as if he had only come round the corner. And so I did not want for letters; indeed they seemed to me superfluously many, for a young person has not quite the same curiosity in particular people that he has in particular places. Places first, people afterwards. He has not as yet grown his love of human nature; that comes later. People all seem tolerably alike, even great ones, — but Paris, Marathon, Rome, ah!

Fortunately for me was it that this is so, for all my letters, except a few I had accidentally

put in my pocket, were ravished from me at London. I went, as we all did then, in a sailing vessel, and got out at Portsmouth, and let my ship proceed to London, where I reclaimed my luggage. My letters were so numerous that the red-faced and stupid official, into whose clutches I fell at the custom-house, opened them; they were not sealed, which should have made them sacred, and finding them long, in a rage he pronounced them cheats, trying to defraud his Majesty's post-office, and mailed them every one. They flew all over the world, and in every language drew imprecations upon the stupid Yankee, who could without showing himself give others the expense of a useless letter. How many a dull visit that loss may have saved me I shall never know; but the famous men to whom some of the lost ones were directed I shall ever regret missing.

One was to Charles Lamb. What reader would not be willing to hear one word more of that incomparable humorist? But I have none to tell him.

One, too, was to Godwin, author of "Caleb Williams." He died the year of my arrival, and it would have been pleasant to see the veteran. Such old faces carry one back to an earlier

epoch, and they always show they do. For every epoch has its face, as well as its manners and costume. These faces are like coins worn and faded with friction with the world, but the date is still there.

I did have a letter to O'Connell, and in my despair I drove at once to his house. Unfortunately he was out; but, oddly enough, before a year was over, I heard of him as denouncing the London custom-house and its insolence to foreigners; so my visit might have had results if the great Irishman had been at home.

And I had a letter to Coleridge. Knowing the state of his health, I sent my letter to Dr. Gilman, with whom he lived, to find when I might present myself. He answered that he would let me know. I had not long to wait, for the good news came that his great friend was better, and that if I would go the day after Mr. Gilman's note came, I should certainly see and speak with the illustrious poet. Fired with that reverential enthusiasm with which such a man was generally regarded, I ordered a cab for a drive to Highgate, where Dr. Gilman lived. I took up the "Times" to occupy myself till the cab came, and the first thing my eye fell on was,

"We stop the press to announce the sudden death of S. T. Coleridge, at the house of Dr. Gilman, at Highgate, this morning."

Of course the cab was not needed, and I bowed before such a catastrophe; but determined not to lose sight at least of the place of so much interest; so, two years after, I with others visited Dr. Gilman, who spoke much of the poet, showed us his books and chair, and many casts of hands and feet taken for his pictures by Allston, who was a dear friend of Coleridge; and, among other things, a superb picture by Allston, so recalling Titian that when on a visit to Coleridge, Woodhull, the great London picture-dealer, cried, after saluting Coleridge, "Allow me to congratulate you on your fine 'Titian.'" But soon after, changing his seat, he exclaimed with astonishment, "Why, it has not been painted twenty years, — what is it?"

Coleridge replied with a smile, "A picture by an American friend of mine."

Not far from Dr. Gilman lived a Dr. Holm, a German and a friend of Spurtzheim. Spurtzheim had just died at Boston, and I had brought his bust to Dr. Holm.

He invited me to dinner, and placed the bust

in the middle of the table, and said at it a kind of grace.

After dinner, he took me to his dead-house, as he called it, — a receptacle for his useless casts. Phrenology then was in its infancy, and was surrounded by enthusiasm. The doctor was an ardent adept in making casts, and the moment I saw him, which was at a call made while I breakfasted, he offered to make a cast of my head, and without knowing the frightfully disagreeable, and even dangerous thing it is, if the face be included, I steadily declined. "Then allow me at once to examine your bumps."

"Do it," I said, "while I do the same thing over this egg." And we manipulated simultaneously.

Later, when visiting the poet Wordsworth, referring to a letter he held in his hand, he said, "It is proper you should know what physical anguish Coleridge's autopsy reveals, as palliation for his evil habit of opium eating. Let it be to us a lesson not to condemn where we do not know all." The dead-house of Dr. Holm revealed something perhaps of this. Taking, like the grave-digger in Hamlet, two plaster skulls from his huge heap, he made me compare them.

"You see that in the region of ideality, one of the largest in the head of Coleridge, there is the difference in measurement of an inch. And yet they both are taken, but at different epochs, from Coleridge."

I did not see Coleridge, but afterwards I often did his daughter, whose "*Phantasmion*" has just been reprinted after so many years.

Never did author and book better correspond. In her marble paleness and exquisite delicacy of profile, she looked like one out of Fairy-land, and I doubt not that it was to her her real country, a land of dream and moonlight, where the desires of the mind are made real, and the impossible is the commonplace.

Wordsworth I had the good fortune to find at home, when in my summer jaunt through the lake country I reached his charming neighborhood. He received me with great courtesy, inquired with much interest after certain distinguished literary men of America, and said of a volume of poems by Miss Hannah Gould, which he held in his hand,—

"They are very amiable verses."

There was somehow a world of self-revelation in these words, so accented.

"Be good enough, if you can, to thank her

for me ; for my eyes are so bad, I cannot see to write much."

Presently, his daughter, afterwards Mrs. Quilian, bounced into the room, heated with exercise, and spattered with mud from head to foot.

"I have been walking thirteen miles, father!" she said; and evidently every mile had told on her. With that astonishing *naïveté* which the English possess, so amiably disregarding of the feelings of others, she said, turning to me, —

"And I hear that your American women take no exercise, and, as they say, 'enjoy very bad health.' What age do they generally reach?"

"They are so weak," I replied with a smile, "that almost none passes the age of puberty."

Unfortunately for her, as I have heard it said, the victim of too active habits of exercise, in a few years the grass of Grasmere church-yard waved above her grave.

Presently the poet said, —

"Would you not like to see my cascade?" and with the greatest kindness, taking his hat and stick, he accompanied me to it. On the way, he read me a little lecture on the enjoyment of Nature. With Nature, when at her best, a little suffices. A graceful tree or two, before a slight but happily-curved fall of water, and the blue

sky behind, are enough to saturate man's spirit with enjoyment. If the quality is good, it suffices him; and more does not increase that quality, but only unduly strains his spirit and sense in the effort to grasp all.

"I find that many of your Americans speak of the scenery of your lakes as if it must be excellent in proportion to the many miles of water; but we know that cannot be so. Standing on the shore of your greater lakes, with no opposite shore visible, the view must have the insipid width of the sea, without the living pulse of its tides. Those Americans do not see with their senses, or their heart, but only through the eyes of vanity and national conceit."

I could not explain to the poet that Americans take a personal pride in bigness, which has led to a saying that the only things in America which are as big as we feel are the trees of California.

There was exquisite good sense and feeling in all the poet said of the scenery to which he led me. It was a miniature, but perfect; a complete picture, seemingly brought nearer and more familiar by its limitations. The aspect of the poet was really grand. There was a look of the country about him; his nose was rugged

and strong, and his weak grey eyes had weary pent-houses for lids, as if tired with long service to their owner, amid the glorious tarns and fells of Cumberland. It was one of those faces one does not easily forget; among Americans I have sometimes thought that Mr. Alcott had a strange resemblance to him; and indeed their moral tone, so much the source of expression, is certainly alike.

Walking early the next morning,—one of the most blithe and sparkling of English summer days, which are exceeded nowhere, having, with all their brightness, no taint of dust or aridity, but freshness everywhere,—I went from Ambleside to Chiswick in full delight; my spirits were so high that when a *char-à-banc* passed me, with some girls facing backward, as it disappeared I gaily waved my stick to them, which was answered by waves of their handkerchiefs. When at Chiswick,—after visiting the so-called museum, and finding, with delighted surprise, that the Æolian harp which had charmed my childhood came from that very room, while at the window spirits were recalling the past, in those pathetic tones we know so well, over the chords of a similar one,—I ventured to visit Mr. Robert Southey. The house was plain and

formal, most unlike the charming residence of Wordsworth, and an ascending gravel walk led to it. On my presenting myself, the servant looked at me with surprise, as if he admitted not many visitors, and showed me into a dark room near the door. I held my introductory letter in my hand, and vainly waited for an arrival. After a while the door slowly opened, and a low voice said, —

“What is your business with me?”

To which the reply was, —

“If you should chance to be Mr. Southey, and there were a light in the room, you would see extended to you a letter of introduction from ——,” naming the writer.

At once there was a hearty welcome; evidently a surprise to him was this name, and he said, —

“Won’t you come into the other room?”

When there, the previous darkness made it impossible for me to see any thing; but when I did, merry faces were in a titter of laughter, and a lady said, —

“We have seen you before; this morning on the road!”

It was all right, and my unwarranted salute had been taken in good part.

Mr. Southey was wholly different in appearance from Wordsworth. He had not that breadth and loftiness of expression, nor that great width of temple, so striking in Wordsworth, — ideality but his strong development was the organ of the marvellous; hence those tales in unrhymed verse, which are lifted, as it were, on the wings of wonder. His nose was a strong and elegant aquiline, his eyes dark and lustrous, his hair crisp and curling. He looked the scholar and the gentleman that every inch he was. But there was an element of excitement at times in his manner, from which one might perhaps have predicted the sad close of his days. This excitement came to a high pitch when, after sending for the verses of a Boston poetess, Mrs. Brooks, — whose love strains, he protested, in fire and passion had never been matched since those of Sappho, and which he would like so to say in a review of her poems, but that they were dedicated to him, — he read them. His voice was a strange sing-song, as if intoxicated with the lilt of the measure. We fear that the fair authoress is mostly forgotten at home now, but certainly some of the poems were admirable, particularly one beginning, —

“And as the dove from far Palmyra flying,
To where the distant founts of Antioch gleam,
Weary, exhausted, trembling, panting, dying,
Alights and sips the desert's bitter stream,
So many a soul, o'er life's drear desert faring,” &c.

We quote from memory.

A couple of years after, with friends, I renewed my visit; still doubly at the oar we found the gallant poet. He rowed on the lake to keep up his strength, and was giving the world, from his large and well-filled library, yearly proofs of his existence.

But the waters of Castaly ran low, and the prose of “The Doctor” was the most considerable of his later works.

Soon after, we saw Wilson, author of the “Isle of Palms,” but whose real hit in life was the “Noctes Ambrosianæ,” which college boys in my time read with a wild delight, for its rollicking fun, mischievous toryism, and poetry, dashed with the flavor of Glenlivet. We saw him presiding at one of the tables of the British Association of Science, which met then in Edinburgh. His physique was superb; he had almost too much strength, as one may say, for a poet; and the hair waving about his powerful face made him look like a lion.

Of all the poets of those days but one sur-

vives, Proctor, — Barry Cornwall; and him I met seven years ago, in a most poetic and quaint old house at Malvern. His singing robes are long folded away, and kept by the guardians of such things for the renewed youth which awaits him soon; but as long as earth may possess him, his many lovers will still see, though battered and decayed his body, his spirit shining through the chinks of ruin; and, when young, was any one ever younger than he! What buoyancy, freshness, and power in the beautiful songs we all knew so well! in them we find the poet's real age, ever young; and the body's decay shall prove only the hinderance of the moment.

THREE YOUNG MEN.

THERE has always been give and take between the mother-country and her American colony. Of course, at first every thing was drawn for the infant colony from the stores of the old lady. The few things the emigrant absolutely needed were the money, the metal and wooden ware, clothes, seeds, &c.; and upon the whole was laid the Bible of Cromwell.

Germans of our day fetch over a world of useless material,—the rough places of their boxes filled in with that stupendous linen store of theirs; but they must yield to the “Mayflower” and her store of furniture. Time, like a magician, has drawn out of that vessel, as has been said before, furniture enough for a dozen “Mayflowers” to carry; and something more, too, the magician managed to find in her,—that seed of energy and faith which has also multiplied in the most astonishing manner.

But at first, of course, the colony could not return much to the mother-country. The child

was in leading-strings, — was made to sit well tied into its little chair, and pap-fed till it grew big and noisy, and then, after being scolded and rapped about the ears with the spoon, it upset the chair and set up for itself.

After a while it began to send something to the old country in return for its nurture and the few royal letters-patent for lands it could have taken without them. Men, however, did not often belong to the exchange between the nations; though many Americans of distinction passed through England, and even for a while resided there, they generally came home again.

All but the unlucky tories, who soon found, as every colonist of England has found on returning home, the secret of his unimportance, and wished himself back where he counted for something, though the government he hated should be lord over him.

In the art-world, nobody could have suspected that America could bestow any thing on the haughty mother. But when the artless Quaker of Pennsylvania was known as the friend of a king as art-less as himself, the world looked on amazed. There must have been something in the placid dignity of West to disarm criticism, for his position was one to outrage the sensi-

bility of men native to the soil. To be sure, to be known in England as the king's favorite is to shut the mouth of reverential calumny.

Much has been said about the sort of work these artless friends contrived between them. They may be mostly seen now at Windsor, in the royal palace. And after one has smiled at the old-fashioned treatment of grand subjects, — the tame faces and the academic raiment, — enough remains of intelligent disposition in the groups, and of composition beyond the habit of England, to justify Americans still in their pride and respect for the worthy Pennsylvanian.

Fortunately for us, the grand style was the style of West, so soon to bring disaster and death to poor Haydon, who followed in his steps; for that style was well suited to render the battle-pieces so invaluable to us, by Trumbull, and which owe much of their excellence to the teachings of West. But Trumbull had more sentiment, more delicacy, than West.

We fear Americans do not justly value these noble works of one who shared with Washington the glories they represent. We every day too easily undervalue our own artists. It is sad to say that to a remark of Thackeray they owe

some of the consideration they enjoy. "Never neglect or forget Trumbull," he said; and poor America accepted the boon of praise, and thought better of her revolutionary artist.

But later, when the aroma of Sir Joshua and Gainsborough (a flavor which England will find it hard to match) and their direct personal influence was fading away, three young men from America, brought from the two extremities of the Union and its seaboard centre, fortunately met in London, and had, by their mutual and friendly development, a great influence on the Art both of England and America, — Allston, Leslie, Newton. These three were the three best and most capable artists of their time in their speciality. They were friendly rivals, — differenced sufficiently from each other to have each a field of his own, and yet so sympathetic that the progress of one was the progress of all.

How pleasant to read in the Life of Irving of his surrender to the fascination of this group, — such a following, indeed, that he once seriously thought of throwing up the pen for the pencil, and so making sure of his friends. *Genre* pictures, groups of the olden time, not, as with Fuseli, the convulsed creatures of tragedy and the dream-land which raw pork could furnish,

but gentle, graceful figures, not too pedantic in their antique costume, moving, as in a *tableau vivant*, under glowing light and color, — this was the new field of these young men. And, oddly enough, the one by nature the least fitted for this kind of art was its first successful originator, — Allston. He painted noticeable pictures of the kind which afterwards was called pictures of high or genteel comedy, and the new vein soon deserted by him was worked with increasing success by the others.

There was something in Charles Robert Leslie of genuine comedy of the most refined and subtle sort, which places him at the head of this group in this kind of art.

His most successful example, "Sancho and the Duchess," goes as far as elegant comedy can go. "Sterne and the Grisette," by Newton, is his best expression of his talent in this direction, perhaps; but we lose sight of the partial success of Allston in this kind, when we think of his noble and imaginative works, which belong to a higher region, and where his friends could not follow him.

The subjects were drawn from the gayer scenes of Shakespeare, Gil Blas, Don Quixote, and Sterne. And they made a school. The

central figure is Leslie. His admiration was de Hooghe, and he thought of him while painting his quiet and luminous interiors. "I have not color as Newton has," he used to say; "there is in yon floor of his a tint to which I cannot attain. I see cold color in Nature, and must paint what I see." And Nature is every day rewarding his fidelity to the truth as he saw it by clothing his somewhat crude tints with her golden web of time, filming with harmony what asked for it, and so making his pictures perfect.

The list is long of English artists who followed in the footsteps of Leslie, and many have merit,—the Courbalds, Egg, Landseer, and many another. But not one of them has the subtlety of either Leslie or Newton. Leslie generally seizes the happy moment, as Newton expressed it once, when there is a transfer of action and feeling, when the passing moment partakes of the past and the future; and though his costumes are never studied carefully from the historical truth, they are simple in fold, and the grace and beauty of his women is all his own. It is hard to say whether, in this respect, Leslie or Newton is superior. Leslie's have a more modest charm, more *naïveté* and unconscious grace; while Newton's have a poignancy

and slyness which make them irresistible. When seeing once, later, a picture by Newton, and only a portrait, Allston said, "I cannot look at it; it is immodest." Not that it really was, but the sly, searching expression was too much for the anchorite of Cambridgeport.

Leslie painted the "Coronation and the Baptism," two famous court-pictures, of which there are by Heath admirable engravings. His "Widow Wadman," the triumph of slyness, but not otherwise remarkable, is one of his most popular pictures, through the print of it. Boston is fortunate in possessing the portrait of Walter Scott, pronounced by Lockhart the best one ever made. In it one can see the famous *raconteur* brooding over some border legend, his long upper lip quivering with the already coming story. But the home of Leslie now is South Kensington. There his sweet women smile for ever, and his gentle and intellectual humor never fades.

Many of his best pictures are there, and attract always admiring crowds. One gets to love them very much, and to wish that America had more. The only first-class Leslie America once owned, "Shallow and Anne Page," has returned to England. We fear "The Gentle Student,"

Newton's lovely pendant, in the house of Mr. Phillip Hone, may have followed too.

Boston, fortunately, has several excellent works of Newton. The "Importunate Author," the "Don Quixote," and the Dutch and Spanish girls, are here. No one can see them without falling in love with their beauty and grace,—though it be a little meretricious,—when floated on so exquisite a charm of color. Newton had a sentiment for color all his own, and delightfully appropriate for his subjects. One sees that he had closely studied Watteau and Rubens. His glazes often half destroyed his pictures; macgyll, an unfortunate combination of boiled oil and mastic varnish, of course could not live at peace with linseed oil. They quarrelled, and often the scars of their conflicts will be seen on some fair face which deserved a better fate.

Both in Leslie and in Newton there is prodigiously what the French call *esprit*; their pictures are alive with it. They would not undertake a work that was not congenial to their genius; and therefore, within its limits feeling at home, they succeeded. How far from the piquant charm of the Dutch or Spanish girl of Newton are the formidably natural and uninteresting figure-pieces of so many French of the late im-

perial days! These pictures add nothing to what the photograph gives us. The artist copied a dress, silk or satin,—it was no harder than that,—and then put a head and hands to it. But it has no charm, is doing nothing in particular, and does not fascinate you. It has a fatal perfection of *technique*. Its very perfection is almost inhuman; at all events, there is not a man's sensibility in it to act on our own.

And Allston, whom we knew and loved; what can we add to the affectionate recognition the world, at least the world of America, has given him? Leslie had the *vis comica*, subordinated to the restrictions of a remarkable good sense and taste. Newton was master of the wild melody of the palette, and a picturesqueness all his own; but neither had imagination; only half a dozen men in the world then conspicuously possessed that regal power. But Allston had it; and if life had been wholly propitious to him, might have soared on its wings till he found himself face to face with the great of old. The temple of Leslie's worship was in the heart of those homely golden Dutch interiors, where Ostade and de Hooghe find for us a Holland which we will never forego. Newton found his ideal in the blandishments of Norman and Southern

beauty ; but Allston was a direct descendant of old Venice. As Turner matched himself against a master-piece of Claude, we might proudly hang "The dead man brought to life by touching the bones of Elisha" by the side of Sebastiano del Piombo's sublime "Lazarus." For a modern to have wing enough, even for a moment, to share the flight of such an illustrious master, was almost as great a miracle as the one the picture represents. It is a certain dim imaginative grandeur, a certain dim imaginative sweetness, with the color now of Correggio and now of Titian ; that is the home of Allston's genius. Look not for mere carnal beauty in him ; his women dream and glide before you, but never cast on man a look of coquetry or glamour. Their expression is addressed to the mind ; it is the soul that tries to speak in their faces ; and if you care not for that, you can easily comfort yourself with the earthly beauties of Greuze or Newton. And his landscapes ; find me anywhere pictures in which the very hills are in the very spirit of the scene, and not the outward shell. Find me landscapes anywhere which are any more beautiful. He does not paint a tree or a hill, to make you see those natural objects, but he delicately brings you into contact with the impression they have made

on him,—the print, with all the breath of life left on his sensitive spirit by the very life of that which he represents. Corot does this in his way ; he breathes upon his canvas a gray film, and straightway you are walking the fields beside him, with the quiet daylight all around you. This apprehension of something more than the form of things, the in-dwelling divine essence,—that something which made Wordsworth say of a flower it

“Gave him thoughts too deep for tears,”—

that common term of all animate, yea, and of all inanimate things, the axis of divinity on which each turns and has its being,—is the inspiration of modern landscape. The outward world says to us what it never did to our fathers ; our familiarity with it has taught us its language. The balsam of its mute fellowship helps many a wounded spirit, when once its look inspired aversion and distrust, and not peace. Without this interpretation of it, the prices paid for the Daubignys, the Corots, the Rousseaus, would be but money thrown into the sea. Each of these illustrious artists takes upon the point of his pencil, as it were, a dew-drop from the freshness of Nature, and so helps all to taste a

honey-dew which nourishes the soul. Among these idealists of landscape, certainly was Allston. His Italian landscape is a poem, where unite the murmur of many Ausonian breezes, the fruit-like color of the ripened South, the mystery of far-away lands and shadowy castles; a bouquet gathered from a thousand flowers in a thousand fields, and all divinely shut in the narrow compass of a square of gold.

OLD BOSTON.

IT is a nice thing to grow up with one's town ; grow with its growth, and strengthen with its strength ; but to do that well, the town must not be too large. Diffused through many streets and houses, one's affection is too much diluted to be felt. A snug, little, compact city, with the water all about it, with its come and go of tides, the sea's emotional expression and change of mood, as, only the other day, Emerson said, —

“ And twice a day the swelling sea
Takes Boston in its arms,”—

for it is of Boston we are speaking, — permits identification of self with it, and the mind, like the sea, can daily embrace it. It is an odd thing how much of the cat is in all of us, — a silent, unexpressed attachment to place ; sometimes a hate of it. Our spirits get welded in to its stone, brick, and mortar ; we are its inhabitants, and finally, in some degree, its expression ; “ a Bostonian ” means incarnated Boston, in a way

he can never know; but other cities see it in him, and we see their city in others. Who does not recognize the airy New Yorker, with his vague superiority over citizens of other towns, for which he is beholden to metropolitan vastness, while perhaps secretly envying the compactness and culture of the "one-horse town" of the triple hills, lost as he is in the ever-increasing tide of foreign and native immigration, with Tweed above him, till his Americanism recover itself and rings become a dissolving pageant; the Philadelphian, whose mysterious ground of attachment to his native town is not so clear to others; have they not both taken up something from their residence which makes them what they are? This mystery of a Philadelphian's attachment to his native town is something which makes it differ from that which others have for their dwelling-places. In Europe, he is not quite content. He misses his Chestnut Street. I was once with a distinguished lady of Philadelphia making the rounds by torch-light and moonlight of the upper *gradin* of the Coliseum, when she interrupted her delight to explain how much she missed Philadelphia.

Baltimore, sacred home of the terrapin, canvas-back, and the rice-bird! Can the cata-

clysm of war have buried for ever the facile and friendly intercourse, the genial hospitality, the astonishing hands and feet of its fair inhabitants? On the border-land between America and rebellion she has suffered more than we know. Still, can any one mistake the brilliant, sparkling lover of the monumental city? Has she not that sweet Southern movement of gesture and accent which shows that the South and Baltimore are wrought too into her blood?

Our compact little city of fifty years ago had a homely charm of which the Bostonian of to-day can imagine little. It then had still the look of a quiet English provincial town. It had not much over forty thousand inhabitants. Foreigners were comparatively unknown; servants then — imagine it, ye critics of Celtic heedlessness and unsmartness! — were all American. The famous Jack Downing Papers — continued so cleverly by a son of New York — had for their author a Bostonian, father of an illustrious historian. One of his earliest-printed bits of humor describes a servant of those days. A Yankee from the country, who had come to Boston to sell his “notions,” — apple-sauce among them, — filled up his time of waiting for a customer by going into service. A party was

given at the master's house ; and he is described as interrupting it with a country freedom. Bursting into the parlor, he said to the guests :

“ Take something ; try the frozen stuff. Did not you call me ? I thought I heeard a yell.”

Just as he began to understand the mystery of the polish of fire-irons, and to get licked into shape, he sold his apple-sarce, and wanted to leave.

“ All right, mister ; I'll trouble you for them dollars ! I've sold my sarce, and if the mouth of the man that bought it ain't soon like the puckers of your coat, I don't know.”

Homely, bucolic days, fled for ever from New England, and only surviving in the fading remembrance of some veteran ! Mr. Stuart, an English traveller, somehow mixed up with Johnson's Boswell and a duel, came to our neighborhood to escape notice. He was loud in exultation over the Arcadian simplicity that he found,—all the farmers' house doors on the latch, not a bolt drawn at night. I really suppose that this New England population of pure Puritan descent, with scarcely a taint of foreign blood, with the Bible kneaded into their very thoughts and lives, did then present a spectacle probably unmatched on earth. A few watch-

men, of the old school of George the Fourth, in their long coats and with lanterns, were in London streets among the victims of many a Tom-and-Jerry prank. Here, they were few in number, personally known to most, the most inexpensive police force a town could know. We all remember, later, when the growing prosperity and crime made a change inevitable, how hostile public opinion was to the regimenting of a genuine police force. Those marks of an aristocracy, the livery of the state, people won't stand, it was said.

Our town then was a village to what it is now. It had but one theatre, at the corner of Federal Street, if I am not mistaken. There a really admirable company gathered; for the theatre then was in the ascendant; Scott had not brought his magic-lantern of a novel—a peaceful play at the fireside—into competition with it. Then in England Byron did not disdain to be a theatrical manager. It so happened that I heard from the father of Lester Wallack, who was a page in Byron's theatre, the genuine history of Brummel's overthrow in the matter of neck-cloths, and the introduction of the turn-over collar, soon afterwards so universal among the poets of the time that

the portrait even of the puritanical Southey had it.

Coming late one night to his theatre in full dress, after a party, Byron looked over the accounts; but finding himself embarrassed by the starched muslin that Brummel had imposed on the world, he dashed it to the ground and turned over his collar. A gentleman standing by said, —

“Lord Byron, you have influence enough to change the fashion. Please do it, and relieve us of Brummel’s winding-sheet.”

And he did.

At the Federal Street theatre were the Pelbys, Kellner, and many more of the good old school, as fixtures; among them came, at times, Cooper, the noblest Roman of them all, — manly in look, noble in voice, believed in by all, and therefore believing in himself. There was the scene of the famous Kean riot, when virtuous Boston rose at an imputation, however irrelevant to his acting, of marital infidelity, and nearly brought the house about his ears. There, as a small child, I saw the Forty Thieves, and the marvellous Morgiana; and when a troop of horse came visibly advancing, at the conclusion of the piece, to punish somebody, I stood up

and screamed with terror. There I saw the elder Kean in Shylock; one incident of the play only is fixed in memory, — his gesture, the flash of his eye, as he suddenly produces from his dress the balance; the eager vindictiveness of his look, when caution is prescribed to the Jew not to exceed his due debt of flesh. The drop-scene was a view of Charlestown bridge, — we had no mill-dam then, — and above it was written, “*veluti in speculo.*”

We had a Common in Boston then, and have one yet; but for how long only aldermen and the Fates can know. Blessed for ever be the memory of the disregarded benefactor who gave those lungs to the growing child of his love! The Common then was surrounded by a double fence — the second one defining the Malls — of wood, with posts and three cross-bars. The only paths of importance across it ran from Hancock and led to Pond Street, and one across to Winter, a continuation of West Street. Yes, there was another from Park Street, upper corner, running to the same point, then as now the favorite place for coasting. But how different the simple, homely vehicle of the homely boy of those times to the piratical-looking engine which now occupies its place! There was a

famous sled, named "Nimble Dick," with rings on its side which rattled, made by a negro, which is still remembered by some old gentlemen as the *ne plus ultra* of speed and beauty.

The Common then deserved its name; for I believe on all English commons animals are permitted to graze. Cows did on ours, in goodly numbers, and little boys delighted to drive blunt arrows against their sides, and to see their comic caricature of the deer's movement, that cross-cutting of the hind-legs which Nature furnishes as a protection to what we so much value at breakfast.

Then the great tree was a young and lusty fellow. No plaster on his enfeebled body; no canes to support his aged limbs; but though with a history running back to the town's birthday, still its crest of verdure was unseared by age. Many of the trees which now look old had not then been set out. The Paddock elms were in their place; they are not now; and their English brothers running down the Mall from Park Street corner were there. How long, too, they may remain, only the improved views of civic decoration, in the future, may declare.

The Common was generally open, without a

tree or a path, a beautiful field of natural grass, without, to be sure, the added luxuriance of the present. But there were poplars in front of Beacon Street, and willows, here and there, from which boys made whistles when the sap began to run. The famous September gale overturned many, and elms were set out in their place. There was a willow in the frog-pond, in the middle of the Beacon Street side, at its edge ; and what is more, frogs were there too, in great numbers ; and their music gave to the town a country air. At the Park Street end of the pond, there was a rock, just enough out of the water for the boys to sit on when putting on their skates ; no Irish boys, no German boys, or very few then, but plenty of negroes. The negro has been steadily dying out at the North. A gentleman of New York, interested in the Stuyvesant property, told me that of some hundreds once connected with it, only a few families survived ; and this was twenty years ago. Very likely not one of them remains now. The Boston negroes colonized "Negro Hill," a place of vague horror to white boys, lying on the slope of the hill towards the Massachusetts General Hospital. How silently Nature works ! the departure of these many blacks is unsignalized. Some new

ones, to be sure, have come in their place, but theirs is not the swelling current of foreign immigration. Perhaps some day there may be the same silence through the great Southern States; and who knows what child of Europe, what machine, which can better resist than he the fierceness of a Southern sun, may be a slave in his place!

Boys, black and white, fought a good deal. Generally, there was much more fighting than now; and it was a settled axiom of the white boy, that if he kicked the negro's shin his nose would bleed; but he generally began with the nose. Fierce wars were waged by boys of different parts of the town, who generally had it out on the Common; and we hear that something of the same sort survives, and that little "West-end" boys, for fear of "South-enders," still hardly dare cross the Common. They would in those days struggle forward to the Common's centre, near the great tree, and there the South-enders would be met by stratagem. A barn — John Hancock's, we suppose, between his house and Joy Street, an unpainted country-barn — was used, like the horse of Troy, to hold a troop of combatants for the North-end, who, waiting till their opponents were slyly decoyed

half-way up the neighboring hill, would issue thence to their confusion and overthrow. That barn was then also the "Museum" of the town. When caravans visited Boston, after making the circuit of the Common, the camel on the lead, they were housed there, and the roar of the lion would strike a terror to the children up and down the street.

Beacon Street was not much of a street then, though its sunny merits had been recognized. Its sidewalk was mostly of boards, and the lower end unbuilt upon. I can remember an old low house under horse-chestnut trees, back from the street, to which led a gravel path. I can see in memory a figure of the Peter Parley sort, in brown coat and long stockings, going up that path, and I was told it was Mr. Vinal who lived there. Horse-chestnut trees were great favorites then in Boston. Those I remember the best were exactly where the Tremont House now stands; access to which boys of the Latin school obtained through a gap in the unpainted fence, for the sake of the nuts.

One of the features of Boston in the far-away past was the habit of building houses above double or triple terraces, and with gardens in front or behind. In Beacon Street there were

three, at least, of these terraced houses, and one was remarkable for its site, which was a lofty eminence, with a garden and arbors about it, at the corner of Tremont and Court Streets. It was a long walk to the summit where the house of Mr. Gardner Greene stood; but later, when there was a want felt for land for a railroad depot, certain speculating gentlemen removed the hill bodily to the water's side, leaving in its place Pemberton Square, for long a nest of desirable private residences; but ever-active change, which in our cities displaces every thing, has made those houses bristle with office signs, and given them over to law and trade. At the time we speak of, the sea washed the whole length of Charles Street; but a bold project was formed of cutting across it a communication to the opposite shore, to be called the Western Avenue. While that was building, it was the custom of the boys to play in and out of the mud-scows which brought the earth necessary for the avenue. They would leap from the wall in Charles Street into the scows, and scramble back again. A boy once, while leaping, had the scow pushed from him by a larger boy, and he fell into the water. Without much caring to see him out, a crowd bore every-

where the news of his death by drowning. He was got home to be well scolded, warmed in a bath, and, with fresh clothes, could think of the good whipping preparing for him on his return to school. That school was in Berry Street, next to Dr. Channing's church; and a round ferule was very active there. When on a visit to Maine with a relative, he had been induced to declaim, —

“On Linden, when the sun was low,”

before an admiring circle of workmen in a glass factory. Detaining the boy and his relative, with a farther show of the place, they blew for him a hollow cane of glass, twisted like the famous columns of Solomon's temple. He would proudly walk with that cane, its interior filled with milk for refreshment. After vacation, he took his cane to school, and hid it behind his desk; but before recess, he brandished it while the master was not looking. When school was out, all the school descended upon the cane, and in their admiration broke it to pieces, and he was whipped for the disturbance.

When, before, at a previous school with the same schoolmaster, — a low building in a huge

unoccupied lot in Pond Street, — he had the luck to find money on a path in the Common. In his enthusiasm at the sight of what he thought buttons in the path, he cried out to a gentleman not far off, —

“ See what I have found ! ”

“ Don’t trouble me with your nonsense ! ” replied the other ; but when the boy said, “ It is not buttons, but silver ! ” the man, too late, expressed a lively interest in the discovery. The boy considered awhile whether he should invest it for himself in the purchase of a kaleidoscope, — a pretty toy then lately invented by Sir David Brewster, — or expend it for the common good ; he decided on the latter. He made the money all over to a large boy, who purchased heaps of oranges, figs, prunes, and raisins with it, and who then carefully divided the whole among the school-boys, but somehow, by miscalculation, forgot the giver of the feast, who remained fruitless. The joyous uproar attracted the master’s attention, who demanded the delinquent. The universal benefactor was pointed out as he, and punished for the noise he did not make, and the fruit he did not get. This led him to think of many things, and to philosophize if, after all, the natural law

of selfishness is not the safer rule to follow in such a case.

We have said that the water fringed Charles Street. There were two rope-walks built upon piles, one behind the other, objects of great attraction to boys. They were not much permitted to see the mysteries of the interiors, where in shadow, cut by great squares of light, "the spinners backward go."

But round the piles the water came and went; and in the shadow little fish and eels in numbers would gleam and disappear. They were often adroitly caught in the straw hats of the boys; and injured parents at home grieved at the unpermanency of the head-gear for which they had paid so roundly.

The great waste of waters between Charles Street and Brookline at low tide left many bare places, the haunt of bittern, peep, and gulls, which boys provided with guns chased not without success. How strange to think of that obliterated sea, and the magnificent avenue, one of the finest in the world, running over the spot of such wildness!

The boys' favorite bathing-place was close behind the modest church of Dr. Sharpe, one of the few which, so far as we know, has not under-

taken as yet, like the chapel of Our Lady of Loretto, to fly through the air and find a new resting-place.

The water was sufficiently deep and clean, though even then complaints were made of the sewage of the town. To somebody complaining of the disturbance of it the new Western Avenue was making, a philosophic merchant replied, —

“Buy some of the stock, and you won’t smell it!”

A *multum in parvo* for a philosophy which reconciles us to an evil of which we get the good. So horse-railroad stockholders should not miss with much concern the Paddock elms.

The unoccupied spaces, now so closely built upon all over town, were very great. There were gaps everywhere, even in this little peninsula. Chestnut Street was built upon pretty far down; but behind it, and all the way down from the top of Mt. Vernon Street to Charles, was open ground. A few houses crowned the crest of Mt. Vernon; but there was an open field in it, a little beyond Walnut Street at the top, which communicated with the terraced garden which went all the way to the house belonging to it in Beacon Street. The house

next to it, terraced in front, had a famous orchard filled with excellent apple and pear trees, as the boys knew only too well. Some streets have undergone notable changes. The chief of these is Pearl Street, which had some of the finest houses and gardens in Boston. There grew the infant Athenæum, until its treasures were transferred to its present site, some of them soon to make their third remove to the future Art Museum.

If old Boston has been for so long called the Athens of America, the new town, planting itself where once flowed the sea, might well be called its Venice. Both are built upon piles; and it would have been well indeed if a farther resemblance could have been retained, and canals and lagoons could have freshened the dead flat of houses, however splendid. Our wind chiefly blows from the West. It comes over this broad level laden with clouds of dust, which would have made it proper to make Commonwealth Avenue take the name of Athens' presumably windiest street, *Æolus* Street. The water of a basin interposed somewhere between the forking of the mill-dam and Charles Street would have allayed much of this dust, and by flood-gates could have been

retained at will. Fish might have been kept there, and pretty pleasure-boats have been seen, as on the waters of the public garden.

But it is too late now; and let us be sufficiently thankful for an avenue such as the world can hardly match.

PROVINCIALISM.

PROVINCIALISM is the relation of dependence felt by a colony upon its mother country, or the looking up of an inferior civilization to what it venerates and admires. The colony is the child who for long is in leading-strings to the parent. Like the growing boy, he is snubbed and chastised by his stronger sire, and knocked about and abused generally by any grown nation which considers it worth its while to do so. His opinion is set aside, his desires ignored.

Like the child, the colony has its secret sensitiveness, but capacity, for suffering; and for long endures, with what philosophy it may, the familiar disregard and outrage.

But as with the boy, the sense of acquired manhood is often expressed by a challenge to its tormentor; and a substantial thrashing opens the eyes of the older party to the changed relations between them. It requires a renewal of its first experience to convince the bullying father that his son is full grown.

Then, with a pat on the back, it patronizes it as "a chip of the old block," and half admires the very pluck which defeats its old tyranny.

Such was at first the relation of the United States with the mother country. The progress of it, from the mere political disruption of the political tie between them and the separation and freedom of the present day, has been amusing to witness. When the war for independence was over, independence in thought, taste, and equality was as yet by no means attained. Both parties knew it and felt it. All the theology, all the law, all the literature of America, cried out for the sources that had fed them. The divorce of life from life, of mind from mind, which the fourth of July, 1776, proclaimed, was practically impossible. Not by the cataclysms and disruption of such a convulsion as a war for independence, can a substitute be found for the natural relations of parent and child. Fortunately the genuineness of the growth of republicanism in this country saved it from any slavish longing for a reunion which was impossible. The great sea, too, between, where voyages were few and long, helped much.

A soreness in the relation between an Englishman and an American was for years felt.

The American longed, in a spirit of hospitality and courtesy, to compensate for the breach he had made in the royal territory. A genuine affection for the soil of his fathers, half-suppressed but very real, added its influence of respect for his visitor. He really, at heart, never paraded his independence. If he showed it, it was because it was genuine. The bayonet and the battle-field had taken the snob out of him for ever. But his hospitable courtesy, and his deference for the visitor who represented the glories of England, so mixed with his brain and his blood that he knew they were a part of his being, was inevitably and constantly mistaken by his haughty visitor for the snobbishness with which he was so familiar at home. The progress from nominal to real independence, to those who remember the visits of English forty years ago, is amusing; of the ponderous books which usually followed such a visit, it is certainly entertaining to contrast the tone with the feeling of England at the present day. It was then as if some unguent of unkindness had been applied to the eyes of the visitor to prevent his seeing whatever was worth being seen, noticing what was worth being noticed, feeling what it was natural a kinsman should feel. The only thought

in the Englishman's mind was to try and find here a more or less successful imitation of the England he had left behind. Not one had any open vision for the great stream of national life to which all nations were tributaries, and which, though retaining the master-flavor of the English race, showed already, to any one able to see, a divergence as interesting as it was remarkable, from the Anglo-Saxon method of government till then.

Basil Hall could only sum up the many defects of the Americans in the expressive phrase that "they wanted loyalty;" that is, that they wanted a sentiment for the very thing they had repudiated! The yelps and barks of Féron and the lesser travellers of those days all signified a dislike of the country whose hospitality they had received, and whose true points of interest they always managed not to see. There can be no doubt, if that benevolent philosophic spirit, in which England is sadly deficient with any thing which differs from herself, — doubly true when it is a child of her own, — if that spirit of acceptance and conciliation had understood even merely the future greatness of her child, and had welcomed and not snubbed it; had studiously retained the hold which the long memories of the past, a

common literature and glory, very easily might the breach which was caused have been healed, and the independent child have still remained loyal to all of England but its government, and as affectionate as a child naturally should be to its parent.

The fatal element of provincialism hid from the Englishman any clear view of that mighty youth whose manhood was to be even lustier than his own. The conflict of the American of those days between the allegiance of the heart and his newly purchased isolation gave a tone of bitterness hardly to be understood in our day, as book after book of insolent superiority scolded down the offending child, which finally became chronic. The disgust and impertinence of each was discounted here before it was read; but strong in the confidence of their position, in spite of past experience, each new visitor was received with unfailing kindness. That spirit, by mean minds, was always mistaken for the apologetic humiliation of acknowledged inferiority. It is pathetic, almost, to think of the halo in the eyes of Americans which inevitably encircled the head of each new comer, in spite of past experience. He still stood, to them, for the country they had loved, and meant

to love and reverence, if it still were permitted them to do so. But England has no true eye for a new thing. Set and fixed in her habits of action and thought, she can find no understanding of theories of government to which she is not used. If they are not her own, they must be bad. With no power to see the value of the equality of life in high and low, among the colonists, which preceded the revolution even; with no power to discover the value of the simple elements of a life where all are equal, where there is no primogeniture, no feudal shackle, but an Arcadian breadth of intelligent and conscientious farmers, and townsfolk who only differed from these by seeking prosperity through other channels, they fell hotly in criticism upon immaturities which were inevitable, crudeness that was but the freshness of a new life, and so just missed seeing all that was important, and which their kinship alone should have enabled them to see.

Therefore it was not without a certain mortified pride of justification, that finally the Americans found themselves beholden not to any Englishman for an analysis not unmingled with eulogium of these new national phenomena, but to a foreigner, and he a Frenchman. De Tocqueville's work was an event in the history not

only of America but of Europe ; and England deigned to accept an exposition of the meaning of her child's intention that she had not been able to supply for herself. The day after the publication of that book, Americans held their heads higher. They could scarcely have so well analyzed their own intentions as another had here. They were content to live, and develop, from the molecule of the town-meeting, the gigantic life which is called a nation. France, however unfortunate herself in attaining stability and clear purpose in government, is in that, as in all things else, an admirable critic ; losing her head the moment she strikes into any new path, she has the clearest one when observing others who do so. It seems almost a fatal disadvantage that she cannot turn upon herself those wonderful eyes which dissect and divide the threads of influence in others. If she could only study for herself to as much purpose as De Tocqueville did for us our web of law, society, and politics, the present might give the future guarantees of safety which it cannot now.

We do not know that England took any humiliation to herself, that her boundless interest in the success or failure of her progeny failed to give her his insight into America's

destiny, but it should. At all events, let us comfort ourselves that while she listened to no explanation, no statement from us, she did accept the same thing when it came in a French dress. Not but what, in England, there have been always currents running in favor of America. In some families there is a tradition of regard for the United States, which, as America more and more justifies herself, is proudly proclaimed; and the great army of the poor, who always fondly turn their eyes to America as a field where privilege has been met and vanquished, and where the poor man can hold his head as high as the highest, have always regarded America with affection. How strong that current was, was revealed, somewhat to their surprise, to the Americans during the late civil war, since we had not sought to foster it, nor pandered to it by emissaries of propagation, when we knew the feeling was hardly kept alive, as in the case of the Irish, by emigration. For the English, loyal to their sovereign, always have sought the colonies over which she reigned in preference to ours. The dumbness of that eloquent adhesion of the poor of England to their American brethren had more effect at home than is generally known here, and per-

haps there. It gave a pause to the headlong sympathy of the governing classes for the overthrow of the government, whose existence they thought a standing menace to their own order. It was a balance much needed, and fully felt ; when the people of England point their thoughts and their anger one way, like a lion half aroused from sleep, England always gives heed to it. As we suppose, much more could be said, though we do not care to hear it, in justification of the strange attitude of Lord John Russell and so many of his peers towards a friendly nation, than has been said. Masses, like individuals, have their instincts, and will blindly follow them. The English nobleman, often among the most Christian and liberal of men, secretly confesses to himself the injustice of his elevation above his fellows ; but he will fight for his order, as will any creature when at bay, and will accept any succor which Providence seems to furnish him without too curiously inquiring into its character. Much of England looks up to him as to one of the corner-stones of the temple of national life, and will at his side share his convictions and his prejudices.

But all could not be safely said. On one side a past, pledged to the freedom of the black man,

not far off huge masses of watchful and suspicious *prolétaires*, eyes across the sea, where wounded affection was dying out, or changing into the sparkle of indignation and disgust; all warned him not to say his whole thought. So, by fits and starts, he would be loyal to right and international law, and again, as the false news came sweetly to his lips, drink of it with cheers to the future founders of a slave republic.

It is always perhaps best to speak the truth, and in the main England likes to do so. If the governing classes — there was a world of meaning in such a phrase as things then were — had all simply avowed that they thought their chance for increased stability, themselves and their order, had now come, and that they meant to embrace it, without looking beyond such a hope, it would have been manlier, and would have been more easily forgiven, than the half-friendship which is willing to stab. The old film over the eye which would not let England see America as De Tocqueville forced her to, till a war was inevitable, the roots of whose action must be sought far back in the records and debates of early senates, the convulsion of whose approach had been the commonplace of every thoughtful mind, whose meaning one

would think even the blind could see, — the film was thickened till the English eye could only perceive therein a dispute about a tariff, or the cruel effort of the majority to oppress a minority of gentlemen and land-owners. Because President Lincoln, with the intuitive sagacity of a statesman, conscientiously feeling his way between opposing duties, waited till the hour struck when both duty and prudence carried to his hands the proclamation of emancipation, England chose for long to consider it an accidental impulse on the part of the President, an unintentional success, by an effort to prostrate the adversary before the eyes of the world after failing to match its armies in the field.

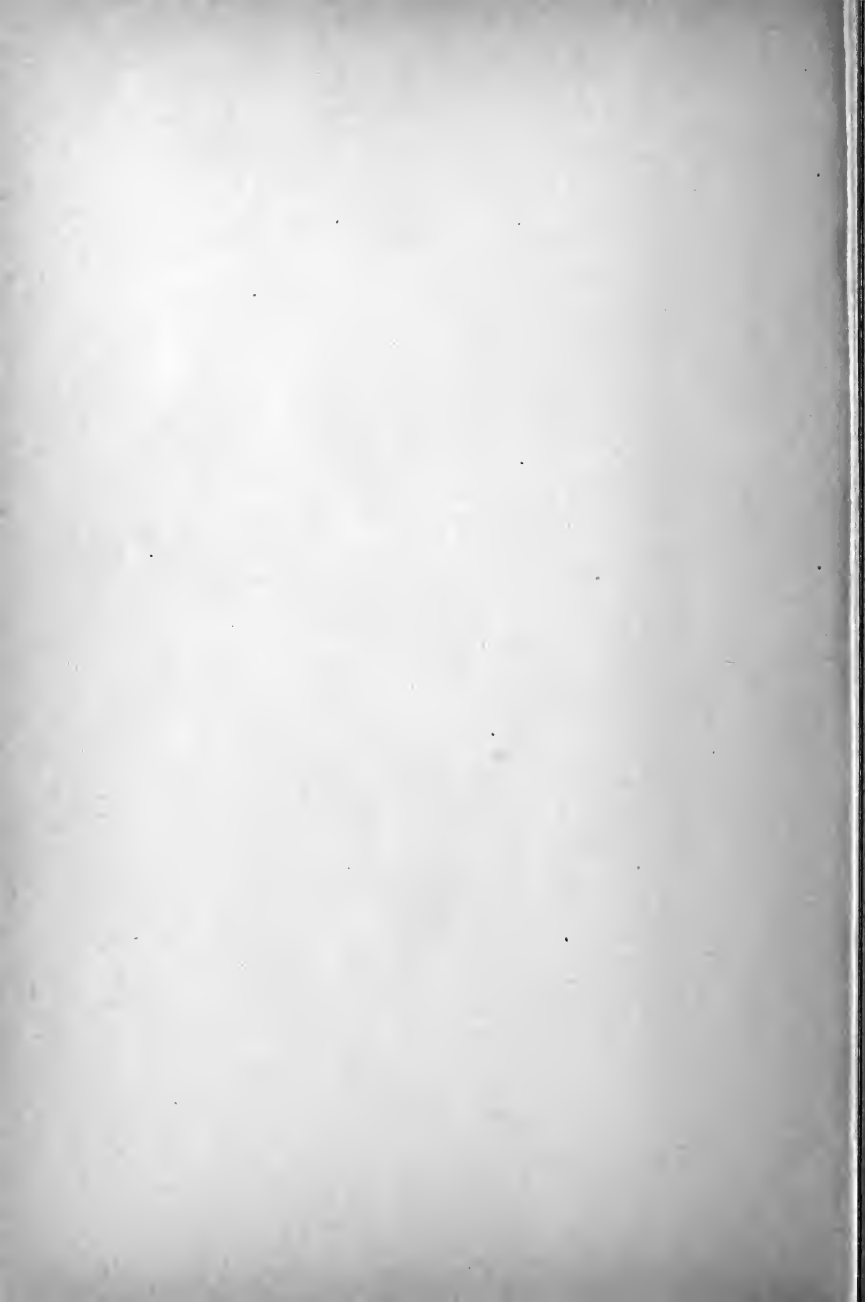
It is all best as it is. After the frightful wound which civil war gashed in the bosom of the South has been healed; when she can come from her hospital of pain with returned life and vigor, the harrow and the spade of industry will have obliterated in the soil the scars of the battle-field as the new life will have cicatrized its soul. Then, America, whole with the wholeness of universal liberty, can say to England, "We thank you!"

Not only have we won by the war two victories, — the one, not over our fellow-citizen, but

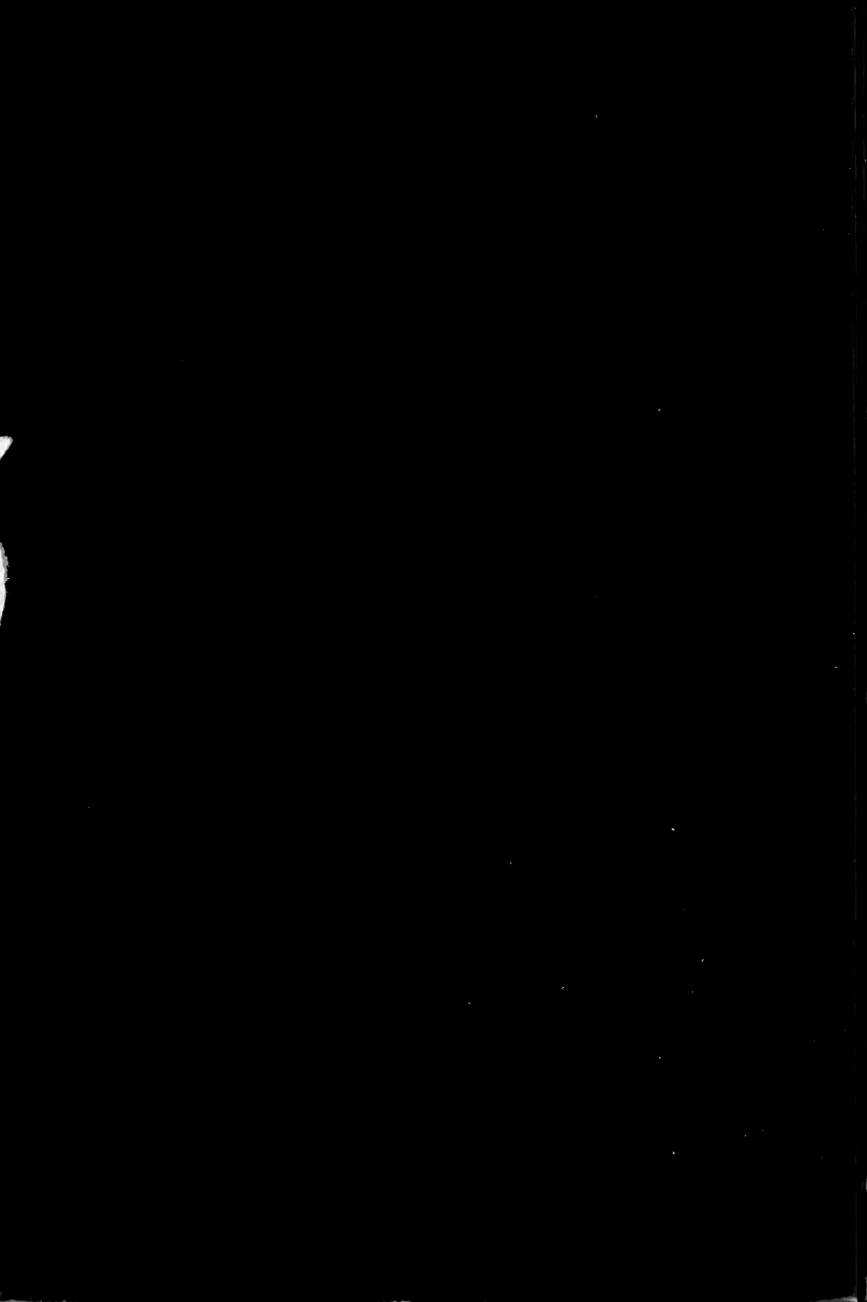
over the demon who was driving him to his destruction; the other, a victory beyond the sea over prejudice, misunderstanding, and dislike, — but we can thank England also, in that she helped to baptize us with a new manhood; that the provincialism which for so long had made our mutual relations sore and uncomfortable has gone for ever. Armies whose numbers England never matched; generalship where persistence and genius placed the American sword beside those of Europe's greatest conquerors; a tenacity of conscientious purpose, which year upon year of defeat and delay did not cool, — these allow America to stand at her full stature, equal-eyed before the freemen of any country; and has, we dare to hope, for ever taken out of her shoulders the stoop of provincialism.

THE END.









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